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A short story
By
Peter B. Kyne

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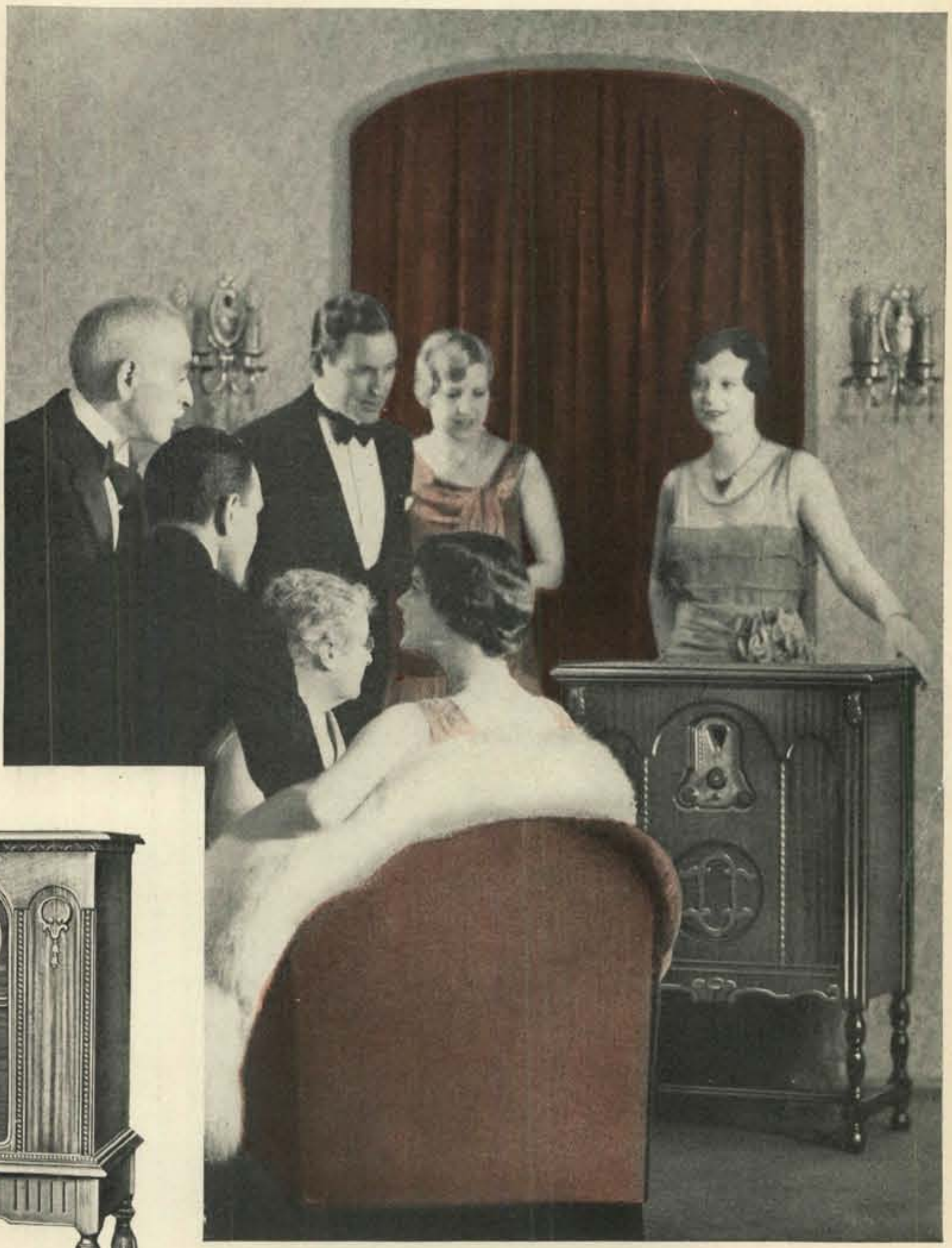

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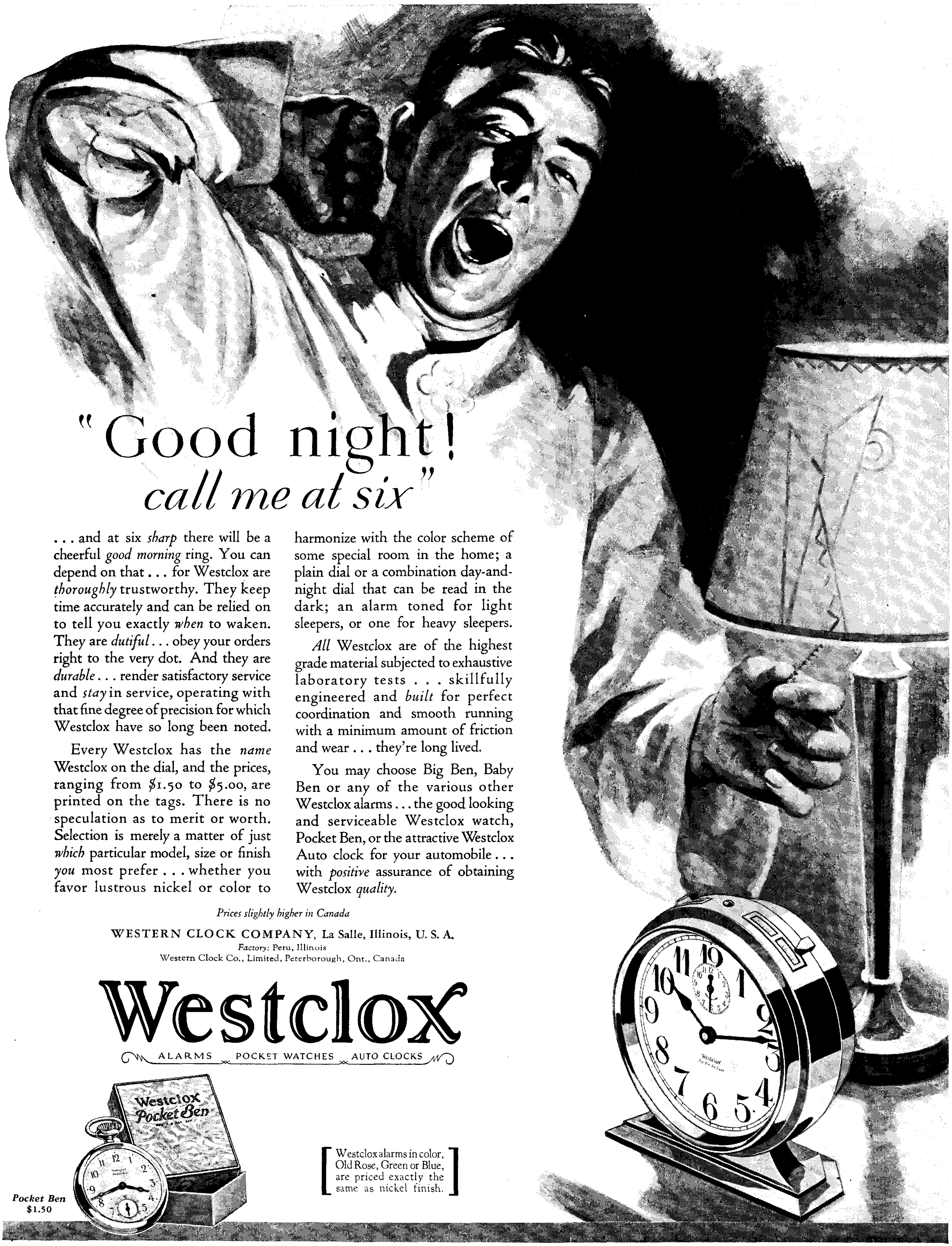

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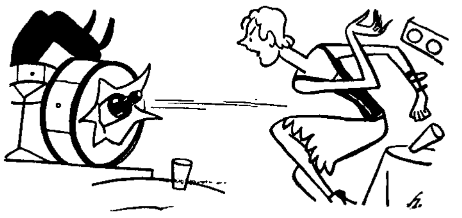
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

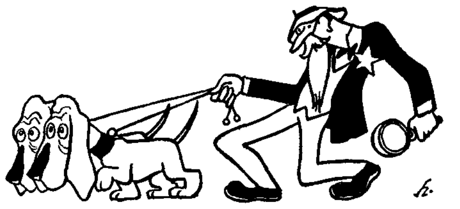
AFTER the excitement subsided it is probable that young Mr. Chilthorn frequently pondered the queer dodges of fate, destiny and the like. For example, had his father not taken a holiday, young Mr. Chilthorn would never have cared whether it was Mary or somebody else who threw bottles through the bass drum at Zinky's, put water in the saxophone, burned the doctor's nose with a cigarette and stole jewelry. He wouldn't have cared because he wouldn't have met Mary. George Weston fixes all that up nicely, though, in his story "The Girl at Zinky's."



EVERY so often we buy an article which threatens to disrupt the customary calm serenity of our staff. We're publishing one such next week—"Good Gracious," by Jane Cowl, the justly celebrated actress. Miss Cowl has it that the Modern Woman (we wish someone would define that term for us) is making it very, very difficult for men to be gentlemen. She wants to know why a woman can't be a lady with profit. We admit this floors us. Miss Cowl deplores with some heat the fact (her fact, not ours) that the girls have ceased to be an adventure.... We refuse to argue. Our advice is to ignore this article unless you like having your temperature rise. It will make fine conversational diversion for you and your favorite man or chosen woman.

—

WE HAVE elected Sir Jasper Slane to membership in our Favorite Detective Club. We've just done it because of E. Phillips Oppenheim's latest, "The Spider and the Flies," wherein Inspector Cross of Chicago and Sir Jasper meet in a theater in London and decide between them to bring the thoroughly scandalous Josh Chandler to justice. You may take our word for it that the Chandler person gets what is coming to him and that it is all Sir Jasper's fault, too. Not that Inspector Cross doesn't help. Without him— But we say no more.



WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD, the tireless, has found out what the next war, Heaven forbid, will be like. Science has provided unbelievably efficient guns for shooting down airplanes. From the same source come devices which make the unbelievably efficient guns look pretty sick. The progress that has been made makes the Great War seem like a bungling affair conducted by half-hearted amateurs. The article is called "War, Perfect War."

—

AND there's a new Roark Bradford romance in sepia, "Crazy Gal." To say nothing, as the phrase is, of Charley Paddock, fleetest of authors, Owen P. White, Zane Grey, George R. Preedy, Grantland Rice, the Gentleman at the Keyhole, Milton C. Work. And so it goes.

THIS WEEK

October 12, 1929

Cover—E. M. Jackson

Page 7—Peter B. Kyne
LET FREEDOM RING: Southern chivalry, love and, of course, villainy.

Page 10—Jerome Beatty
STOUT HEART: Hollywood takes one on the chin. A love story.

Page 12—Walter Davenport
WHEN THE MOUNTAINS LABOR: Turning mountaineers into mill hands.

Page 14—Zane Grey
THE YELLOWJACKET FEUD: A love story and a look at the Wild West.

Page 16—Laurie York Erskine
MANDY MOVES UP: They thought he was a chocolate soldier.

Page 18—Owen P. White
A FRONTIER MOTHER: A true story of the Southwest.

Page 22—Estelle Taylor
OUR HOME IN THE LIMELIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dempsey receiving.

Page 24—John B. Kennedy
THE RIDE: A short short story.

Page 26—William Almon Wolff
CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS: A football story—quite appropriate.

Page 31—George R. Preedy
THE PRINCE'S DARLING: Sweet and hard, but very lovable.

Page 35—Ring Lardner
CUBS WIN WORLD SERIES: Our soothsayer in action.

Page 38—Grantland Rice
SCOLD THAT LINE! Those temperamental coaches.

Page 40—Charley Paddock
CHIEF BRIGHT PATH: *The one and only* Jim Thorpe's story.

Page 48—Colliergraphs

Page 56—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
THAT FELLOW GOLDSMITH

Page 66—Edwin E. Slosson
A TRAVELING MAN'S WEIGHT

Page 75—Jack Binns
PICKED OUT OF THE AIR

Page 79—Milton C. Work
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 86—Editorial

Any Week

WE WERE never busier than we were the morning a friend of ours came in, full of enthusiasm and insistence that we listen to him a minute.

"Before you say a word," we said wearily, "tell us what you think of this chap Preedy—George Runnell Preedy—who's writing—"

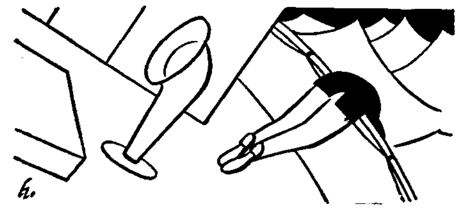
"Can't be bothered," he interrupted. "Names mean nothing to me. What I want to say is that this serial of yours, 'The Prince's Darling,' is a high-powered wow. Be a good fellow and let me read the rest of it in proof."

"We will not," we replied. "But we will tell you that we know very little about George Preedy—if that's his name—except that he is a financially independent Englishman forty-one years old, an architect by education, a distinguished linguist, a master of European history, an incurable rover of Europe and Asia, the author of 'General Crack,' which John Barrymore grabbed for the movies, and—and—the man who has written this wow you're screaming about—'The Prince's Darling.' "

—

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, having recovered with considerable profit from a visit to Hollywood and having turned out a few more choice Short Short Stories for Collier's, took a nine-day boat for Europe. Excepting us, Mr. Cohen is the world's worst sailor.

"It does me so much good to be seasick so long," he explained. "I feel so much better afterward."



WE THOROUGHLY enjoy being appreciated and having our ideas absorbed. Flattery, that's what it is. For example, we congratulate those other magazines which have adopted our Short Short Story feature. We don't blame them at all. Simply wonder what detained them.

—

NOTHING gives us more pleasure than to reply to letters such as Mr. Wetsel of Savannah writes. It's so easy. He urges that we buy another serial from Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. We have, Mr. Wetsel.

—

GEORGE CREEL returned from Europe to discover himself possessed of a tidy ranch in the hills south of San Francisco. With characteristic energy Mr. Creel descended upon the ranch in overalls, let his whiskers grow and began with fierce abandon to plant trees and mow down hills. Impressed natives called, asking the rugged, swarthy worker whether it was true that Mr. George Creel, writer and Woodrow Wilson's adviser, had bought the place.

"It is," said Mr. Creel. "He has."

"When does he arrive?" they asked.

"Between you and me," said Mr. Creel, "I hope he never gets here."

"That," said they, "is a nice way to talk of your employer. Shame on you."

"Have you ever met this Creel?" demanded George.

"No, but—"

"Well, I have," he snapped, kicking viciously at a caterpillar.

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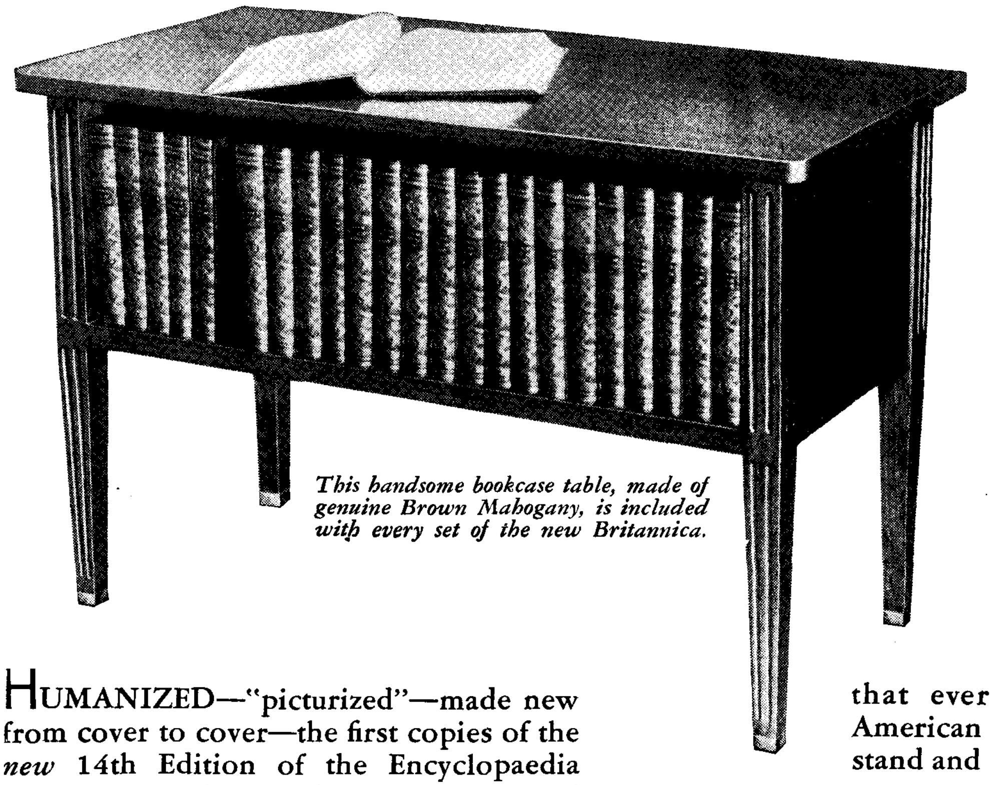

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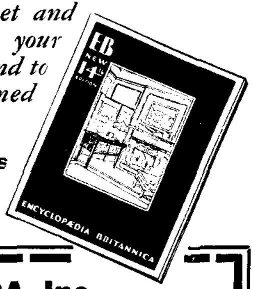

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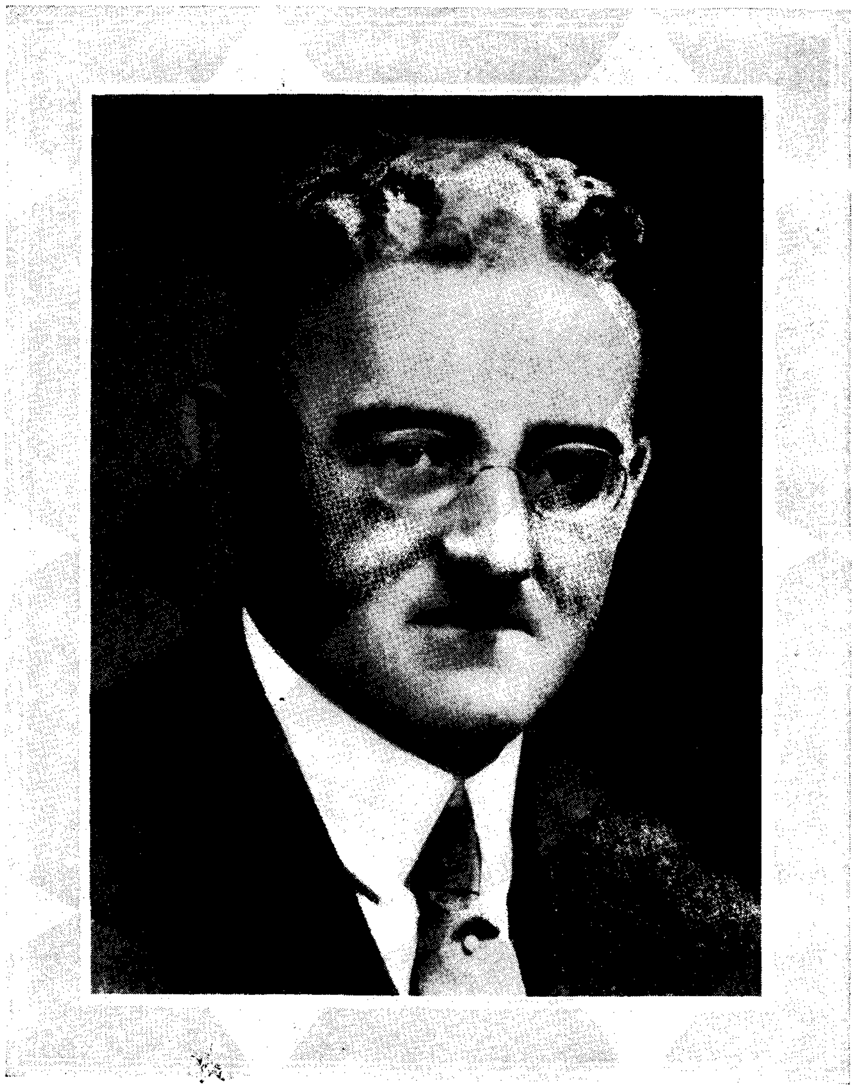

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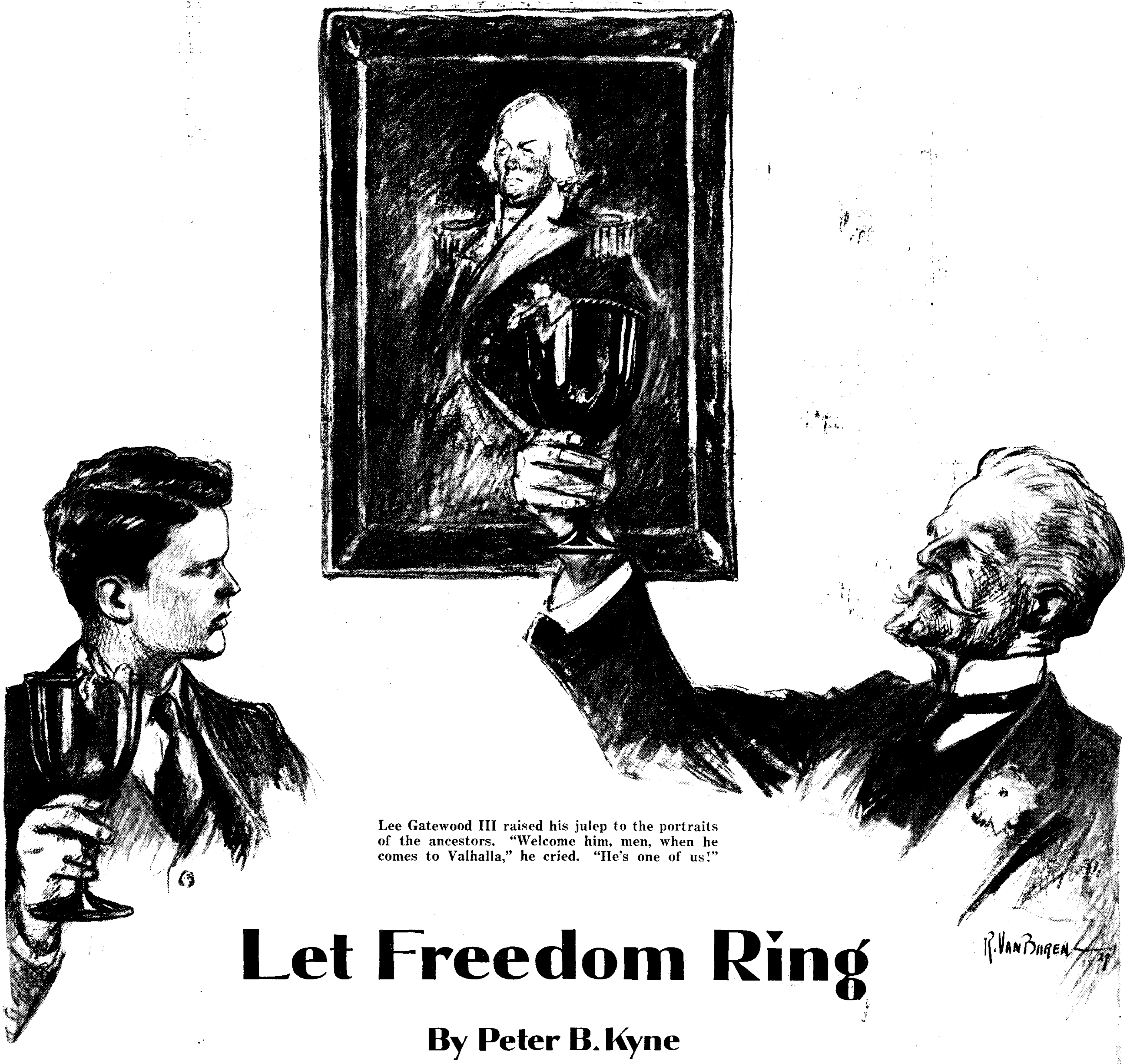
Collier's The National Weekly for October 12, 1929



Lee Gatewood III raised his julep to the portraits of the ancestors. "Welcome him, men, when he comes to Valhalla," he cried. "He's one of us!"

Let Freedom Ring

By Peter B. Kyne

There are several kinds of courage and the men of the Gatewood breed had them all

FOUR generations of Gatewoods had had Floriston Plantation; each master of Floriston had succeeded, at least once, in doing something to annoy his neighbors.

Lee Gatewood I had horsewhipped Judge Riley Boone because the latter had used his riding crop on one of Gatewood's slaves for frightening the judge's horse. Of course the boy had done it purposely and deserved rebuke, but his master held that punishing a slave of his was distinctly a Gatewood prerogative. Judge Riley Boone (so Gatewood declared) should have informed him of the boy's mischievous action, in which event punishment would have followed at the hands of the master. Thereupon Judge Riley Boone had challenged Lee Gatewood I to a duel, and Gatewood, accepting, had elected to choose rapiers, a weapon with which Southern gentlemen of that day were not familiar.

However, the judge decided he could be as handy with a rapier as his opponent, so he accepted, took fencing lessons for a week and then fought Gatewood, who disarmed him repeatedly, made a fool of him, refused to kill or wound him and finally walked, laughing, off the field of alleged honor when the judge was out of breath. It appeared Gatewood had been educated in Paris and swordsmanship had been a part of that education.

Lee Gatewood II took Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation seriously and promptly freed his slaves. Of course he could afford to do this, but it annoyed his fellow planters because it set a bad precedent. One such rebuked him, publicly and bitterly, to which Lee Gatewood II replied that the trouble with his neighbors was that they had never learned the wisdom of minding their own business and permitting others to mind theirs. Then he cuffed his denouncer all over the court-house square.

WHEN the war between the states broke out, it was discovered that Lee Gatewood had purchased all the cotton in his county and, with his own, had shipped it north and stored it in a warehouse. Two years later, when, due to the blockade, no cotton could be gotten out of the South, Lee Gatewood sold his cotton and made another fortune. And in the meantime he had become a Union cavalry captain and was regarded in his home circles as a traitor to the Lost Cause until he died in 1880.

Lee Gatewood III was a chip off the old block. He was kindly, courteous, gentle-mannered, neighborly, proud and sensitive and very progressive. Somehow he managed to grow more cotton to the acre than the best of his neighbor planters; he had an uncanny judgment that led him to sell just before the price dropped; he paid his Negro laborers a fairer wage than others, but his discipline was hard and there were no rowdies on Floriston Plantation.

His people were well housed and fairly treated; they loved him even while they feared him. His barns and warehouses were well kept up and always well painted; his agricultural equipment was plentiful and modern, his horses and mules the best. Like all the Gatewoods he was a Northern university man with a Continental finish; every few years he took his family abroad. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word, although, unlike so many Southerners, he would have died before admitting he was one.

Those in his own class respected and admired him for his many virtues; those not in his class despised him as a grandstander and snob because he was capable and prosperous, and they suspected a rotten streak in him because, like his father and grandfather, he belonged to no church. Indeed, the pastor of one of the local churches had endeavored to convert him but had failed; nor could he induce the magnificent pagan to send his son, Lee Gatewood IV, to Sunday school.

"My dear sir," the elder Gatewood declared, "I do not want my boy to be good for the sake of any reward in the next world. I want him to reap the reward of his decency in this, the only world of whose existence he has reasonable proof.

"I shall not teach him to *fear* the Lord. I shall discourage fear in him—fear of God, man or devil. The only fear he shall know is that of being a bounder, of being unjust, unkind and too stingy to give of his strength to the weak, too cowardly to hazard dying, if need be, in the cause of liberty and justice."

The pastor wasn't at all willing to agree with his friend; but he had sufficient acumen to realize that he was speaking to a scholar who had, doubtless, delved deeply into theology. Weakly he fired a parting shot:

"It is not well, my dear Mr. Gatewood, that your boy should be reared without proper respect for the Church."

"He shall be reared," Gatewood replied with a grim little smile, "to have for the Church—by which I mean all faiths—neither respect nor disrespect. He shall be taught not to jeer or rail at the beliefs of others because they do not coincide with his own. He shall be taught that if religion be a comfort or a prop to any man or woman, he is a bigot if he shall seek to deprive such man or woman of that sustaining faith. May I not offer you a mint julep, parson?"

A FEW miles from Floriston Plantation was Edenvale, a town of some fifteen hundred inhabitants, and in Edenvale everybody knew everybody else and everybody's business, with the exception of that of a young woman known as Lucy Hotchkiss. She was ostensibly a divorcée, with a daughter about eight years old. Nobody knew her antecedents; her sources of support were unknown and she had never taken the trouble to explain herself.

She was a pretty woman under thirty years of age, who dressed well and did not attend any church. The young blades of the countryside could be found frequently hanging over her front gate or sipping juleps on her front porch, and finally young Bruce Taylor, whose father owned a bank in Birmingham and who was wont to come down to Floriston Plantation to shoot quail and woodcock, met her and fell in love with her. When she refused to marry him he took to drink and one night, in a jealous rage, shot her, not seriously.

That let the cat out of the bag. She prosecuted him and Bruce Taylor's father came down to Edenvale and tried to hush the scandal up with money. He failed; so he hired a private detective agency to look up her antecedents. Through the local bank it was discovered that on the first day of each month a cashier's check for five hundred dollars was deposited to her credit. This check was drawn on old Taylor's bank in Birmingham, so he readily ascertained that the checks were purchased with cash each month by a man unknown to the bank.

On a day when this man came to purchase the customary cashier's check, old Taylor's detectives followed him and identified him. He was wealthy, socially prominent, married and the father of three children. So they worked on this clue and discovered, presently, that once Lucy Hotchkiss had been his private secretary. Their best efforts got them no farther than this, but old Taylor made a shrewd guess as to the paternity of Lucy Hotchkiss' child. So he ran a "blazer" on her and it worked. On the day Bruce Taylor came to trial she did not appear and the charge was dismissed for lack of evidence.

Old Taylor was rather dirty about it. He permitted the news to leak out in Edenvale, without mentioning names, hoping to drive her out of the country. She refused to go, and became the female pariah of Edenvale. When Gatewood senior ascertained the true inwardness of the case he wrote old Taylor, informing the latter that he was a scoundrel, and forbade Bruce Taylor to visit Floriston plantation again.

ONE day the Gatewoods, father and son, met Lucy Hotchkiss at the Edenvale post office. Although he had never been introduced to her, the elder Gatewood lifted his hat gravely to her and received a grateful bow in return. When she had gone on about her business he turned to his son.

"Lee," he demanded, "why did you not lift your hat to that lady? You saw me do it. I haven't reared you to be discourteous to women."

Lee, of course, had heard the gossip from other boys of his age. He replied, with all the cruelty of youth: "But, Father, she's not a lady."

"How the hell do you know?" his sire roared, and with his open palm fetched his son a clout on the ear that made the youngster's head ring like a Chinese gong. "Now run after her and apologize for not lifting your hat," he commanded. And Lee obeyed. A dozen people were witnesses to the incident.

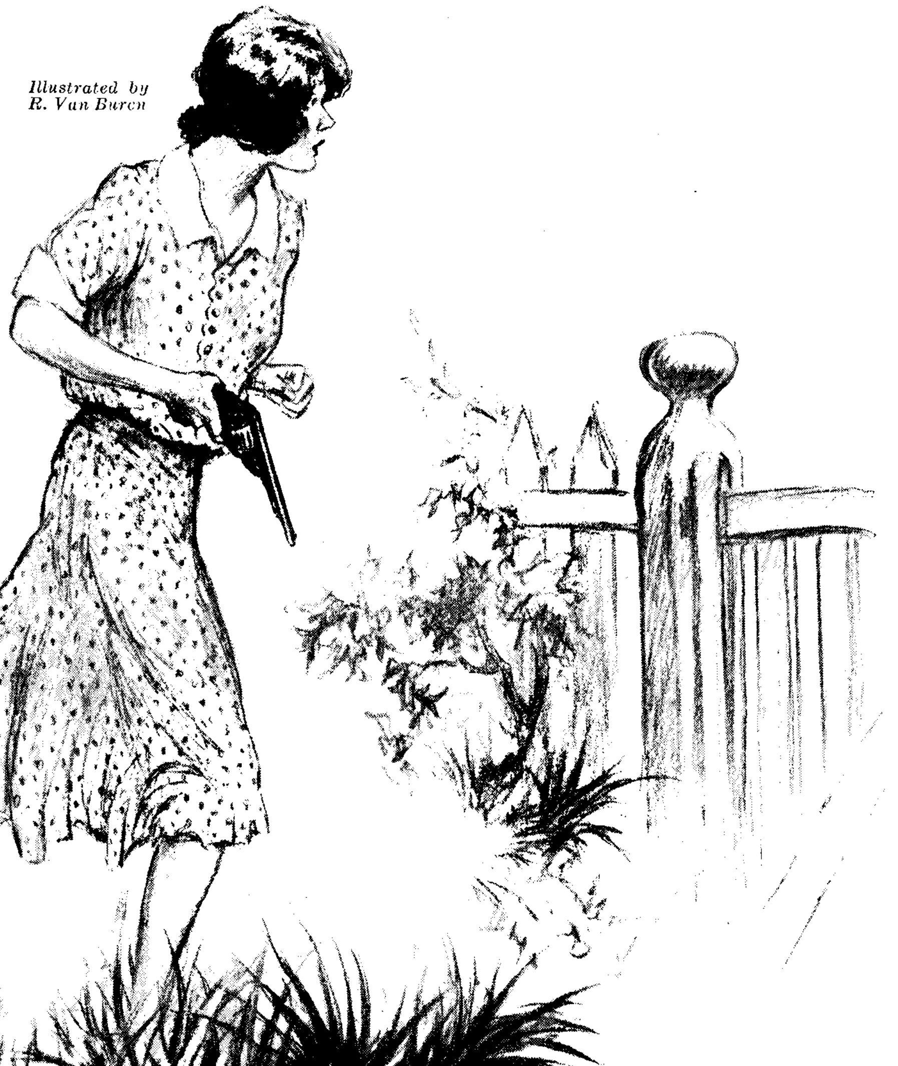
Evidently that clout shook up young Lee Gatewood's brains and caused him to do some thinking, for at any rate he apologized to his father that night after dinner. "My action was ungentlemanly," he admitted.

"Why was it ungentlemanly?" his father persisted gently.

"Because a gentleman never takes into account the sins and sorrows of others, save to sympathize with them, sir. And she's a woman and entitled to a decent man's sympathy. Whatever she did in the past no one in Edenvale can say she doesn't behave herself now."

"You're a fine boy and I'm mighty proud of you," the elder Gatewood declared huskily. And the next day he bought Lee a roadster automobile.

Lee Gatewood IV very early in life demonstrated that he, too, was a chip off the old block. And why not? The tree grows as the twig is bent. He was the refuge of all colored folk in trouble; the greater their trouble the more amusing young Lee found it. He did as he pleased and cared not who knew it. He bought drinks in the Edenvale saloons, he played poker when the impulse seized him. A visitor to Floriston Plantation reported having seen him and his father enjoying a mint julep together. Like his father, he had been through a large university and had topped off his education with a trip around the world and a year on the Continent.



Illustrated by R. Van Buren

THE most daring thing he ever did, however, was to invite a celebrated rabbi and a Roman Catholic archbishop down to Floriston Plantation for quail shooting. They shot on Sunday and enjoyed it very much. The Jew having Saturday for his Sabbath, young Lee being a pagan and having no Sabbath at all, and the archbishop having celebrated Mass in Edenvale at six o'clock that morning, no suspicion that they might be offending God by enjoying themselves the remainder of the day appeared to enter their minds. But Edenvale and the surrounding country deemed it very heathenish and, privately, considered young Lee Gatewood had shown very poor taste in the selection of his guests. An additional bit of gossip was the finding, by two reputable white men, of half a dozen empty beer bottles at the spot where Lee and his guests had eaten a cold luncheon.

THE local consensus was that old Gatewood was ruining his son. It was well known that he had a cellar well stocked with the finest wines and liquors available. So did the other gentry of the district for that matter, although on a much more limited scale, for they were not wealthy like the Gatewoods. However, even though they entertained the Gatewoods and were by the Gatewoods entertained, they professed a religious belief, demonstrated an old-fashioned respect for the Sabbath and, in public at least, set an example for the younger generation. So they escaped criticism.

Lee Gatewood IV was twenty-six years old when the United States declared war on Germany. The morning the news came to Floriston Plantation he took one humorous look at the oil portraits of his ancestors. They had all been army or navy men of various ranks in every national emergency since the Revolution. Even his father was there, in the uniform of a private in the war with Spain. Said Lee IV:

"Father, I'm going down to Birmingham and enlist in the regular army."

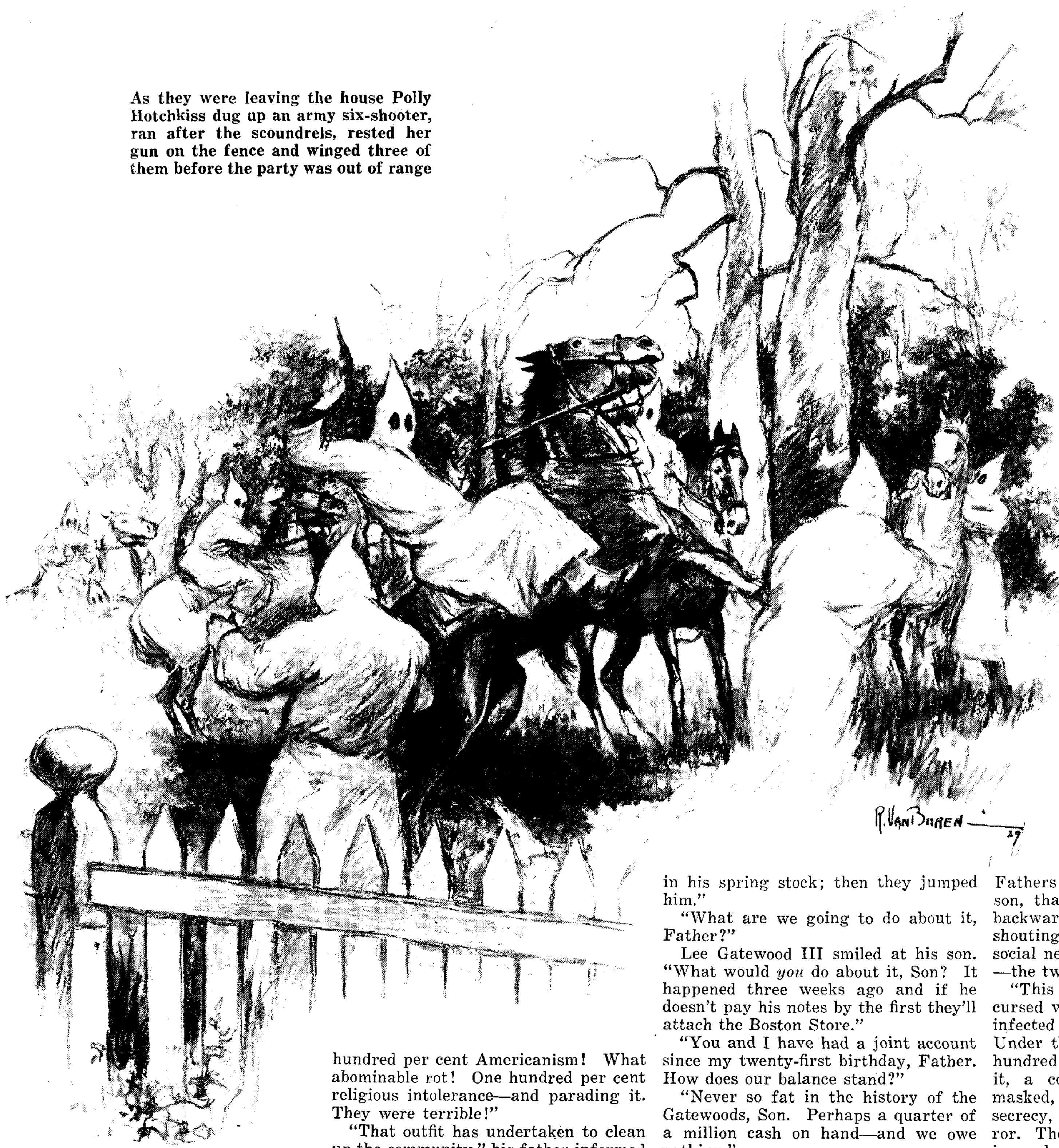
"You'd better," the old man replied, "or you'll be read out of the party. Tell me where you light and I'll send a representative artist down to paint you in uniform."

Lee Gatewood IV pointed to the walls of the baronial living-room, hung with old portraits, old swords, old muskets and redolent of old memories. "A prideful line," he suggested, with a little note of despair in his tones. "Every one of them has his eyes on me."

The door opened and a Negro servitor brought them in mint juleps in old, tall, frosted silver goblets embossed with a coat-of-arms. Lee Gatewood III raised his julep to the portraits of the ancestors. "Welcome him, men, when he comes to Valhalla," he cried. "He's one of us!"

A curious pair, these Gatewoods.

Well, Lee IV enlisted as private and came home a major, with three wound stripes and four medals. So his father had his portrait painted again. "And I'll tell you something else I've done, son," he added one night as they sat at dinner together. "I've put in a new cellar, with two-foot concrete and steel walls and a steel vault door with a combination. I've had it wired with a first-class burglar alarm system and while it was still legal to do so I laid in a



As they were leaving the house Polly Hotchkiss dug up an army six-shooter, ran after the scoundrels, rested her gun on the fence and winged three of them before the party was out of range

stock that should last us fifty years, at our present rate of consumption."

"Let freedom ring!" his son laughed. "You and I drink less than any two men in this state. I've never been drunk in my life and I've never seen you even faintly illuminated."

"By the way, your right jaw is slightly discolored. How come?"

"Lawyer Boone asked me to join the Ku-Klux Klan. It seems he's the Grand Kleagle of Edenvale lodge. I regarded the invitation as a profound insult . . . he must have realized I was going to hit him . . . keen chap, Boone. He hit me first . . . gorgeous wallop. I didn't think he had it in him."

"OH, THE Boones would always fight," the old man assured him. "Trouble with them, they never knew how." He glanced at his son's knuckles and said no more. They were swollen and skinned and spoke eloquently of many blows delivered for the one received.

"They were having one of their funny parades, with their ridiculous costumes," the young man continued. "I stood on the corner and jeered them, after polishing off their Kleagle. I reminded them there wasn't a man in the lot who had ever paraded in khaki. One hundred per cent Americanism! What abominable rot! One hundred per cent religious intolerance—and parading it. They were terrible!"

"That outfit has undertaken to clean up the community," his father informed him gravely. "They've got the colored folk frightened and nearly all the white folk hereabouts have discharged their colored employees. That is, all but the field hands. Even the Klan planters can't get along without them, of course. They have a slogan: 'Get right with God or get out.'"

Father and son looked at each other and laughed. "Perhaps we'll be hearing from the idiots," young Lee suggested. "We're a pretty conspicuous pair of heathens, you know."

Old Lee puffed tranquilly at his cigar. "I've already had an anonymous letter ordering me to dismiss our house staff and hire white help. Our butler, Thaddeus, has had a letter advising him to quit and to advise the other servants to quit, or steps will be taken to force them to. Poor little Finkelstein, the proprietor of the Boston Store, has been boycotted. His business has fallen off fifty per cent."

"What is Finkelstein going to do about it?"

"A Jew is not readily stampeded. So-called Christians have been trying that game on the Finkelstein family since Christ was crucified, but the Finkelsteins still make the grade. The local bank has called Abe's notes and cut off his credit. They waited until he'd put in his spring stock; then they jumped him."

"What are we going to do about it, Father?"

Lee Gatewood III smiled at his son. "What would *you* do about it, Son? It happened three weeks ago and if he doesn't pay his notes by the first they'll attach the Boston Store."

"You and I have had a joint account since my twenty-first birthday, Father. How does our balance stand?"

"Never so fat in the history of the Gatewoods, Son. Perhaps a quarter of a million cash on hand—and we owe nothing."

"Fine," young Lee murmured. "We'll see what we can do for Finkelstein."

YOUNG Lee Gatewood did. He called upon the president of that bank and offered to endorse, with his father's signature and his own, Finkelstein's overdue paper, provided Finkelstein should be given a six months' extension. His offer was declined. "Then," said Lee Gatewood IV, "you'll lose our account and we'll pay Finkelstein's note and finance him for the future."

Instantly the banker surrendered, but he was dealing with a fighting man now. "You had your chance to be decent; you shall not have it again," young Gatewood declared—and transferred the Gatewood account to a Birmingham bank. Then he called on Abraham Finkelstein, whom he found waiting on some customers. "Hello, Mr. Finkelstein," he called. "Do you remember me? I'm Lee Gatewood."

"Und so you are back," cried the friendly little Jew. "Gott im Himmel, I am glad." And he came from behind the counter and hugged Lee Gatewood. "Now, by golly," he exulted, "we have two human beings got in this rodden coundry."

"I hear your bank's crowding you, Mr. Finkelstein. Dad and I do not like that. Come out to Floriston Plantation to dinner tonight and we'll fix you up—pay your note and loan you whatever capital you require."

Finkelstein blinked in amazement. Then the tears caused him to blink again. "For vy do you do it?" he quavered.

"Because you're a Jew and some mad Christians are after you, Mr. Finkelstein. Father and I, being non-purists and non-churchgoers, feel that now is the time for all good men and true to come to the aid of the party. We dine at seven, Mr. Finkelstein."

ABE FINKELSTEIN came to dinner at Floriston Manor that night. En route home in his automobile he was waylaid by a group of a dozen hooded and white-robed men, who searched him, found the Gatewood checks on him, took them, beat him cruelly and ordered him to close out his business and leave town within thirty days. Next day the checks were returned to the elder Gatewood, together with an anonymous typewritten note, instructing him to mind his own business thereafter, under pain of receiving treatment similar to that accorded the unfortunate Finkelstein.

Father and son looked at each other grimly. "Recurrent waves of rabid intolerance sweep this country every two or three decades," the former said. "The liberty-loving spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers dies hard. A sort of madness, son, that finds its readiest growth in backward rural communities where the shouting fervid brand of religion fills a social need. Ignorance and intolerance—the two handmaidens of hell.

"This county seems particularly cursed with it. It seems even to have infected the forces of law and order. Under the excuse that a policy of one hundred per cent Americanism demands it, a coterie of passionate patriots, masked, moving secretly and sworn to secrecy, has established a reign of terror. There have been half a dozen beatings administered to white men recently while, of course, the Negroes have long since been reduced to a state of abject fear. It isn't necessary to threaten them any more. These brutal, passionate, lawless, mad persons are universally believed to be members of the Klan. I imagine they are, and that in the reasons which brought the Klan into existence they find an excuse for their excesses.

"However, I do not believe the nightriders operate under the orders of the Klan. I have a feeling that these self-appointed censors of morals and religion are a sort of independent side-degree team, but that their acts have the secret moral support of the Klan as an organization. And, inasmuch as the county attorney and the sheriff are both prominent members of the Klan, the nightriders feel confident they can operate with impunity. All official investigations of their outrages seem to lead up a blind alley." Lee Gatewood III sipped his julep thoughtfully. "I wish I knew how to do something to stop it, Son."

"Well, I do," Lee Gatewood IV replied. "But as the details are not worked out as yet, I'll not tell you about it now. Have you observed, Father, that while at first the nightriders confined their

(*Continued on page 57*)

Stout Heart

By Jerome Beatty

Over the hurdles in Hollywood with a boy who was lucky because the right girl was behind him

THE taxicab nudged its way, inch by inch, up Hollywood Boulevard. "Looks like a five-alarm fire," said the young man inside.

"Fifty thousand dollars' worth of hooey," said the girl who sat beside him.

"It's grand, though." The young man nervously adjusted the muffler that covered his dress shirt.

The driver spoke over his shoulder: "They don't give us taxis any breaks on these here openin's. The cops let the chauffeurs have the right o' way all the time. Makes me sick. All they bother about is gettin' the stars there. Ordinary folks can stay out in the street for all they care."

They were now within half a block of the theater. A band was playing. Searchlights and sun arcs threw out a glare that would make the aurora borealis look like the feeble death gasps of a ten-cent Roman candle.

As the taxicab crept closer with the thick traffic, they could distinguish the proud shouts of a man with a megaphone who announced the distinguished arrivals.

"Mis-ter Rich-ard Dix! Miss Bet-ty Comp-son! Mis-ter Charles Chap-lin!"

"An' here we sit," grumbled the taxi driver. A traffic policeman held him back and cleared the way for a string of limousines. "I suppose you people paid five-fifty for your tickets—an' look how they treat you! You'd get there quicker, folks, if you got out here and walked. You can—" He stopped, embarrassed. "I'm sorry," he apologized. "I forgot. I'll get ya there pretty soon, though."

"No hurry," said the young man. "I like it."

He peered out at the huge electric sign that flashed the words: "World Première. Edward Bracker in Flying Fools."

"It's a big night for Eddie," he said. "But I bet he's not any more excited than I am. I wonder what the shot will look like."

"It'll be swell," said the girl.

THE taxicab stopped at the curb and the young man handed the driver two silver dollars. A tall flunkey in a uniform heavy with gold braid disdainfully twisted the handle of the door. After opening the doors of ten-thousand-dollar limousines, it was distinctly lowering to serve people who came in taxicabs.

The girl stepped out first, like a little doll, in her pink evening wrap.

"Please help him," she said.

The young man edged toward the door of the cab and got one foot on the running board and pushed the ends of two crutches ahead of him. With the assistance of the carriage man, he pulled himself out and stood erect on one leg, with the assistance of the crutches, his eyes blinking in the glare of the light, smiling.

The court in front of the theater was jammed tight with people, shoving, craning their necks, standing on tiptoe to see the stars who paraded from the curb to the theater entrance down the narrow way that groaning policemen managed to keep open.

Moving picture cameras recorded every important arrival. Beside a microphone stood an announcer who passed on through the radio, to the few persons in Southern California who were not on hand, breathtaking descriptions of celebrities and their gowns.

"And now, folks," he was saying, all flabbergasted by the importance of the news, "Miss Elerie Byron, better known as the Passion Girl, is walking across the ten-thousand-dollar rug." Miss Byron had arrived in a limousine with footmen in uniform and a self-conscious man trailing beside her. "Miss Byron is wearing her famous half-a-million-dollar pearl necklace, and, folks, she's immense—I mean she's marvelous looking. With her is—" he shut off the microphone and whispered to a man beside him, "Who's that little guy with her?"

"I don't know. Leave him out."

"With her," the announcer continued, "with her is her usual charming smile. I'm going to ask her to say a few words to you folks. Miss Byron, please won't you say a few words? Aw, please. Five million folks are listening in. Just this once? Atta girl!"

"HELLO, people," said the Passion Girl in a hard, nasal voice. "It's nice to be here and I'm glad to say hello to all you nice people that are listening in. It sure looks like it would be a nice picture. Good-by."

"Thank you, Miss Byron. That charming message was from the dainty little lady, Miss Elerie Byron. Now folks, next—"

On a pedestal stood a man who operated through a megaphone and roared similar news at the crowd so that even those far back would know what was what, and so those in the front rows would not mistake Rod La Roque for Monte Blue.

The taxicab departed and the young man and the girl looked around, bewildered. The flunkey gave them a gentle push to get them out of the way for the next car.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the megaphone man announced, "the man who just arrived is Jack Barton, famous aviator, noted stunt man, who lost his leg in a crash in Flying Fools."

The crowd applauded and Jack Barton grinned.

"With Mr. Barton," the announcer continued, "is Miss Katy O'Brien, the noted musical comedy actress."

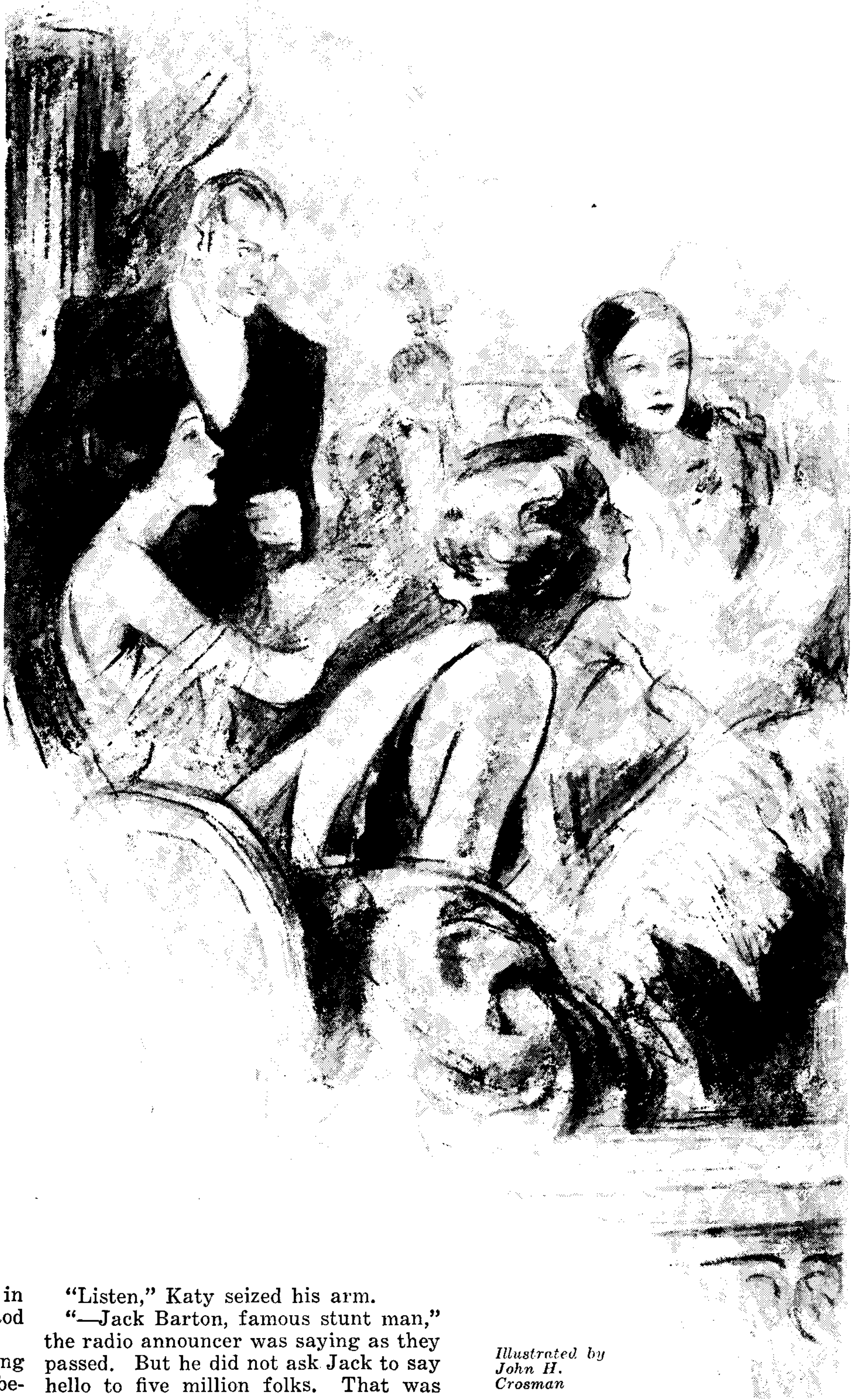
Katy O'Brien, with a start, looked up at the megaphone man. Beside him stood George Seely, the studio's publicity director, who had inspired the florid announcement. He laughed and waved at her. She laughed back and shook her fist at him.

Swinging his way along on one leg, Jack Barton, with Katy O'Brien close beside him, passed on across the ten-thousand-dollar rug toward the theater entrance.

"Well, Katy," he said happily, "we're still in the show business.

"He was trying to kid me," she said.

"Me, too. But gosh, don't we like it! I never will get over the thrill of applause."


Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"Listen," Katy seized his arm.

"—Jack Barton, famous stunt man," the radio announcer was saying as they passed. But he did not ask Jack to say hello to five million folks. That was just for important people.

George Seely had picked out good seats for them, down front. Not the best, but just a few rows ahead of the best. Everybody knew Katy, it seemed, and said "Hello."

"Hello, Jim. Hello, Billy. Hello, Miss Tellson, that's a lovely gown." She answered their greetings. "Hello, Mr. Stone."

This last to Tom Stone, general manager of the Amalgamated Studios, her boss.

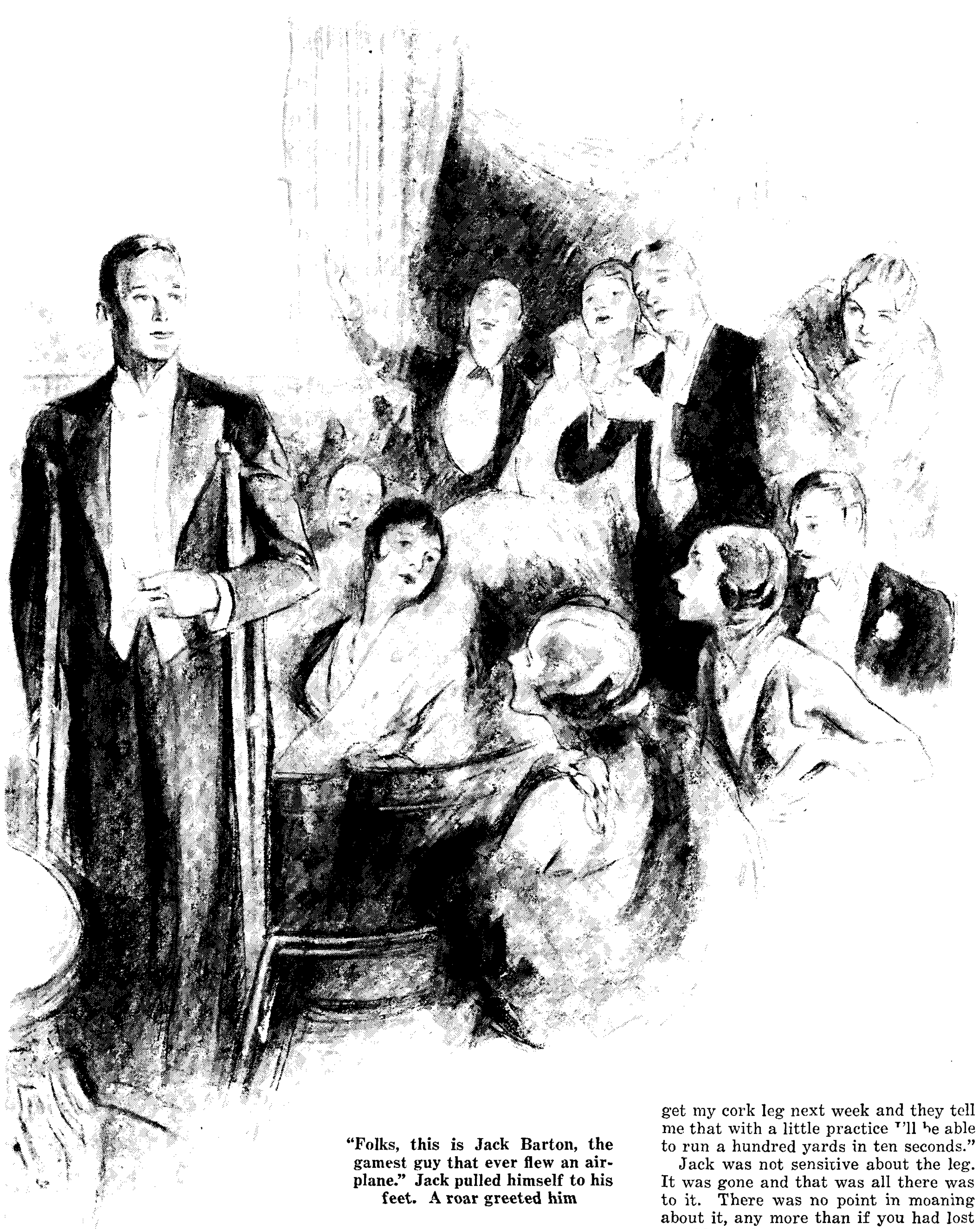
KATY O'BRIEN was a tiny, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl with a saucy up-turned nose with four freckles on it. If she was a "noted musical comedy actress," a diet of turnip juice will make you fat.

She was Tom Stone's secretary, which was a job of much greater importance than that of a musical comedy star—even though it does not pay so well. Katy O'Brien was one of the smartest girls the world has ever known. As proof it is only necessary to cite the fact that everybody on the Amalgamated lot liked her. When you can be a studio manager's secretary and keep the respect of all the people on the pay roll, from Ajax to Zeno, you're some kid.

True, she had been on the stage. Many an extra girl with less experience than Katy's described herself as a noted musical comedy actress. Katy's career had been limited to a week at the Orpheum in San Francisco, and a week at the Orpheum in Los Angeles as a chorus girl in Cobbledick's Broadway Revue, a vaudeville act starring Jack Barton, the handsome young man who was to lose his right leg in a crash in Flying Fools.

Katy had given up a good job in San Francisco for a career that lasted two weeks. The vaudeville act was wrecked when the Delevan sisters, who, with Jack Barton, were the high spots of the Revue, were offered a job in the movies. They quit, cold, to make a musical comedy talkie, and Mr. Cobbledick put his costumes and scenery in storage and swore an oath that never again would he book one of his acts in Los Angeles.

That was a year ago. In Hollywood there is more demand for bright young



"Folks, this is Jack Barton, the gamest guy that ever flew an airplane." Jack pulled himself to his feet. A roar greeted him

stenographers than for handsome young men who can sing and dance. So Katy got a job, while Jack nearly starved.

"Stick to it," Katy advised him. "You've got the stuff they need in the talkies, and some day they'll find it out."

So Jack stuck. Perhaps it was not entirely because of his ambition to become a movie actor. His ambition to marry Katy might have had something to do with it.

A few small parts, a job now and then piloting an airplane—he had been an aviator during the war—and scattered ten-dollar-a-day extra jobs kept him going. Then came the big opportunity.

Amalgamated offered him $1,000 to crash a plane into a stone house in Flying Fools. It was his first stunt job. If he put it over, he was set. Good stunt men make a lot of money and sometimes graduate into motion picture stardom. So he took a chance.

When he recovered consciousness, he was in a hospital and his right leg was gone. They told him he was lucky to be alive. Katy was beside him, trying hard to keep back the tears.

"Well," he murmured bravely, "it might be worse. I might have been crippled for life." And he lost consciousness again.

Amalgamated Studios paid all his hospital bills and gave him $5,000, which was a liberal settlement, according to Hollywood's standards. A stunt man knows the chances he is taking and if he bangs himself up, that's part of the day's work. You can't blame the studio.

JACK swung down the aisle, following Katy and the usher. Several persons nodded and waved to him.

Edward Bracker, star of Flying Fools, for whom Jack had doubled in the crash, had a seat on the aisle.

"'Lo, Jack," he called, and jumped to his feet as Jack and Katy came along. "How goes, boy?" He put a friendly hand on Jack's shoulder.

"Couldn't be better," Jack called. "I get my cork leg next week and they tell me that with a little practice I'll be able to run a hundred yards in ten seconds."

Jack was not sensitive about the leg. It was gone and that was all there was to it. There was no point in moaning about it, any more than if you had lost a gold watch.

"'At's the stuff," Eddie Bracker said. "Hello, Katy. Taking care of this fellow?"

"You bet I—" she caught her breath and glanced at Jack. "Not on your life," she said, in a louder voice. "He's taking care of me."

They found their seats.

"Isn't this marvelous?" Jack said, glowing. "People saying hello, and all that?"

The master of ceremonies finally started things going. He called upon Edward Bracker and the house rocked with applause as he climbed the steps to the stage. Everybody liked Eddie.

"Thanks," he beamed. "Thanks. Most people in this spot would be modest and say that they hoped this little picture would please you." They laughed. "I know darn well it's going to please you. It's a great show. It's got in it the most spectacular scene that ever was in anybody's picture—a scene where I crash a plane head-on at 150 miles an hour into a stone house. If that doesn't lift you out of your seats, you haven't any nerves."

Down in front Katy seized Jack's arm.

"The dirty crook," she whispered. "*He* crashed it, did he! The low, mean—"

"Shh," said Jack. "It's all in the business. No star ever admitted that he had a double."

"You'll see a close-up of me in the plane, out of control," Eddie Bracker continued. "Then a long shot where the plane comes right at you, then swerves and smashes into the stone house, not fifty feet from the camera. Then you'll get a close-up of me, injured, in what is left of the seat of the wrecked plane.

"Now I want to tell you something. All I did was the close-ups. The fellow who crashed that plane, the bird who had the nerve to pull off the greatest stunt that ever was photographed—the shot I'll get credit for—is right down here in front. He gave up a leg to make a great picture."

HE PAUSED dramatically, then pointed down.

"Stand up, Jack!" he said. "Folks, this is Jack Barton, the gamest guy that ever flew an airplane."

Jack gasped. He was bewildered.

"Stand up. Stand up," Katy whispered.

He pulled himself to his feet. A roar greeted him. People yelled and whistled. Mary Pickford. Douglas Fairbanks. Charley Chaplin. Al Jolson. Jesse Lasky. The most important people in the motion picture industry rose to their feet in tribute. The applause was tremendous.

Jack Barton sat down, but the cheering continued. He stood up and bowed again. Gradually the demonstration ended. He sank weakly beside Katy.

"That's all I have to say," Eddie Bracker was speaking. "I just wanted a real scout to have a little of the credit that is due him."

He bowed and ran down the steps to his seat and the picture started.

Jack's voice was husky. He reached over and squeezed Katy's hand.

"That was worth two legs," he said.

WITHIN a week Hollywood had forgotten. The Amalgamated Studios had discharged its debt. New pictures were going into production. Other World Premières were being held. That was yesterday, Jack Barton's big moment, and yesterday is oblivion in Hollywood. People remembered only, if they remembered at all, the gracious and modest act of Eddie Bracker in disclaiming credit for a crash made by a stunt man named Jack Something-or-Other.

But Jack and Katy had another event to cheer them and they sat at a little table in a modest restaurant, celebrating. Jack had a job singing over the radio.

"I told you!" said Katy. "Now everything's all right and we'll be married."

"No," Jack shook his head dully. "We'll always be good friends, though, Katy." He reached over and patted her hand.

"Don't be silly. Don't you love me?"

"Katy, don't—" it was apparent that he did.

"Well, then. What do people do when they love each other? They get married! Even in Hollywood!"

"But I can't—"

"I'll sue you for breach of promise. I'll publish all your love letters. I'll—"

"It's nothing to joke about," he said, sharply. "Don't you see? It's impossible."

"If you had a lot of money, Jack," Katy asked, "would that make a difference?"

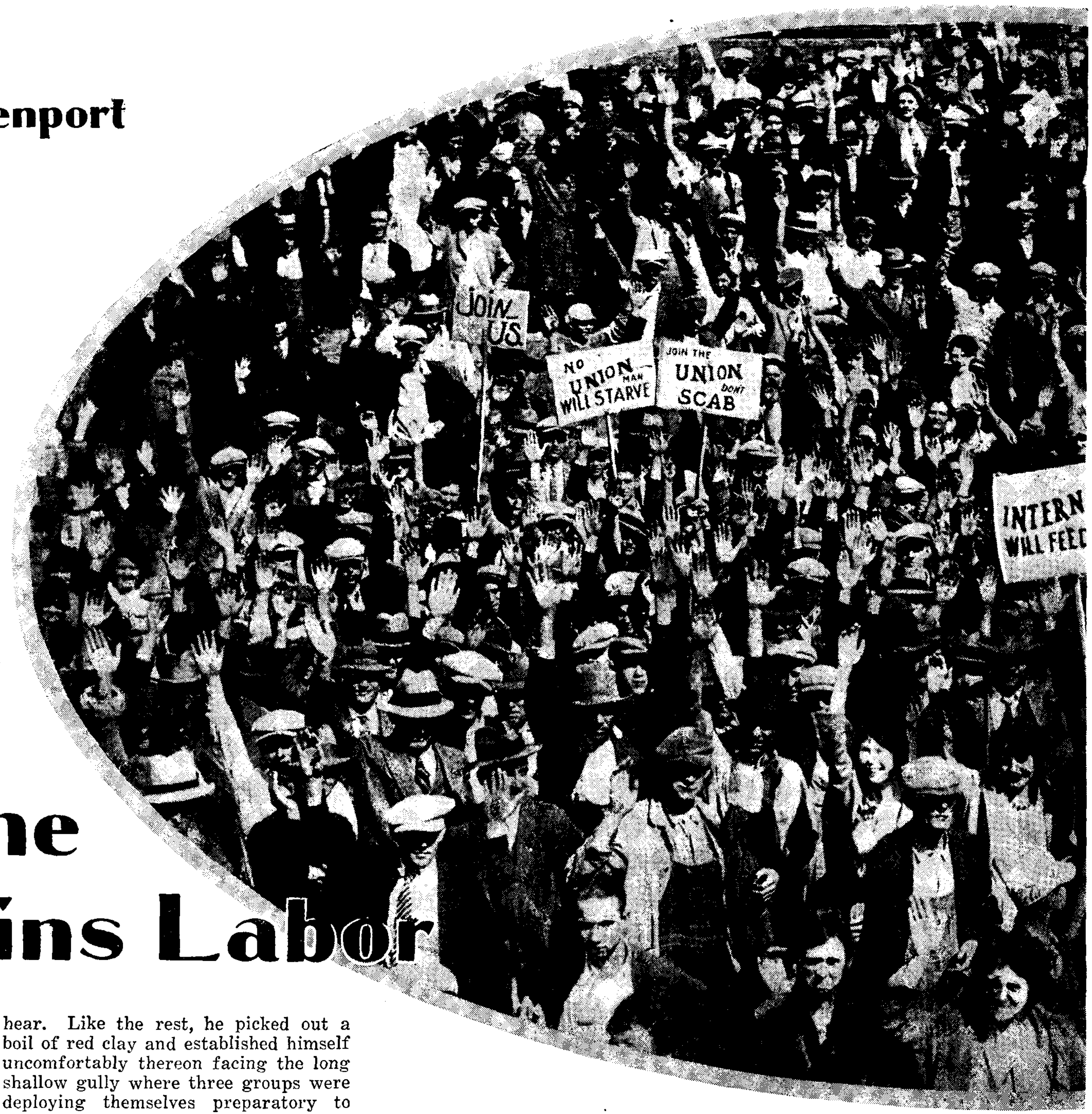
"It might, if I was sure you really wanted me. But—"

"A girl at the studio told my fortune in a cup of tea (*Continued on page 51*)

By Walter Davenport

Twenty cents an hour looks like a lot of money if you've never had it. But, as Plenty John Carstair of North Carolina says, you can learn a lot on it even if you don't eat much. And the Southern Mountaineer, recruited from his highlands to work sixty hours a week in the cotton mills, appears to be learning that it isn't enough to compensate him for the freedom he forsook. Here's the story of the mountaineer who was looked upon as cheap labor but who is trying to prove it false

When the Mountains Labor


JOIN US
NO UNION MAN WILL STARVE
JOIN THE UNION DON'T SCAB
INTERN WILL FEE

An assembly of striking mill workers in Gastonia, North Carolina, giving favorable ear to an outdoor speech

PLENTY JOHN CARSTAIR was not at all convinced that ownership of the Loray Mills at Gastonia, N. C., was something to pester after. It was, he observed, bad enough to have to work in them.

It was Sunday afternoon—a sickly hot one. There wasn't enough air astir to flick the top of the red clay dust that made the road velvet. Even the pad, pat and smack of many feet bearing tired owners to the foregatherin' failed to lift it. It simply squished heavy and stupid between the toes of bare feet or rose in little sullen puffs when kicked by boots. You were breathing hot, damp cotton and smacking at bluebottle flies.

Mr. John Carstair, favorably known as Plenty because of his physical magnitude and because, when not agitated he appeared to be capable of answering almost any question with: "Plenty—yessuh—plenty," was among the first to appear for the preachin' and speakin'. He did not work in the cotton mills but had plenty of kin who did. In fact two sisters, four brothers, two sons and a large number of their children.

"Plenty—yessuh—plenty."

"I been rasslin' too long with corn-farmin'," explained Mr. Carstair, "to quit. I've said to myself plenty times that the Lord had a particular reason for fetchin' onto me a farm that was it to have its own way wouldn't bid a welcome to a drop of rain. Yessuh, the only way you kin explain my groun' is hit's a way the Lord has of testin' you out and weighin' you for what you gittin' when you time comes fer a judgment. So as it's thetaway, I'm a clingin' to the farm. Jest studyin'."

Mr. Carstair was just one of five hundred or so that had come out to see and hear. Like the rest, he picked out a boil of red clay and established himself uncomfortably thereon facing the long shallow gully where three groups were deploying themselves preparatory to making their appeals and contending for attention. Over to the right behind a brutally dirty huddle of sagging tents a gaunt man, with a curiously small head held stiffly awry on a spindling neck, sat on a grits box.

He had entirely too much long, oily hair, which fell to his shoulders in strips instead of strands. His beard was long but sparse, as if whole ropes of it had been yanked out at regular intervals. His eyes were close-set and small and, perhaps because his head was stationary, they concentrated with hot fanaticism upon one spot on the ground.

Nobody's Fool

He was, he said, the Reverend Will Sipple of Levi, S. C., come to "destroy the cities which affordeth laughter for the devil and to raise up the saved in chariots."

Mr. Carstair informed me that Mr. Sipple was neither a stranger to these parts nor a fool anywhere you set him down; that nobody was sure for certain what lay at the bottom of Mr. Sipple's Missionary Baptist shouting but that he was a survigorous preacher well worth listening to.

Directly in front of Mr. Carstairs and me the spellbinders of the National Textile Workers Union were getting under way. A keen, nervous Scot with a thin humorous mouth presided—Murdock, vice president of the National Textile Workers Union, who had come to South Carolina from Communist headquarters in New York to carry on in the place of Fred Beal, who was in jail charged with killing a policeman.

Except for a tenseness, due perhaps to the presence near by of a group of impressively armed cops in uniform and a larger number of unkindly looking gentlemen who did not wear uniforms, the little group of Communists were nicely self-contained and intelligent.

Mr. Carstair commented upon this last quality, it being so apparent.

"There ain't but one thing they're off on," said he. "The little dark-complected feller with the curlin' hair and fatness, who speaks broken, he says the mills belong to the workers and it's up to the hands to take and run them, overthrowin' up to and includin' the United States government and the Manville-Jenckes concern. Seems to me that's a little exceedin'."

Nevertheless the Communists went on with their preparations. Considering the handicap they were operating under, they were doing the most efficient job in sight. Even certain officials of the Manville-Jenckes company, owners and operators of the Loray Mills, had come to this conclusion. The mill overseers—at least some of them—were not above admitting that a trifle more diplomacy in dealing with the Reds would have helped a lot. . . .

To our left, amid what promised a riot, a third meeting was fighting itself into organization. Eager to win the audience first, it had made three or four false starts.

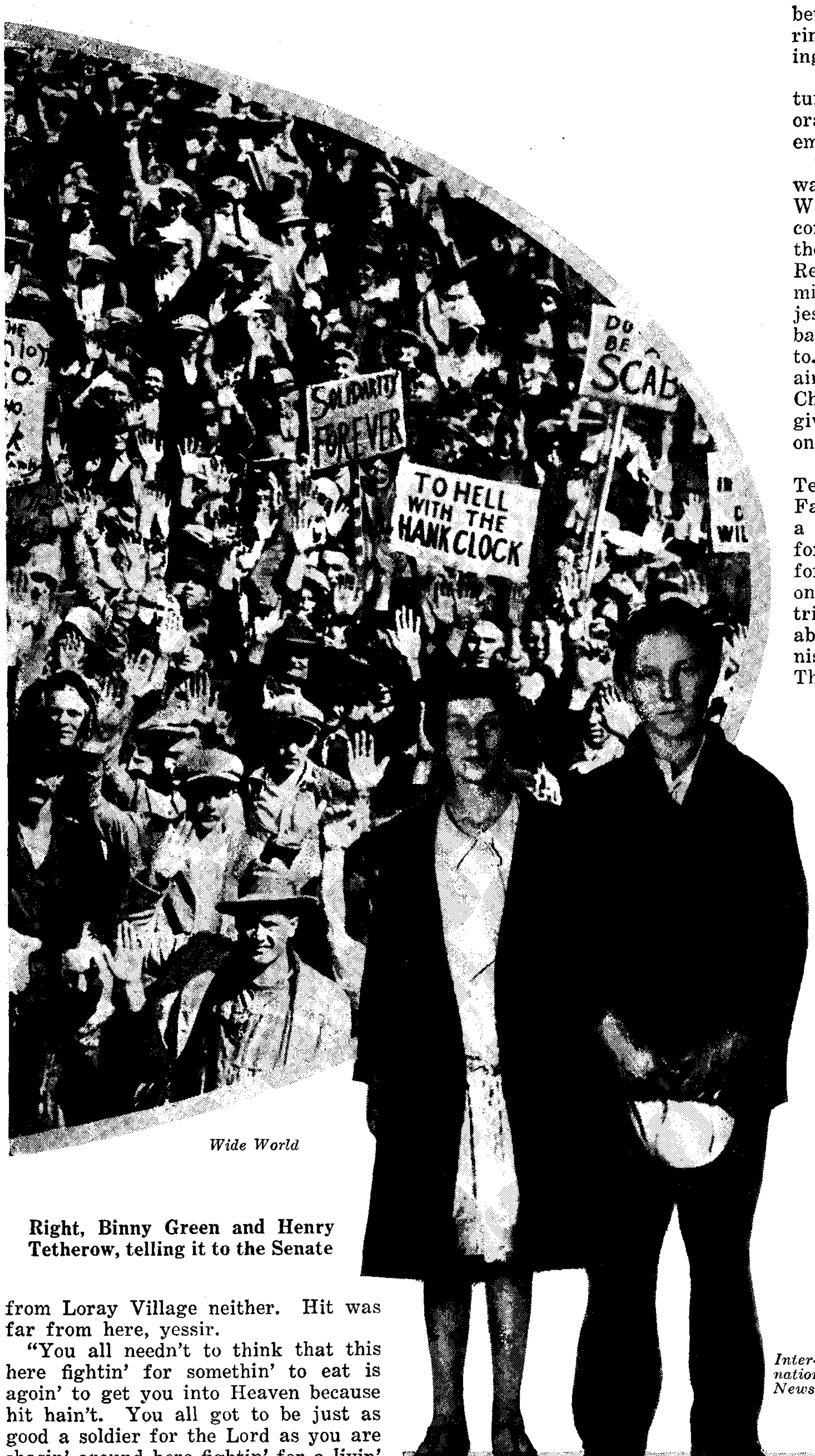
But perhaps it merely seemed like that to me.

There was nobody in supreme command. Several self-appointed chairmen had sought to open the meeting but lucklessly they had all selected the same moment for the function. Confusion was general.

Apparently they had the approval of the police, because one of the latter was trying with dour persistence to establish order and quell the internal rivalry. And while he was so doing one of the chairmen seized his opportunity. With a roar that startled the crowd and his own rivals into attention he began:

Salvation Preachin'

"I hain't never begged no widder for help," he cried, throwing back his Lincolnesque head and baying straight at the heat haze that bulked low above us all. "I ain't never took a crumb from an orphan. I'd like to starved, yessir, my belly clove to my backbone. And I would starved iffen the ravens in the form of human brothers and sisters didn't come with manna and corn cakes and pig meat. And hit wasn't nobody



Wide World

Right, Binny Green and Henry Tetherow, telling it to the Senate

International Newsreel

from Loray Village neither. Hit was far from here, yessir.

"You all needn't to think that this here fightin' for somethin' to eat is agoin' to get you into Heaven because hit hain't. You all got to be just as good a soldier for the Lord as you are chasin' around here fightin' for a livin'—yessir. . . . Hot, ain't you, standin' here? Well, sir, hell's hotter . . . yessir."

Moving hardly perceptibly (it was more of a swaying) the crowd began to turn toward the speaker, the Reverend Holiness Will Sipple, who was rapidly working himself into a slavering frenzy. Here and there, from the women, came a subdued whining; from the men a groaning from great depths. And I noticed that the police and the non-uniformed deputies were quick to take advantage of the movement toward Mr. Sipple as if it were preferable that his spell should hold the crowd away from the Communists.

But the latter won. After all, salvation preachin' was something that was always with the mill worker. It could be had any day. Above thoughts of tomorrow or the next day, and far more to the immediate point than the roll call up yonder, came the general demand for more money today and fewer hours, cheaper rents and less stretch-out, the latter being a new efficiency move in the cotton mills.

Now among the various differences between the mountaineer and the "furriner" is their manner of public speaking.

The former, like all naturally taciturn people tongue-loosed by emotion, orated furiously from the heart. Pure emotionalism clad in stark phrases.

"Nobody done drug me down thisaway. I give up tenant farmin' back on Waller Branch of my own free will and come on down with my old woman and the children to work in the mills. Reckon maybe I wasn't so smart. The mill feller didn't lie to me, no sir. He jest didn't tell me the truth. I might go back but I hain't got nothin' to go back to. That means I got to stay here. I aim to work good. I aim to be a good Christian too. All I ask is that the mill gives us enough to live unliken the hog on, praise God."

The trained orators of the National Textile Workers Union speak calmly. Far back in the crowd, holding forth to a little audience of his own, stands former Congressman Bulwinkle, lawyer for the Loray Mills and local authority on the purposes, plans and insidious intrigues of Communists at home and abroad—particularly Russian Communists and the secret plottings of the Third International.

The N. T. W. U. leaders smilingly admit their Communism but patronizingly add that Mr. Bulwinkle is paid a fat fee by the Manville-Jenckes corporation to drag in Moscow and the rest of it. They even profess a mild liking for Mr. Bulwinkle.

"It is not our political philosophy, whatever it may be, that's important," says the speaker, a solemn young woman with a husky voice. "Politics shouldn't enter into this. What concerns us is our right to receive enough of the profits of our labor to enable us to live as decently as our employers. We're entitled to that.

Seventeen Cents

"You who weave the cotton fabric from which your employers' underwear is made—you. Do you know that less than one cent of the retail price of that garment finds its way into *your* pay envelope? Do you know that your employer would be able to double your wages by merely paying three cents more for the shirt he is wearing?

"Or you who work in the Loray Mills here—you who make cotton fabrics for motor car tires—do you know that your pay could be doubled if the bosses paid just seventeen cents more per tire? Those three cents—those seventeen cents—they are dearer to the boss than your life is. . . ."

But just what the mills are going to do about it is something that worries them even more than it does the mill hands. That a long series of strikes with all the inevitable violences and financial penalties was a certain product of low pay, poor housing and complete lack of understanding between employer and employed—was sure to come—was foreseen more than a year ago by a wise element.

This element included almost all of the mill operators who had already gone as far as competition and trade conditions would let them in eliminating the evils. They had beautified their mill villages, modernized the sanitation in the workers' homes and in the mills. They had cut a week's working hours to fifty-five, adopted small bonus systems by which the more energetic worker might stouten his income and had installed modern day-nursery plants for the children of working mothers.

Quick Appreciation

Some had gone so far as to make expert efforts at a sort of industrial democracy such as, for example, had bred such pleasing results in the Kendall Mills, which have demonstrated in both North and South Carolina that the average mill hand is an extremely intelligent and comfortable person to have around, if encouraged. And to know that pleasant surroundings, clean houses, and close association of owner and hand are appreciated, one has only to see the extent of the waiting list for jobs in the Cramer Mills at Cramerton, N. C.

In these mills and others quite as pleasant to the eye and inoffensive to the nostrils there is much that speaks of paternalism, but I did not find that the mill hand objects to that, in spite of the fierce onslaughts of the Communists upon the system. The Communists call paternalism feudalism and feudalism slavery. They pound it into the mill hands that the strike is worthless unless the mill passes into the ownership of the mill hand.

But it was largely because these more progressive owners insisted, more than a year ago, that the employers got together and tried to forestall what even the most reactionary admitted was highly probable—ever-recurring strikes.

Much secrecy enveloped the gathering. Even now none of the participants will say *(Continued on page 76)*

International Newsreel

Tent colony formed by mill strikers in Gastonia. The barn (upper right) is union headquarters

The Yellowjacket Feud

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

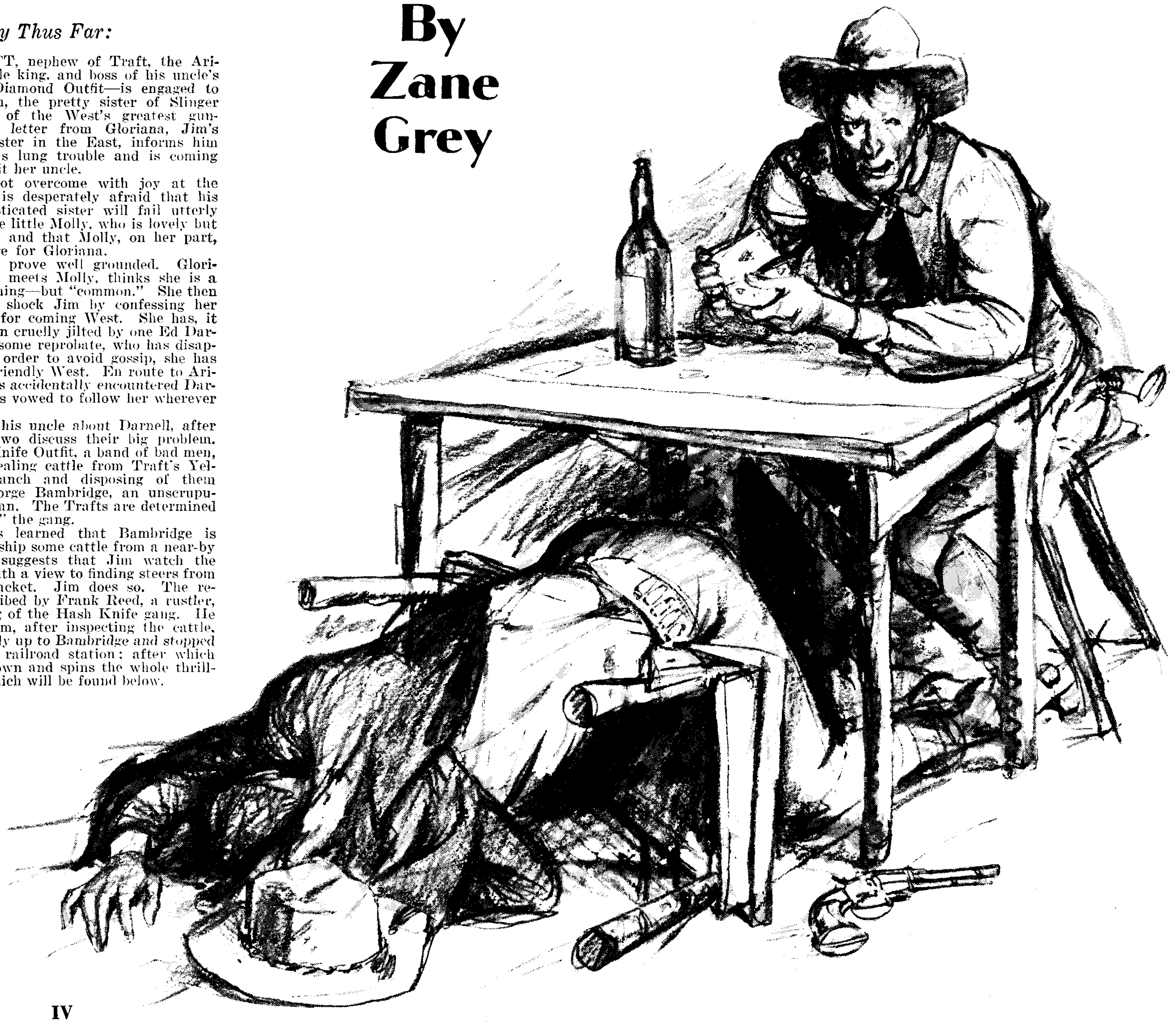
JIM TRAFT, nephew of Traft, the Arizona cattle king, and boss of his uncle's men—the Diamond Outfit—is engaged to Molly Dunn, the pretty sister of Slinger Dunn, one of the West's greatest gunfighters. *A letter* from Gloriana, Jim's beautiful sister in the East, informs him that she has lung trouble and is coming West to visit her uncle.

Jim is not overcome with joy at the news. He is desperately afraid that his more sophisticated sister will fail utterly to appreciate little Molly, who is lovely but uneducated; and that Molly, on her part, will not care for Gloriana.

His fears prove well grounded. Gloriana arrives, meets Molly, thinks she is a dear little thing—but "common." She then proceeds to shock Jim by confessing her real reason for coming West. She has, it appears, been cruelly jilted by one Ed Darnell, a handsome reprobate, who has disappeared. In order to avoid gossip, she has fled to the friendly West. En route to Arizona, she has accidentally encountered Darnell, who has vowed to follow her wherever she goes!

Jim tells his uncle about Darnell, after which the two discuss their big problem. The Hash Knife Outfit, a band of bad men, has been stealing cattle from Traft's Yellowjacket ranch and disposing of them through George Bambridge, an unscrupulous ranchman. The Trafts are determined to "clean-up" the gang.

Traft has learned that Bambridge is planning to ship some cattle from a near-by town. He suggests that Jim watch the shipment, with a view to finding steers from the Yellowjacket. Jim does so. The result is described by Frank Reed, a rustler, at a meeting of the Hash Knife gang. He tells how Jim, after inspecting the cattle, stepped boldly up to Bambridge and stopped him, in the railroad station; after which he settles down and spins the whole thrilling yarn, which will be found below.



IV

"NOT much more," replied Reed, casually. "Traft asked, 'Are you George Bambridge?' an' he got a short answer.

"'You're shippin' some of my steers,' snapped Traft.

"Bambridge turned red as a turkey gobbler's comb. 'The hell you say, my young cowpuncher! An' who may you be?'

"'My name is Traft,' said thet young cowpuncher an' he said it loud.

"Bambridge went white now: 'Jim Traft's nephew?'

"'Yes, an' you're shippin' steers with my brand.'

"'What brand is that?' jerked out Bambridge, sort of husky. He was madder'n hell's-fire.

"'Diamond brand.'

"'Ahuhm, I see.' . . . Bambridge sort of pulled himself together. 'Sorry, Mr. Traft. Mistakes happen. This is a rush order. An' them Yellowjacket steers of yours overrun my range. An' I'm runnin' some new cowhands. Send me a bill.'

"'No, Mr. Bambridge, I'll not send you a bill now, but I'll send a telegram East to have a count made of the Diamond steers in this shipment,' said Traft, an' he shore looked a lot.

"'You call me a liar—an' a cattle thief?' busted out Bambridge, movin' a hand back.

"'No. An' don't pull a gun. This gentleman with me is Curly Prentis. . . . I didn't *say* you was a liar an' a thief. But this shipment has a queer look an' I'll not be satisfied till it's been counted over.'

"'I tell you if there's Diamond steers on that train it's only a mistake. Any rancher makes mistakes, when he's rushed,' yelled Bambridge.

"'No, any rancher doesn't make *such* mistakes!'

"'Every cattleman drives stock sometimes thet ain't his.'

"'But not branded stock.'

"'Your uncle does it. An' fer thet matter he's as much of a cattle thief as Blodgett, or Babbitt, or me—or any—'

"'DON'T you call my uncle a thief,' broke in young Jim. An' he cracked Bambridge square on his ugly mug. You ought to have heard thet fist. Sounded like hittin' a beef with an ax. Bambridge fell all over himself—damn' near knockin' down the stove, an' he didn't get up. It was a good thing he was knocked out, fellars, for when I looked at Traft again there he was waitin' with a gun, an' Prentis was standin' far over to one side."

"Is that all?" asked Stone, tersely.

"Jest about. Some men got around Bambridge an' helped him up. I seen Prentis eyin' me sort of sharp, so I ducked back to Chance's, an' hid there till early next mornin'."

"Bambridge is a damn' fool," burst out Stone. "An' I was the same for dealin' with him."

"Looks like young Traft has done us a good turn," said Anderson with satisfaction.

"He throwed the light on Bambridge."

"Well, yes, I reckon—mebbe," agreed the leader. "But it'll only make old Jim Traft sorer."

"Jed, the fact that you once rode fer Traft an' stood well with him sticks by you like a fish bone in the throat," observed Anderson. "We've all seen better days. We was all different once—onless mebbe Croak there, who hasn't changed a damn' iota since he was born."

"What's a iota?" inquired the subject of this remark. "Sounds somethin' like I-O-U, which you'll all be doin' pronto."

"Men," said Stone, "I'll split this money I got fer this last job, an' let myself out."

"Thet ain't fair," objected Malloy, who was strict in regard to shares of spoil. He had been a bandit at an earlier stage of his career. "You did thet last time."

"An' spoiled my settin' in for you an' Carr to fleece? It's jest as well. I'd be broke soon anyhow."

"RECKON thet four-flush rancher owes you quite a wad?"

"Ten thousand."

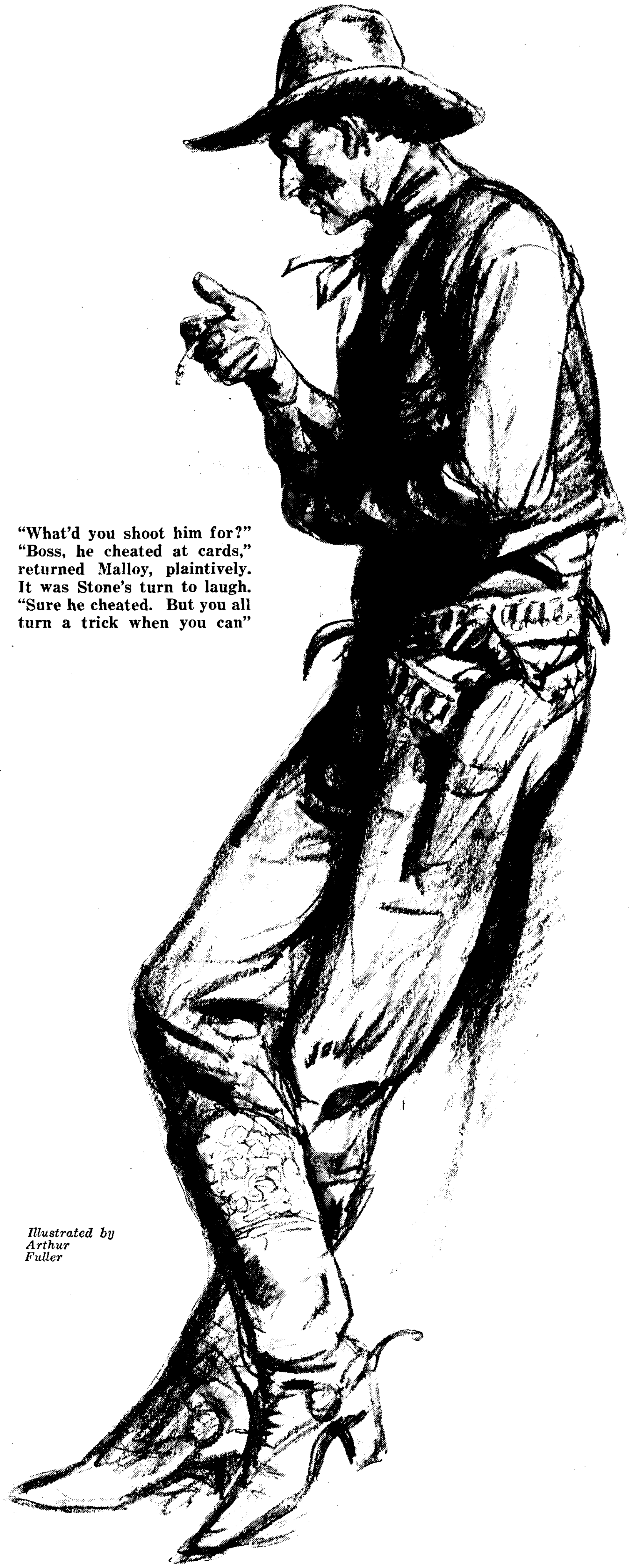
"— — —!" cursed Malloy, in consternation. "Jed, he's goin' to do you. Sure as shootin'!"

"He'd better not, or there'll *be* a little shootin'," declared the chief grimly. "But I don't mind admittin' thet the Hash Knife has struck a snag in this same high-talkin' crooked cattleman."

Stone left his men and went outside to walk around the familiar grounds.

December was on the way, but it was like spring down here in this protected spot. The air was crisp and full of tang. Bluejays were squalling and black squirrels chattering.

Stone strolled under the great checker-barked junipers—thinking. He had a



"What'd you shoot him for?" "Boss, he cheated at cards," returned Malloy, plaintively. It was Stone's turn to laugh. "Sure he cheated. But you all turn a trick when you can"

Illustrated by Arthur Fuller

premonition that the race of the long notorious Hash Knife was about run. None of his men shared that with him, and not improbably the big ranchers of the Mogollons and the Little Colorado Range would have scouted the idea. But Stone knew better than any of them; and this home-coming, as he bitterly called it, back to Yellowjacket, had made him pretty sick. He was weary with the toil, the devious crooked ways, the sweat and blood, and yes, the ignominy of the Hash Knife. He confessed it to himself for the first time, and realized it as a factor that would lead to something drastic.

He walked to the beautiful glen where Yellowjacket Spring poured its amber flood from under huge mossy rocks.

From that high point he surveyed the gray-green valley, with its rock walls, its open range of bleached grass, silver in the sunlight, its many groves of cedar and pine, its numberless slopes of shaggy oaks, which the bear and deer and turkey haunted in the early fall, its black timber belt along the rims. All these features presented the isolated confines of the canyon itself. Below, the gray-walled gateway opened into the wildest and most rugged range in Arizona, a wilderness of rock and brush and forest, grassy ridges, brawling streams, thickets of manzanita and mescal, towering cliffs and canyons where no sunlight entered—altogether a big country which only the Apaches had ever thoroughly explored.

Toward the lower end of this country, perhaps forty miles as a crow flew, it was barred from the open range by Clear Creek Canyon. Beyond lay the Little Colorado Range, where the rich cattlemen operated.

Yellowjacket possessed a very singular feature. High and isolated and inclosed as it was, it yet looked down, at least through that narrow gateway, upon the desert which sloped away into purple infinitude. For that country it had the right altitude, neither too high nor too low, and its walls held back the winds and reflected the sunlight.

Some years back Stone had indulged in the illusion that he was going to own Yellowjacket. Bambridge had promised to give it to him. But Bambridge had failed to get possession, and Stone's dream of quitting the outlaw game and settling down to honest ranching had been dispelled. He hated Bambridge for that, though he blamed himself for indulging in dreams. Hunted man as he was, the plan could have been carried out. Arizona was quick to recognize a cattleman whose shady dealings were in the past.

FROM that hour Jed Stone was more than ever a preoccupied man, wandering around the canyon during sunny hours, sitting in favorite places, or smoking by the camp fire. His gambling comrades, intent on their daily gains or losses, saw nothing of the almost imperceptible change in their leader. Anderson hunted every day, supplying the camp with fresh meat, while he stuck to his trade of trapping fur, even though he had been an outlaw for years. Sonora was the trusted scout of the band, always watching the trails. Pecos, the Texan, dreamed away his life. The rest of them staked their ill-gotten gold on the turn of a card.

Stone had something on his mind, and it was not only the slow disintegration of the once virile Hash Knife Outfit, and therefore the decline of his leadership, but a realization that for the first time in his life he leaned toward betrayal of those who trusted him. And loyalty was the predominating trait of his personality. It was loyalty to a friend that had lost him his place among honest cattlemen.

One afternoon Jed, returning from a walk up the brook, heard a shot. Upon reaching the cabin he saw some of his men standing in a group—the kind of group he had seen so often and which suggested so much.

"Croak jest shot Carr," said Pecos, coolly and slowly; but there was a glint in his eyes.

"What for?" demanded Stone.

"Ask him."

Stone entered the cabin. The little outlaw sat at the rude table smoking a cigarette and shuffling a deck of cards. Carr lay humped over a bench, his head resting on the floor.

"Is he dead?" queried Stone, asking a superfluous question.

"Thet's funny," replied Malloy, with his little croaking laugh.

"Not so damn' funny!" retorted the leader. "What'd you shoot him for?"

"Boss, he cheated at cards," returned Malloy, almost plaintively.

It was Stone's turn to laugh.

"Sure he cheated. But you all turn a trick when you can. Carr was the slickest. You had no call to kill him for what you do yourself."

STONE called the men in from outside. "Search Carr an' put what he has on the table. Then take him out an' bury him—an' make it a good long way from this cabin."

"Boss, what're you goin' to do with it?" asked Malloy, as the heaps of gold coin and rolls of greenbacks were thumped upon the table.

"Divide it, accordin' to what each of you lost."

Then arose an argument among the gamesters over what amounts Carr had won from them. Stone finally adjusted the difficulty by giving each the exact sum he had portioned out to them as their share of the recent cattle drive. This caused some grumbling. And it turned out that Stone himself, with the aid of Pecos, had to carry Carr out into the woods and bury him.

"Much good his stone face done him," said the outlaw leader, wiping the sweat from his face.

"Shore not much," agreed the Texan. "Boss, I reckon Carr got his deserts. He was aimin' to slump with all thet money. Made no bones of braggin' he'd quit the outfit soon as he'd won our pile."

"Then thet was why Croak shot him."

"I reckoned so myself. Carr was a disorganizer. Bad hombre for a business like ours. On the other hand the fact that he meant to double-cross us an' thet Croak killed him in cold blood shore is serious. . . . Boss, the Hash Knife is ailin' from dry rot."

Two mornings later, rather early, for Madden and Lang were cleaning up after breakfast, Stone was surprised by Sonora darting in the cabin door with his noiseless swift step.

"Boss, somebody comin'," he whispered.

"Who?"

"Cowboy—on foot."

"Sit tight, all of you," ordered Stone, and faced the door. Then Sonora told him that there was a camp somewhere down outside the gateway of the canyon. He had smelled smoke and had started to hunt for it when he had espied this lone cowboy approaching up the trail.

After a long wait a leisurely footfall was heard outside. A shadow fell across the sunny threshold. Then came a knock.

"Hello. Anybody home?" called a clear voice.

"Come in," replied Stone.

A TALL, lithe-limbed, broad-shouldered young man stepped into sight. He was bare-headed, and the sun shone on a tanned open countenance.

"I'm looking for Jed Stone," he announced, frankly.

"Wal, you're lookin' at him," replied the outlaw, tersely. "An' who may you be, stranger?"

"Boss, it's young Jim Traft," spoke up Reed, excitedly.

"Yes. But I can talk for myself," returned the young visitor, with a flash of sharp hazel eyes at Reed.

"Jim Traft! . . . What you want?" exclaimed Stone, in slow amaze.

"I want a straight talk with you."

"Wal, young fellar, thet ain't hard to get, though most ranchin' folks reckon they'd get straight shootin' instead."

"I'd like to talk to you alone," said Traft, eagerly.

(Continued on page 71)

Mandy Moves Up

By Laurie York Erskine

BRIGADIER GENERAL MANDISON was disturbed. His blue eyes twinkled indomitably, his round, rosy cheeks never sagged, but under them, screened by his silver mustache, his firm mouth tightened. The lieutenant colonel from Corps Headquarters was so gratuitously offensive.

It was about maps.

"General Porlock," announced the lieutenant colonel from Corps Headquarters, disdainfully, "wishes me to say, sir, that the situation is extremely unsatisfactory. We can do nothing without maps up-to-date, and we're not getting 'em."

The round little brigadier gazed shrewdly at his tormentor. It was the way of the professional soldier in those days to look disdainfully upon manufacturers of chocolates who intruded upon the war; and the name of Brigadier General Mandison was inseparably associated with Mandison's Superior Sweets.

But to manufacture chocolates as Mandison, in his day, had manufactured them; to control sugar and cocoa plantations, mills and factories all over what had been considered a civilized world, demands a gift for dealing with various kinds of men; and the lieutenant colonel from Corps Headquarters was only one of a kind. Mandison proceeded to deal with him. Birdlike, he turned upon the lieutenant from Corps Headquarters.

"YOU may tell General Porlock," he said with jollity, "that after this he'll receive every coöperation."

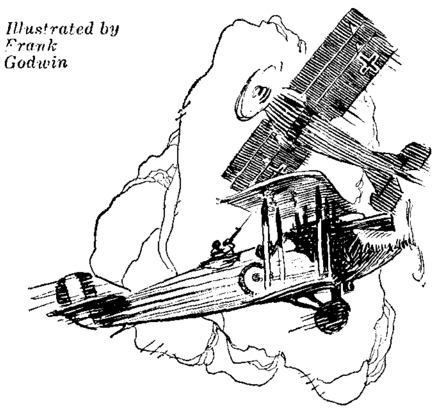
"You understand," said the staffling, "we can do nothing without the maps, sir?"

"Whumph!" The little brigadier's exclamation was a laugh or a snort, you could take it either way. "Yes. Yes. Of course," he added.

Sharply, but a little sadly, he was realizing that the lieutenant colonel from Corps Headquarters regarded Brigadier General Mandison as nothing more important than a middle-aged chocolate manufacturer who had wangled a staff job and come to further muddle a badly muddled crowd of mechanics called a Flying Corps. This Mandison regretted in his philosophical way, while at the same time he realized that he had only his advertising to thank for it.

MANDISON'S SWEET SAR GOOD TO EAT

All Britain had known that. Europe had known it; and the United States would have known it to the extent of two hundred thousand dollars' worth of advertising if the war had not burst like a bombshell across the pathway of Mandison's progress.



Illustrated by Frank Godwin

The little man had been proud of it. He had been proud of the results which had rewarded the shrewd showmanship, the mastery of men, the youthful energy with which he had picked up the decaying business of his forbears and made it a "Kitchen Which Catered to the World." He had done it by what he called "demonstrations." Demonstration after demonstration, daringly planned and executed.

IT WAS Mandison who had realized that to consume Mandison's Chocolates was to extend and buttress British trade—and there had been the advertising demonstration which had made such consumption a patriotic duty. Also Mandison had discovered young Lestock.

He had wooed Bruce Lestock away from unprofitable experiments with the infant science of aëronautics and made him a business man by the simple process of having him distribute advertising leaflets from the sky upon an astounded populace which couldn't believe it was true. Once discovered, Lestock had plunged into the business with an energy and an enthusiasm almost as keen as Mandison's own eternally youthful fire. On all sides he had laid sieges and won victories for Mandison's Superior Sweets.

And he had profited by it. He had found his way to a position at Mandison's right hand. Flying, which had been his trade, had become his hobby; and with that eager interest in all progressive, aspiring things that Mandison put into it, it had, between them, become a hobby of vast potential promise. Then, for young Lestock, the last citadel had fallen. Dorothy Mandison, who, though her father was not supposed to have suspected it, had been the actual source of Lestock's commercial ardor and had finally said yes.

Then the war had come.

Lestock had joined up with the Flying Corps. The business of manufacturing chocolates, throttled by the stern necessities of war, languished, leaving Mandison appalled. In his round, bouncing little body there beat a heart which was all youth, on fire with an ardor for all progressive, aspiring things. And it was topped by the head of a leader, an administrator, a doer. There was a place in the war for young Lestock, who could outstrip him only as a flyer. Could it be that the fools could find no place for him? He would be eternally confounded, or words to that effect, if they didn't!

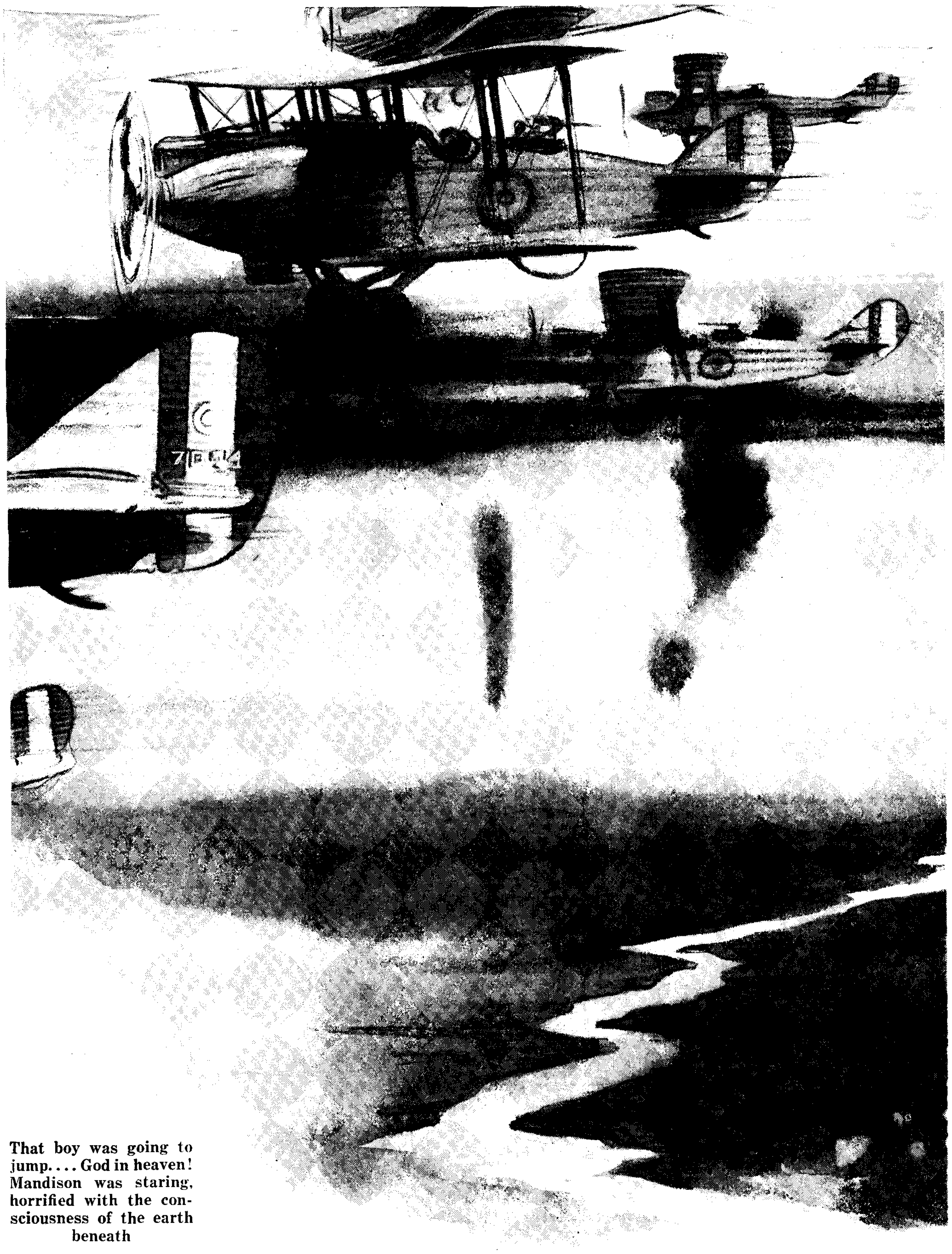
He strove to join up in active service. They finally gave him a commission to go and make himself a nuisance to the Air Ministry.

If they thought that with this he would subside at a desk, they reckoned without their Mandison. To the astonishment of his superiors, that round little dynamo became a staff officer who would have none of the armchair. Incredibly, he learned to fly, and skimmed the skies from field to field, accomplishing, directing, bullying and striving. He strove among other things for a place at the front. They were glad to send him there. Thus he had come to this R. F. C. base at the farmstead outside Montreuil. Transferred, shifted, plopped down without warning amid confusion of mismanagement, amid problems.

Preëminently there was this instant attack from Corps Headquarters. Corps Headquarters couldn't get its maps up-to-date. The Flying Corps was not coöperating. The lieutenant colonel from Corps Headquarters was insistent about it.

"THEY don't bring in the stuff!" he complained. "Overlaps. Reconnaissance. It all ought to be kept up-to-date. There's Fifty-eight. Can't get any coöperation from them at all. Never seem to fly when we need them, and when they do fly they drop their machines and men and cameras and so forth in Germany. That's not helpful!" He spoke as a man with a grievance.

Mandison twinkled into his snug coal fire. The matter was serious. He had even received communications from G. H. Q. about those maps. And the lieutenant colonel from Corps Headquarters was so outrageously skeptical. Obviously, a demonstration was indi-



That boy was going to jump. . . . God in heaven! Mandison was staring, horrified with the consciousness of the earth beneath

cated. A demonstration of the first order.

"Gloster!"

Captain Gloster snapped to attention at his little table by the door.

"What's Squadron Fifty-eight? Where are they? Who's the C. O.?"

"De Haviland Nines, sir!" said Gloster. "Observation. Two miles outside Saint-Omer. The commanding officer is Major Bruce Lestock."

"H'm!"

There was a pause while Brigadier General Mandison adjusted a start of surprise to an indication of alert command.

"Instruct Major Lestock to report at these headquarters immediately," he snapped dramatically. Then, to his visitor, and suavely, "Convey my compliments to General Porlock, sir, and inform him that in the future he'll enjoy every coöperation with the Flying Corps units in his area."

He spoke confidently, and his confidence was contagious. The lieutenant colonel from Corps Headquarters was, grudgingly, appeased, and the little brigadier saw him depart with satisfaction and relief. It was a bit of luck; a fortunate and unforeseen coincidence, that Bruce Lestock should be commanding the key squadron. He could depend on Lestock. Between them they could show results. Make a demonstration. He knew the game and he knew Lestock. . . . But he had never flown over the lines.

MAJOR LESTOCK had. Major Lestock had flown over the lines in Rumpties and B. E. 2 E.'s and R. E. Eights. Lestock had gained comrades and seen comrades killed. Lestock had fought to the death three miles above the earth, not once but time and again. Time and again he had done the impossible, Lestock had; and, time and again he had all but died in the doing of it. To Lestock, such things were commonplace; or, put it another way, Lestock had become inured to the war.

Either way you put it, Lestock was changed. When, obedient to Mandison's summons, he faced the little brigadier for the first time since joining up, he was not the gay, enthusiastic young business man to whom Mandison had been known, affectionately, as "Mandy." He was grim, and given to gazing distantly beyond the shoulder of the man he spoke with. He was taciturn. And Mandison realized that Lestock had become another officer who saw in him only a manufacturer of chocolates.

Briefly Mandison described his interview with the lieutenant colonel from Corps Headquarters. Also he referred to the communications from G. H. Q.

"They're having at us, my boy," he said jovially. "And more especially they're having at you. Fifty-eighth Squadron, you know. This Corps Headquarters Johnny complains that you don't coöperate." He wagged his head at the younger man in genial reproof.

Lestock laughed, and at the sound of the laugh Mandison's genial confidence gave way to an inner gravity. It was a bitter laugh.

"Ha! Coöperate! That's good!" Then, with a gust of anger: "What the devil does he know about it? Coöperate! How can a man upstairs coöperate with a man who looks at war in terms of death and burial?" Then very suddenly, he shut up.

MANDISON made a sequence of little, deprecatory sounds, as though he were clearing his throat.

"Wuf! Huf! Ck-hum!" he asserted. "But that don't sound reasonable, Bruce. Not reasonable, y'know."

"No more does any other aspect of the war. But it's a fact all the same. On the ground you kill so many men, and you lose so many men. If the number killed exceeds the number lost, you win. If not, you lose. Death and burial. Men and dirt. That's how G. H. Q. looks at it."

"Ck-hum!" Mandison appeared mildly distressed.

"What we're up against, though," continued Lestock, "is machines. Machine against machine, see? Up there you send up so many machines and they send up so many machines. If their machines are more effective, they win. If your machines are, you do, see? Machines being equal, you fight like hell and the best man gets the stuff. But the machine that's got the edge always wins in the end. Ever seen the Fokker triplane?"

"Can't say that I have."

"Well, it climbs like a wild duck, stunts like a bat and comes to pieces if it dives too fast. To get stuff for maps—pictures, reconnaissance—Nines have to have protection. The sky's filthy with those triplanes! And we're lucky if we have a flight of Sop Camels with us. Then the Hun's Archie is looking up, and your G. H. Q. wants pictures of all the little spots they cover. Well, we've tried for 'em!" His voice abruptly softened, sounding weary. "We've tried. And we're short seven planes and twelve good men. Not dead and buried, you know. . . . Missing."

"YES." The eyes of the little brigadier had ceased to twinkle, but his mouth remained firm under the silver brush. "I know. I know. Lack of men. Shortage of machines. But we've got to carry on, Bruce, old boy. We've got to carry on. Now, what I want you to do is make a demonstration. A good undeniable demonstration. Something that'll pick 'em up all along the line. Something that'll revive the Tommy's faith in our airmen. You know the sort of thing."

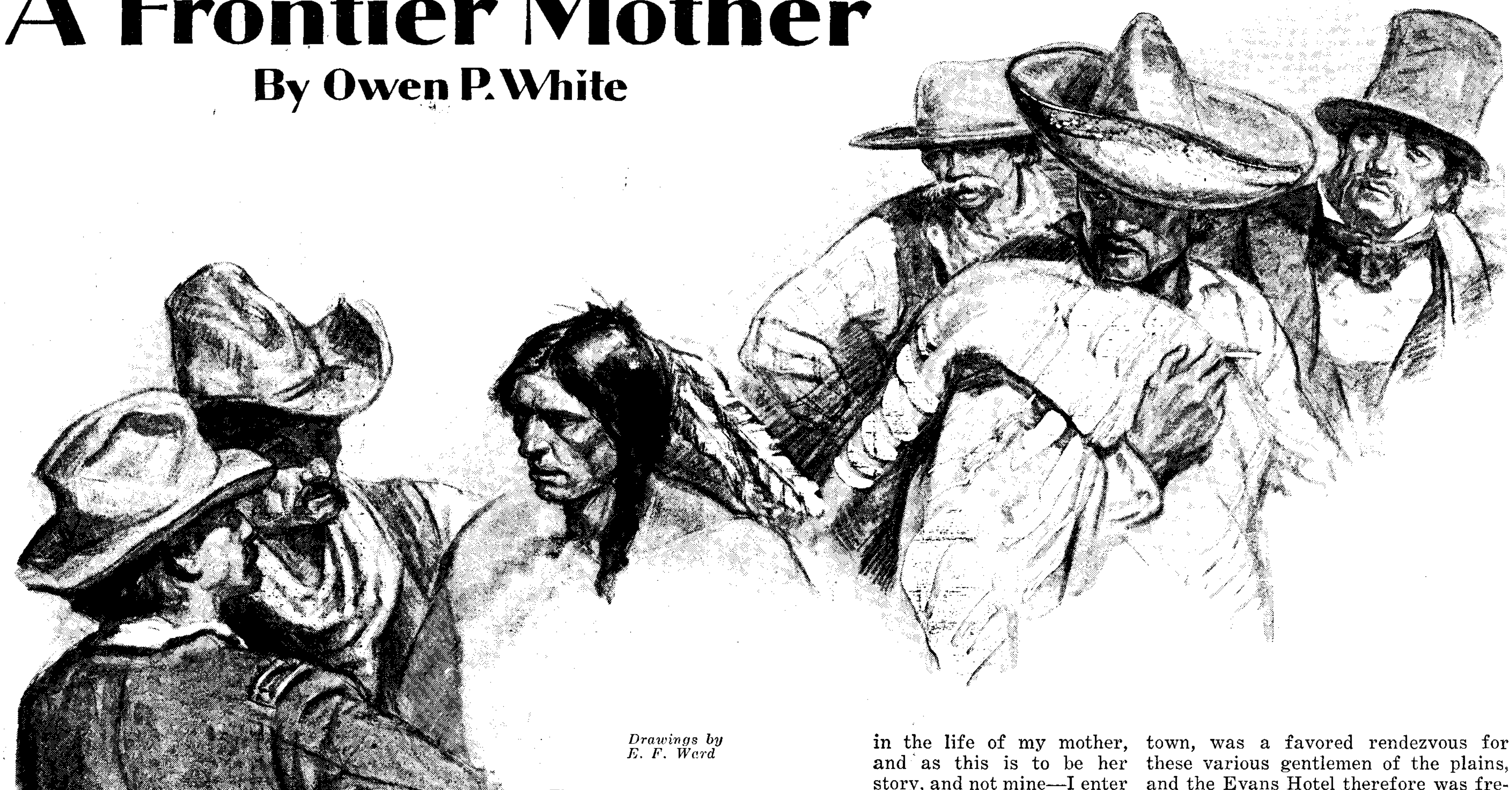
Lestock frowned, faintly resenting Mandison's suave use of the commercial idiom, yet faintly wondering at his own resentment. After all, the old boy meant well. And how could he know that ever since the coming of those triplanes the life of the squadron had been a succession of such barren "demonstrations" as he suggested? And the cost! How could Mandison know the cost?

"Here's Courtrai," the little man was saying, waving his pencil over a map. "Courtrai. Our people believe that the enemy's preparing concentration bases with Courtrai for a railhead. Now what we want is a good look over the field. Say you take all your machines over *en masse.*

(*Continued on page 42*)

A Frontier Mother

By Owen P. White



Drawings by E. F. Ward

Here is a fascinating story of the thrills of everyday life on the southwestern frontier in the seventies and eighties. Mr. White tells the story of his family in the days when buffalo-hunting and Indian-fighting were part of the routine

Mrs. Catherine Payne White in 1902, the year before her death

I WAS born, without white enamel trimmings, trained nurses or any of the other swagger fixings of scientific civilization, in a one-room, one-story adobe house, located some six hundred miles from the nearest railroad station and just as far west in the state of Texas as it was possible to get. (Half a mile or so farther on, and I would have been a Mexican.) This house had a nice dirt floor, a roof of the same God-given material, one door, one window with no glass in it, and was handsomely furnished with period furniture—made by hand from dry-goods boxes.

Being born down there in that remote locality, however, was not much of an accomplishment. It is nothing for me to be bragging about at this late date, and I only mention the incident because its occurrence made it absolutely necessary for my mother to be present. She was present. I am quite positive about that part of it because in later years she frequently told me of how, during the first few weeks of my outrageous career, she would lie in the bed with me, watch an occasional centipede wriggle his way out of the dirt ceiling above, and mentally wager with herself as to which one of us he would land on when he dropped. Being considerably the larger of the two, she claimed that she was always the winner, but, as I have since come to know centipedes quite intimately, I do not begrudge her their preference.

Centipedes, though, were small items in the life of my mother, and as this is to be her story, and not mine—I enter into it only as an incident which aggravated her troubles—I will turn the tale back nine years, to 1870, and will transfer the action from the extreme western corner of Texas to a small frame hotel in a little town called Evans, in the territory of Colorado.

In that year, and in that hotel, my mother was engaged in the difficult occupation of helping her mother make a living for an invalid father and six younger brothers and sisters, and as to her equipment for the task, she had brought nothing with her from the state of Virginia except a keen sense of humor and a complete classical education. Before the Civil War, back in the Old Dominion, and with a whole flock of colored servants to wait on the "young missus," my mother had had Latin, Greek, mathematics, science, history and a vast amount of Elizabethan literature tutored into her until she fairly exuded erudition.

At the close of the war this high-brow education was the only asset that she, or any of the rest of the family, possessed. Somebody had to go to work, and as my mother was the only one who could do anything productive, she became the chief bread-winner for a large family. She secured a position as teacher of classical languages in an eastern school for the proper finishing of stylish young ladies, and by the end of 1869 had saved enough money to take the family West. She wanted to give her four young brothers a chance to grow up in a new country, and before they got through growing, they had had it with a vengeance. So had my mother.

Colorado was at that time a favorite stamping ground for bad men, Sioux and Apache Indians, buffalo hunters, prospectors, saloon keepers and gamblers. Evans, looked upon as a coming town, was a favored rendezvous for these various gentlemen of the plains, and the Evans Hotel therefore was frequently called upon to shelter men of might, whose might depended upon their ability to draw quick and shoot straight. Some of these customers came in crippled, as a result of their own professional inefficiency, and had to be cared for and sometimes nursed; others appeared whole and triumphant, and many arrived fully illuminated. But never, during this period, was my mother, or either of her two sisters, molested. On the contrary, and probably because of her mental attainments, which most of them couldn't possibly have understood, my mother was held in a sort of reverential awe by the men with whom she came in daily contact. Thus, in the town of Evans, helping in the management of a western hotel, she became a revered figure and so for several years she remained, enjoying life, free from annoyance, working hard and yet hungry all the time for real companionship. It came at last.

A Baptism of Fire

In 1868, my father, who was small, red-headed and who stammered rather badly, but who had managed to overcome these handicaps and acquire a good medical education and a diploma, joined the United States Army as a contract surgeon with the distinct understanding that he would be assigned to an outfit that would go west and fight Indians.

In accord with this agreement, in 1869, just ten years prior to the very personal event which I have spoken of in the first line of this story, this red-headed surgeon passed through what is now El Paso, Texas, on his way north. He had wanted Indian fighting and he got plenty of it. East of El Paso, between that little settlement and the Pecos River, the cavalry detachment to which my father was attached had had quite a few skirmishes with the Apaches under the leadership of an artist called Chief Looking-Glass, but north of El Paso, clear through New Mexico to the Colorado line, it was so much like a continual carnival, that by the time Trinidad was reached he had had a baptism of fire that was as complete as if it had (*Continued on page 21*)

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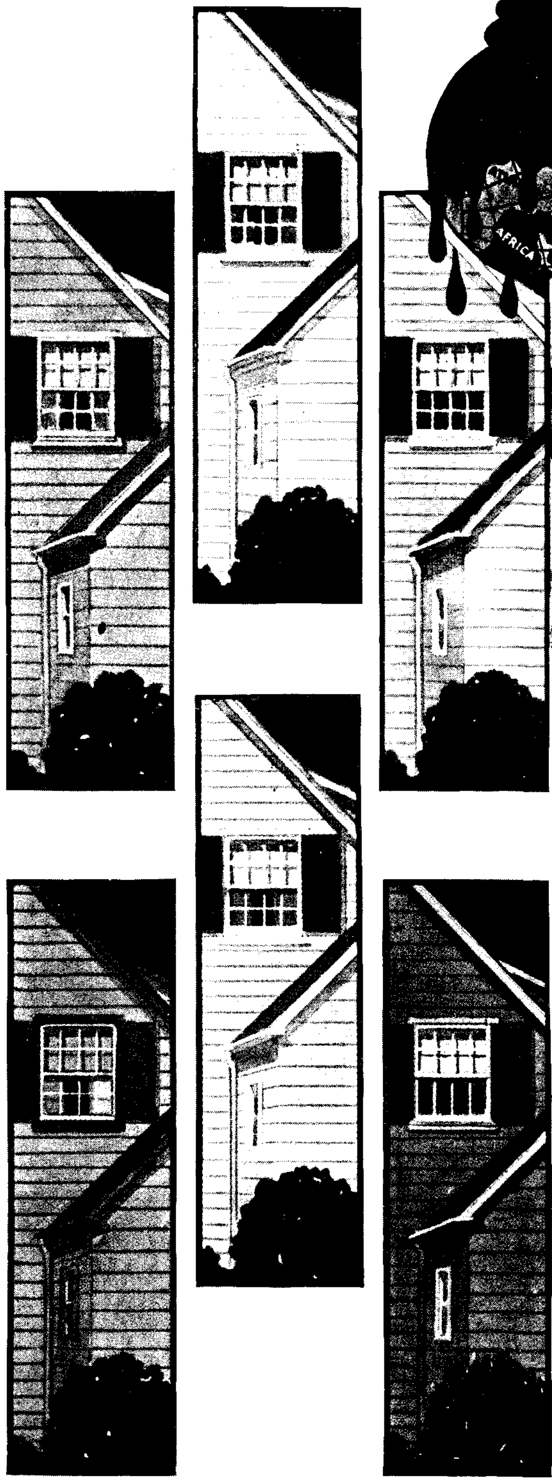

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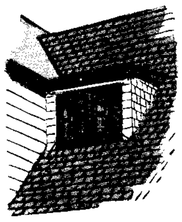

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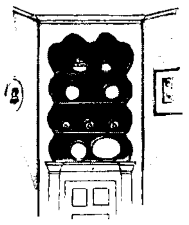

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SOME roofings have a fair length of life, but how many are like Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles—literally permanent? How many will stand up under temperatures which will raise them to white heat? How many will last unharmed, undecayed, strong and beautiful through generations?

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You can heat a J-M Asbestos Shingle white hot without injuring it. In fact, the extremes which these remarkable shingles will stand far surpass any service which roofs ever encounter in actual use. Here, indeed, is outstanding proof of the super-strength and durability of J-M Asbestos Shingles.

Yet these shingles are not alone a utility product. Tinted with a wide range of colors and finished in various textures, and thicknesses, J-M Asbestos Shingles enable you to select a roof of warm, delightful colors exactly suited to your home and its surroundings. Whatever your roof requirements may be—you will find J-M Asbestos Shingles entirely correct, modern and pleasing.

One of the most popular J-M Asbestos Shingles is the blue-black hexagonal which so pleasantly roofs this interesting stone home. This shingle is furnished in several shades.

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Home owners sometimes think that the best costs more. This is not true of J-M Asbestos Shingles. A country-wide survey shows that the original cost of Johns-Manville No. 70 mottled gray Asbestos Shingles is only 12% more than the average cost of 18-inch stained cedar shingles.

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The roofers and contractors who apply J-M Asbestos Shingles are experts—trained and experienced in their work. Every purchaser of a J-M Asbestos Shingle roof is supplied by the applier with a Johns-Manville Certificate of Registration. A duplicate is filed at the J-M Registration Bureau, thus making your roof a matter of record. Be sure that you receive this certificate. This is your guarantee that you are getting J-M Asbestos Shingles.

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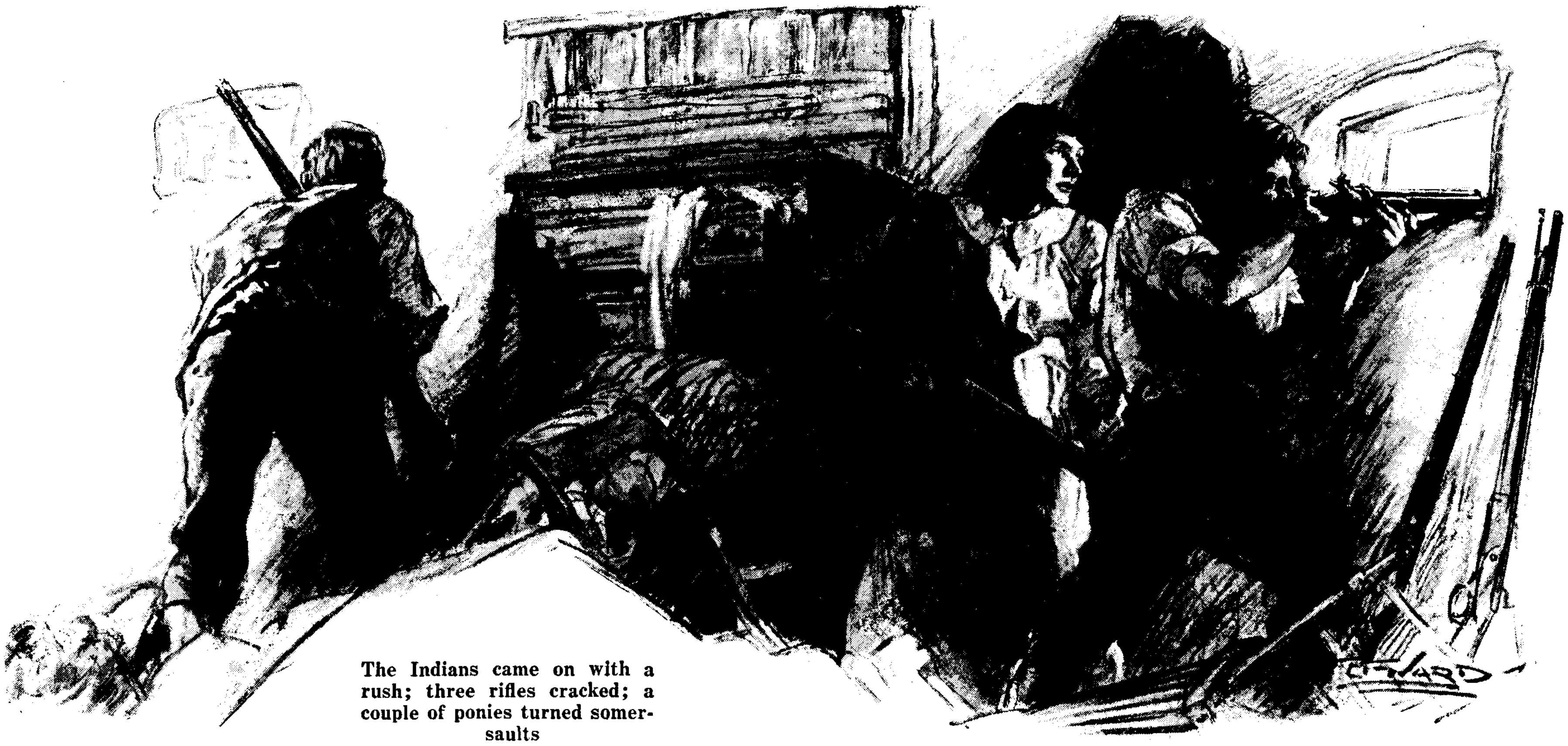


The Indians came on with a rush; three rifles cracked; a couple of ponies turned somersaults

been administered by a Baptist parson.

But even this kind of life can pall on a man, no matter how adventurous he is, and so after a year or two in service in Colorado, during which period he was constantly moving about from one station to another to pick arrowheads and bullets out of the backs of the careless soldiery, my father decided to abandon his profession and go into the cow business. It was a fine decision. In the first place he didn't know anything about cows, and in the second, although the beautiful country on the South Platte, where he settled, was rich in luscious grasses which would make any steer, no matter how recalcitrant, grow fat and valuable, it had one serious drawback. It was claimed as theirs by the First Families of America; and, acting as though they were guided by an attorney who wasn't going to let his clients lose anything through limitation, these red men made regular raids through the territory, stealing stock and lifting any and all hair that came within reach of their scalping knives.

My father, however, didn't seem to mind this part of it. At least he didn't behave as if he minded it, because, taking with him a young man who later abandoned the West and went back to Virginia to become an Episcopal minister, he went forth into the wilderness, located some good grazing land, built a two-room house on it, invested nearly all his cash in a good-sized herd of cattle, and then sat down to wait patiently until these cattle, through their own efforts, had raised him to a position of affluence and luxury. It was a lonely business. Evans, fifty miles away, was the nearest town, and as my father was not habitually addicted to hilarious dissipation—although he was always in favor of a mild celebration—the infrequent visits he made to the "city" were more for the purchase of supplies than anything else.

During the first year on the ranch, the only pastimes that my father indulged in were hunting, being hunted and omnivorously reading two or three boxes of books which he had had sent out from the East. And then, when he was least expecting anything serious to happen and was totally unprepared for it, the blow fell.

One day, when he was only a few miles from home on a return trip from Evans, he met a stranger and, as was customary in those days, the two men stopped for a talk.

"Where you been?" asked the stranger.

"Down to Evans after grub," replied my father.

"Stopped at the hotel, I reckon?"

"No, camped at the wagon-yard. I like it better."

"I generally stop at the hotel," said the stranger, "and I thought maybe you might a-stayed there too and met that girl."

"What girl?"

"Why, the tall, good-looking one, that talks Latin and Greek and recites poetry and knows history and all that sort o' stuff."

"No," replied my father as he touched up the wheel horses with his "blacksnake" and drove on, "I haven't met any girl like that in Evans, but if there's one down there I will meet her before sundown tomorrow." And he did.

Driving on to his ranch home the red-headed surgeon, now turned cowman, unloaded his supplies, caught up a saddle horse, rolled a pair of blankets back of the saddle and, telling his young associate that he had to hurry back to Evans, but not mentioning what for, he set out. That night, for a few hours only, he picketed his horse and allowed it to graze while he slept on the prairie, and the next day at noon he rode into the wagon-yard at Evans, turned his pony into the corral, and threw his saddle down in a corner of the "office" and hied him hastily to the store. At the store he bought a full new outfit, changed into it on the premises and then went to a barber shop where he instructed the barber to go the limit.

The Cause of it All

Just why my father was behaving in such an extraordinary manner he couldn't, or at least it is certain he wouldn't, have told his most intimate friend. Probably he wasn't quite sure about it himself, but at any rate, years later, he was willing to admit that all of the night preceding his sartorial spree, as he had ridden across the prairie, and as he lay on his back and looked up at the stars, he had said to himself, over and over again, that he was going to marry the "tall, good-looking girl who could talk Latin and Greek." And to bring a halting courtship to a quick termination, because as I have said, my father stammered badly, he did marry her.

For several months, to the openly expressed disgust of the forthcoming young preacher, who was in no way taken into his confidence, the red-headed doctor spent most of his money on hats and boots, of the high and wide variety, and most of his time either in Evans or on the road to and from that town. Finally the end came. One morning instead of starting out for Evans on his saddle horse, as had been his weekly custom, my father hooked up a team to a prairie schooner, told his young friend who asked him what he was going to do, to go to hell, that it was none of his damn' business, climbed into the seat and drove away. As no grub was then needed at the ranch, the young man thus profanely spoken to, shook his head dolefully and remarked, to himself of course, that there couldn't but one thing on earth make a man act like that. There must be a woman at the bottom of it. He was right; and a week later when the prairie schooner came back on its honeymoon voyage, and a tall, dark-haired young woman in whose blue eyes there lurked an unmistakable twinkle of merriment, jumped out of it, the young doubter, after shaking hands with the bride and sizing her up, went enthusiastically to work to unload as complete an assortment of household furniture and kitchen utensils as the resources of Evans had been able to provide.

To turn a two-room ranch-house into a livable abode and transform two men who had previously subsisted on canned goods and tobacco, into civilized human beings, now became my mother's task. The first half of it was easily handled as the job in that direction consisted in merely throwing out all the old stuff and replacing it with new, which, as no useless items in the way of wedding presents were included, required no delicate touch. In half a day this part of it was over, and then my mother settled down to the other end of the contract. It was a long and interesting assignment, but before the end of the first winter, which was a shut-in season with plenty of snow for four months, she had made good progress and had pretty well succeeded in reëstablishing in the minds of her husband and his younger associate some of the almost forgotten ideals of their past lives.

The conversations that were carried on during that winter around the kitchen stove, in the lonely little house on the Platte, must have been remarkable. Probably nowhere else in Colorado were three people gathered together who nightly discussed subjects as foreign to their surroundings as were discussed by this trio, nor was there anywhere else in the Territory a couple to be found who were more harmoniously in accord than my father and mother.

An Impractical Joke

They may or may not have been violently in love with each other; I don't know anything about that, but they did make a thoroughly cheerful combination; everybody was happy, and as a general thing, life on the ranch was calm and serene. There were exceptions however. On one occasion, for example, the future divinity student—although at that time he was harboring no such holy intentions—loaded up a stick of firewood with a healthy charge of gunpowder and put it in the stove. When the smoke of the explosion had cleared away, and the young man could take note of the results, he saw that his experiment had been almost a complete failure. In the words of Mark Twain's Indian, the "damn' stove was heap gone," and the next day the experimenter had to resurrect and set up the old one that had been in use prior to my mother's arrival, but that was as far as his success extended. In place of being badly frightened, my mother was in a towering rage, and, according to my father, who said that he sat spellbound by her eloquence, it was right then that the conversion of the young cow-puncher took place. The fear of God, as represented by the wrath of my mother, entered into his soul, and then and there he determined to forsake his sinful ways and become a preacher.

Finally came the opening of spring and then the month of June. My mother's first (*Continued on page 82*)

"We both love to swim and dance and dig in the garden. We even like the same food and are utterly companionable." And the Dempseys' beautiful home in Southern California with its open-air pool forms an appropriate frame for this picture of domestic bliss

Our Home in the Limelight

By Estelle Taylor

as told to Helen Ludlam

She was blamed for the loss of his title, for his split with Kearns—and they even said she was trying to boss the world's heavyweight champion. But the Dempseys are a happy couple, despite the chair-breaking and dog-raising proclivities of Jack

WHEN my mother heard that I was going to marry Jack Dempsey she sank, white-faced, into the nearest chair. "What," she asked in a frightened whisper, "will the minister say?"

The minister and other people said plenty, and after all I can't blame them, for I recall my own early impressions of anyone possessing pugilistic qualifications. My knowledge of fighters was limited strictly to newspaper accounts of the street brawls of Wilmington toughs. So I had a very biased opinion indeed.

The minister, and the other people, have changed their minds about Jack and visit us when we are in Wilmington. The minister, really, is quite interested in Jack.

Years ago when I was in dramatic school a friend telephoned me, inviting me to dinner. He said there was someone with him whom he very much wanted me to meet—Jack Dempsey. I was scandalized. I said I didn't know any fighters and didn't want to know any fighters, but my friend insisted upon introducing us by telephone and that much I agreed to—in a very condescending manner.

After that at least three people told me that I should meet Jack Dempsey because he was just my kind of a person, and as many friends said the same thing to Jack about me.

One afternoon, in Hollywood, Mervyn Leroy visited the studio where I was working and brought Jack Dempsey with him. We were introduced. When Jack realized I was the same girl he had talked with over the phone so long ago, an extraordinary feeling came to him as though we two were flying through space together.

At a party several nights later we met again. I had on a red dress, and Jack loves red. He stared at me in the rudest fashion which he tried to excuse later by explaining that he couldn't get me pieced together at all. The contrast of my flaming dress and dark eyes and hair and skin made him think of a hot tamale; but my quiet manner did not fit in with the rest of my appearance. While he was trying to decide what I was like we both fell in love.

We are so apt to judge by appearances; to form our opinions by what other people say or by what we read in the papers. Few take the trouble to find out for themselves as Jack did.

Ecstatic Excitement

What good fortune it was for both of us that we met only by telephone that first time. I was too young in experience with life and too ignorant of human nature to meet the demands necessarily made upon a woman who becomes the wife of a champion, and particularly the wife of a man whose personality attracts such publicity and jealousy as Jack's always has and always will.

Some newspaper men asked me the last time we were in New York whether I wasn't glad Jack's career as a fighter was over. The training period and the night of the fight, they thought, must have been a terrible emotional strain upon me.

It amused me to hear that.

Knowing Jack as I do, the one thing I should never expect nor want would be a long string of peaceful days ahead of us—just because he was through with fighting. The excitement of our lives sometimes puts me on my back with nerves, but I love it. The strain of fight night will only be replaced by another. I don't know what, but it will be something. We have had to find our rest in action; our peace in the midst of conflict.

The least thing Jack does is flung world wide and everyone takes sides. I suppose it is because he puts such force and earnestness into everything he does that he arouses strong feeling in others. I do know that he cannot remain out of the limelight for any length of time.

It used to tear me to pieces to read all the stuff printed about both of us, but now if I read it at all I take it more philosophically. I still react to anything that stirs me deeply to the extent of composing crushing speeches. But these seldom get beyond my family and friends.

The boxing match that was to have been given for the benefit of the Wilshire Boulevard Church is one of the few things to upset us both.

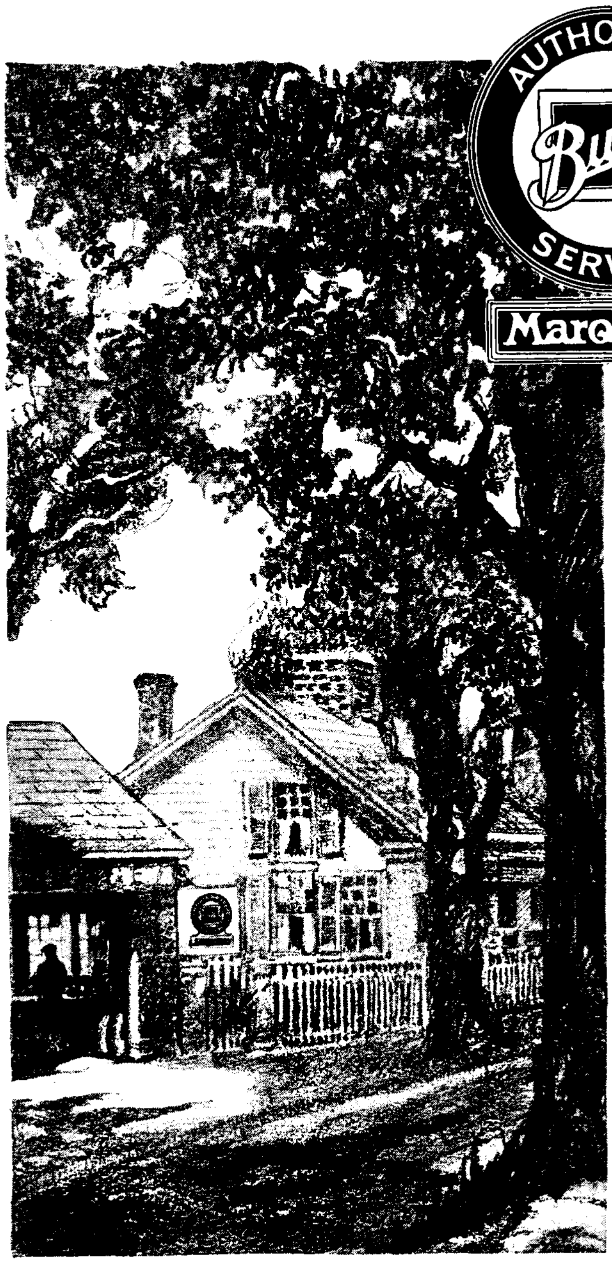
Jack had known Mr. Dyer, pastor of the church, for years, and when he said he needed $32,000 to build his new church and asked Jack whether he would contribute, Jack suggested a boxing match to raise the whole amount.

For Benefit of Clergy

As we had begun rehearsals for The Big Fight, a play David Belasco directed a year ago last July, the bout would have had to take place the latter part of the preceding month, and Jack planned to jump into intensive training for it. It would take a lot of his time but he was glad to do it for his friend. Mr. Dyer was delighted. The Colosseum was to be donated for the match and Emmanuel, the young fighter Jack is so interested in, was to be one of the opponents. Everyone was happy. Then the announcements went to the papers and the trouble began. The yellow journals came out in headlines denouncing Dempsey's knavery for using the church as a means for publicity.

I stormed around the house composing my speeches, but Jack didn't take it seriously.

(*Continued on page 84*)



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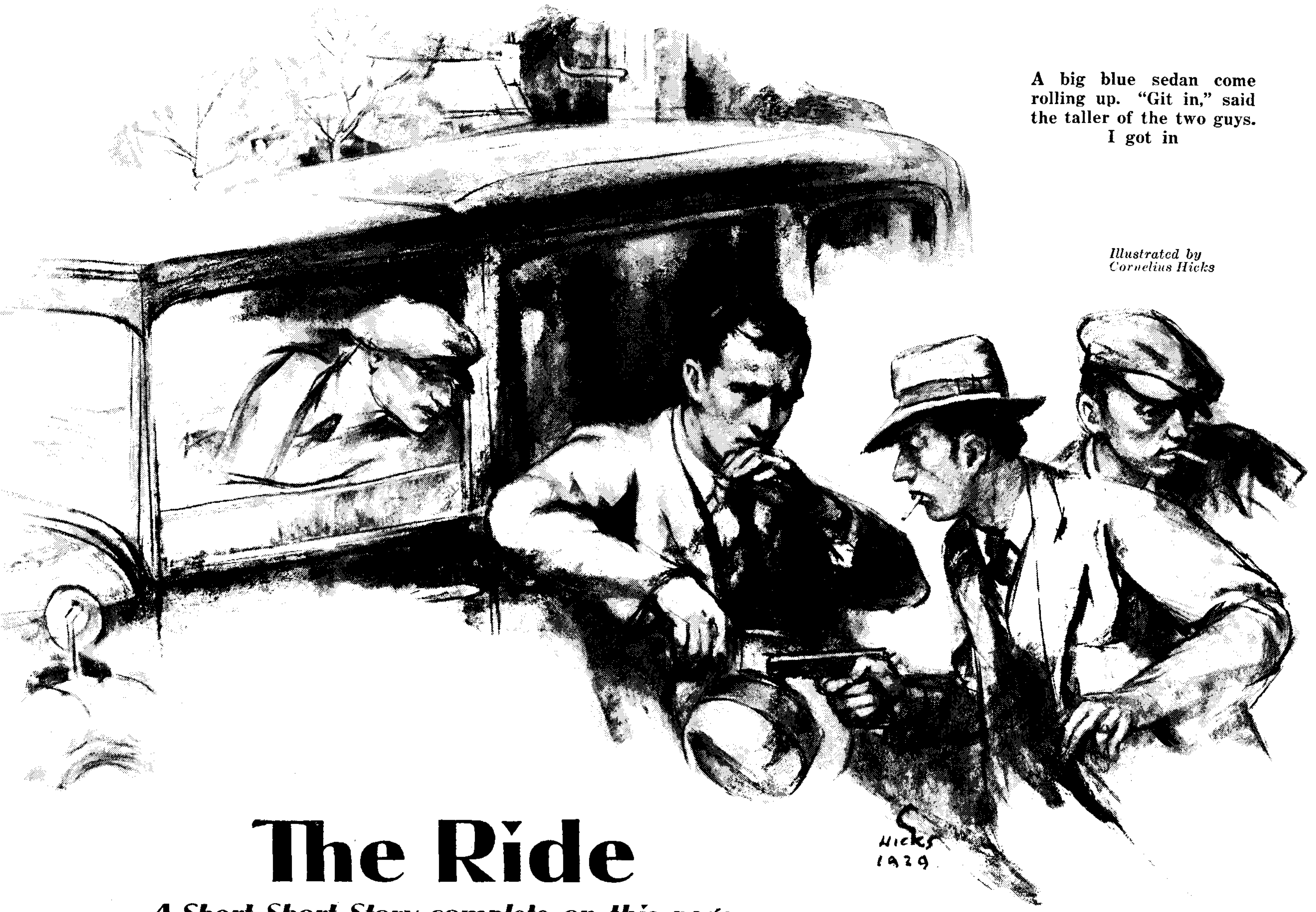

A big blue sedan come rolling up. "Git in," said the taller of the two guys. I got in

Illustrated by Cornelius Hicks

The Ride

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By John B. Kennedy

I DIDN'T notice these two fellers when I got on the car. It was when I walked back in the car at Forty-seventh to transfer across town to the stock yards that I spotted 'em. They must have been spottin' me for quite a while, judgin' by the click in their eyes when I stepped out to the rear end.

Like a feller will when somebody stares sharp at him, I looked away—out the rear car window. The conductor was ringing up fares with a smack of the bell at each. I felt something hard poke my back, just above the trouser-belt.

"Git off the car," says a gruff whisper.

Both these guys were on top of me. One of 'em pushed ahead of me, and the other prodded me from behind. I got off.

A big blue sedan come rolling up, driven by a guy with the same razor-edge face as these two.

"Git in," said the taller of the two guys. I got in.

The tall guy breaks one of the folding seats and squats right in front of me.

"Okay, Joe," he raps through his teeth over the driver's shoulder, and the car spurts ahead.

The little guy beside me was grinning—a sour grin, and I saw he had a sort of notch on the bridge of his nose. The tall guy watched me close, his eyes were hard and businesslike, but they didn't have the cruel glint of the little guy's.

Finally—it was just when I figured they was taking me to the West-end marshes I says: "What's the name of the feller you wanted?"

"What t'hell d'you care?" sneered the little guy. "It won't be long now."

I leaned towards the tall guy. He clutched his gun.

"Who d'yer think I am? Jerry Burke, that's my name. I don't know any of you mob fellers—honest!"

"Burke's the right name for us," says the tall guy.

"My God!" I says. "Jerry Burke? Who give you my name?"

"Pipe down," says the little guy. "We'll soon be there!"

I'VE got sense enough to think of my yard badge. I pulled it quick out of a pants pocket.

"There," I says, flashing the badge to the tall guy, "that's my number. I ain't the guy you want."

The tall guy looks at me sharp.

"You're the guy," he says. "Number eighty-seven."

And the other feller snickers.

"Listen," I says. "For God's sake! I got a wife and kids."

"Yeh?" says the little guy, cold.

The tall guy was still studying my badge—and thinking hard; I could see that. The little guy took his gun out of his coat pocket. Up the street for a mile ahead, there was nobody. Rain was spitting. I figured it was a rotten spot to die in.

"All right, Louie," says the little guy to his pal. "This is it. Slow down, Joe!"

The car slackened.

"Not yet," the tall guy says. "Listen," he looks right at me. "There was twenty grand in that pay roll. Where is it? Who got it? The gal?"

It hits me fast. A girl cashier at our plant had disappeared with a bag of pay-roll dough. The cops had nabbed a guy outside the plant, a gun-toter; but they figured the job was inside stuff, and that the gal had been kidnapped.

"Now I get what you mean," I says fast to this feller Louie. "You mean," I says, "that gal vanishing with the pay roll? I knew her, but I don't know where she is. Don't know nothing about her. S'elp me God."

"Aw, choke on it," raps the little guy. "You didn't double-cross Art when he was on the lookout, did ya? You bull rat!"

"Wait a second," snaps the guy called Louie, blocking the other feller's gun-muzzle with his hand.

"Listen, Louie," I says, calling his name. "You got the wrong man. I don't know any Art or anything else, except that this gal disappeared with some dough. They must be some other Burke."

"Yeh?" says the little guy. "Aw, Louie. Let's give him the works. This spot's as good as any."

"Burke," says Louie to me, "you're a double-crossin' gyp."

"You're a phoney tip-off spy," grunts the little guy. "We'll learn yer to frame an inside gal."

"I didn't frame nothin'," I argued. "I don't know nothin'. Never even knew about a job bein' pulled off."

"Aw, can it!" snarls the little guy. "We got you right. You ain't goin' to monkey with no more mob gals."

"I never monkeyed with her," I says, desperate. "I'm a married man on the up and up. No flashy vamp with diamond earrings for me."

"With *what?*" snaps Louie, sudden, and he grasps my wrist. The little guy's gun comes closer. He scowls savagely.

"Diamond earrings," I says.

Louie and the little guy looked at each other. The little guy winced away from Louie's hard eyes.

"What kind of diamond earrings—with sapphire settings?" says Louie.

"You mean them *blue* stones," I says, playing for time. "Yes," I says.

The little guy wags his gun.

"Can the chatter, Louie," he growls, "This bird's a liar."

"*Somebody's* a liar," says Louie. "Them earrings was out of that Bailey loot. You gave 'em to that moll o' yours, eh, Short, when you was supposed to fence 'em?"

"Aw! Do this job first," scowls the little guy, pushing his gun nearer me.

Louie looks at him hard. Then Louie nods and without shifting his eyes off the little guy, says to the driver:

"Pull up, Joe!"

The car slows down. Louie kicks open the door.

"Git out, Burke," he says; "keep your trap shut!"

MY LEGS was tremblin'. I could hardly get up. I heard the little guy growling and cussing. I stumbled across Louie's feet and through the gap in the side of the sedan. Then I ran. Shots crashed and I flopped in the mud. Then I got up and ran again without looking back.

When I got to the plant they wouldn't let me in.

See, I didn't have a badge. Found it in this tall guy's hand, did you, Sergeant? That's how you got me so quick, eh? And the two of them was dead, eh? And that little guy was the double-crosser who tipped the coppers off to that stockyards job, eh? He looked like a mangy rat. I'm sorry about that guy Louie. He was a decent gunman.

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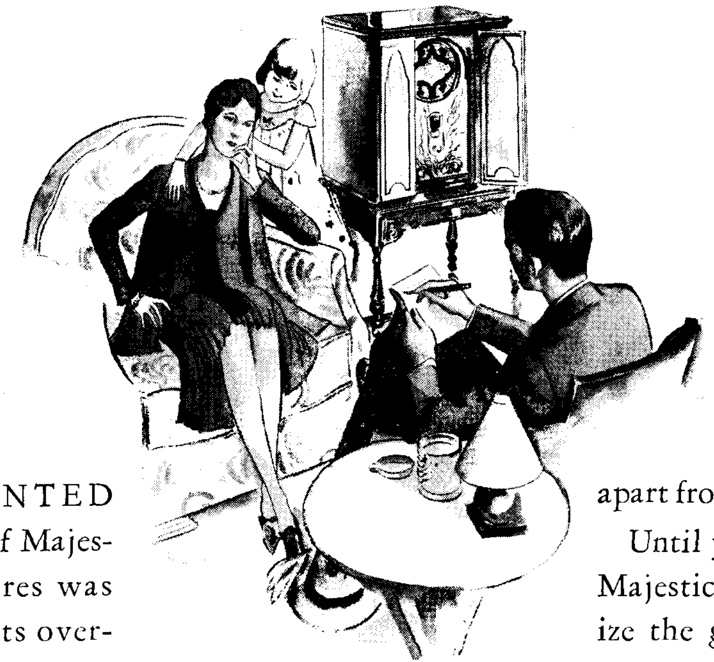

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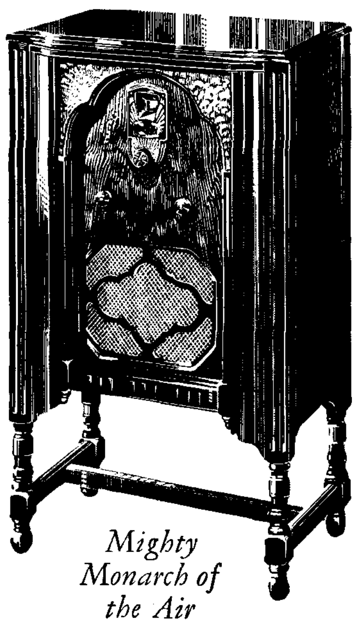

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Captain Courageous

By William Almon Wolff

Only a modest man could have had Steve Arnold's effrontery; and only a born leader could have won that football game

THE November sun was dipping in the west; already one side of the stadium lay in a chill shadow. Half time; the teams were going off the field; the score was a tie, nothing to nothing.

Steve Arnold, passing through the aisle under the stands, toward the field house, walked slowly, head hanging, feet dragging. He didn't feel so bad, really; he was all right. But he was saving himself. He'd taken a bad beating in that first half, and there was worse to come. He knew that. He wouldn't play the whole of the next half, of course, but he'd need all the strength he had. They'd been lucky to hold them so far; they'd be doing well to keep the final score down to two touchdowns, the way things were shaping.

Steve Arnold had always been—he was to remain for nearly another hour, yet—one of those colorless, extremely useful backs who are the delight of every football coach. He was one of those invaluable players who, because they seldom carry the ball, are noticed only by the few spectators who really know the game—there are never many in the vast crowds that pack the stadiums and bowls and amphitheaters of today.

A great defensive player, a sure tackler, a master of the difficult art of blocking, Steve was the sort of back who, time and again through a season, makes possible the long, spectacular runs that win for other men a place on the All-America eleven, glory in the newspapers and, ultimately, jobs with the better bond houses of Wall Street.

Steve didn't care. Like the few real experts who could appreciate the true quality of his football, he took good work for granted, his own or another man's. And he didn't, anyway, care for the fuss and clamor and hysteria that went with the game. There was in him a deep-seated and long-standing resentment of all that side of football. Now, trudging off the field, he didn't even listen to the cheering, the blaring of the rival bands, the deep-throated singing.

HE WAS thinking of the ten or fifteen minutes of bruising work that lay before him in the lengthening shadows as a losing game wore to its bitter end. He'd pulled that tendon again; he'd have to favor his right leg as he started with the snap of the ball. And pain stabbed his shoulder every time he raised his left arm. That could be helped, though; his rubber knew what to do, and he'd get some extra padding.

Apathetically, in the field house, he bent his head to let Tony pull off his torn, mud-caked jersey; loosened the lacings of his moleskins; submitted to having shoes and stockings removed as he lay down. Thurston, the head coach, stopped to speak to him; he was nervous and anxious, though he was trying hard to keep all emotion out of his voice.

"How you feel, Steve?" he asked. "Thought I'd leave you in and let you rest in the third quarter."

"O. K.," said Steve. "I can take another quarter."

"You'll have to. They'd have scored that time Terry got loose if you hadn't smeared that play on the fourth down." Thurston lowered his voice, "It doesn't look so good, Steve."

"No," Steve agreed, dispassionately. "Know what I think, coach? We're not going to shake Pete loose—not with the line cracking the way it is. They're smothering me every time before I even see their end. If—if we tried passing on first down, and then switched to that play we worked on Brown—with Buck taking the ball on Pete's plays?"

"Maybe," said Thurston. "Don't you worry. Relax."

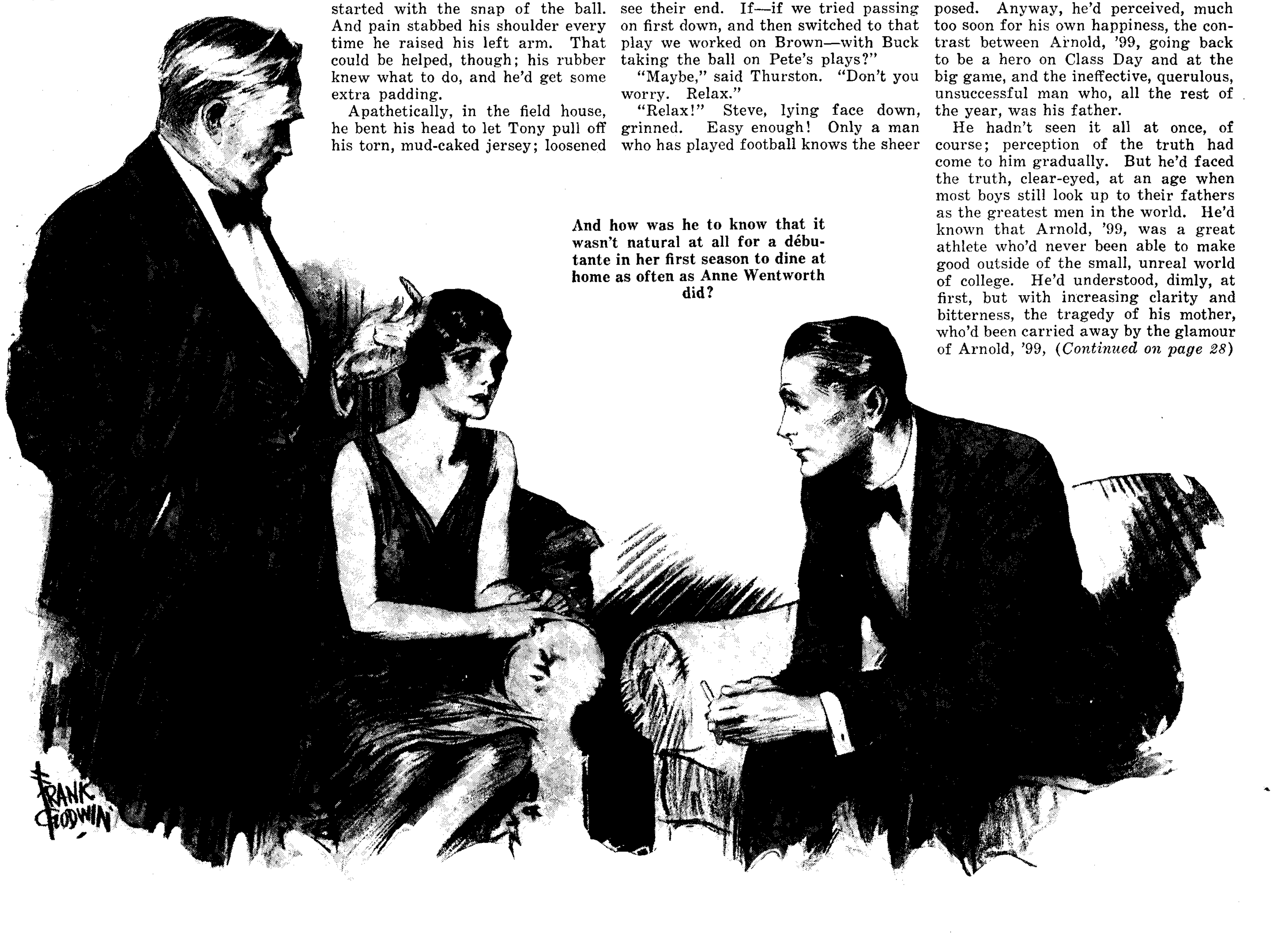
"Relax!" Steve, lying face down, grinned. Easy enough! Only a man who has played football knows the sheer luxury of lying flat on a wooden bench while skilled hands pound and rub and knead sore muscles, with the clean, pungent aroma of witch-hazel cutting through the acrid odor of hot, sweating bodies and reeking wool.

Steve lay still, and the game passed from his thoughts. The din of voices in the big room came to his ears from far away; he let his mind wander back among the years that had brought him, on this November afternoon of his junior year, to this bench.

The grin no one could see was twisted into a curiously bitter smile. He was remembering things, and his memories dealt with football, though not with this game that was half over. Always, as far back as his memory ran, there had been football. He thought of his father, Arnold, '99, captain of the team, All-America quarter—who, through Steve's boyhood and adolescence, had remained just that and, somehow, had never become an adult. He remembered a series of reunions; cold November afternoons when, a shivering youngster, he'd sat with Arnold, '99, high up in the wooden stands of the old field, and been swept down, afterward, to take a reluctant part in the snake dance of victory.

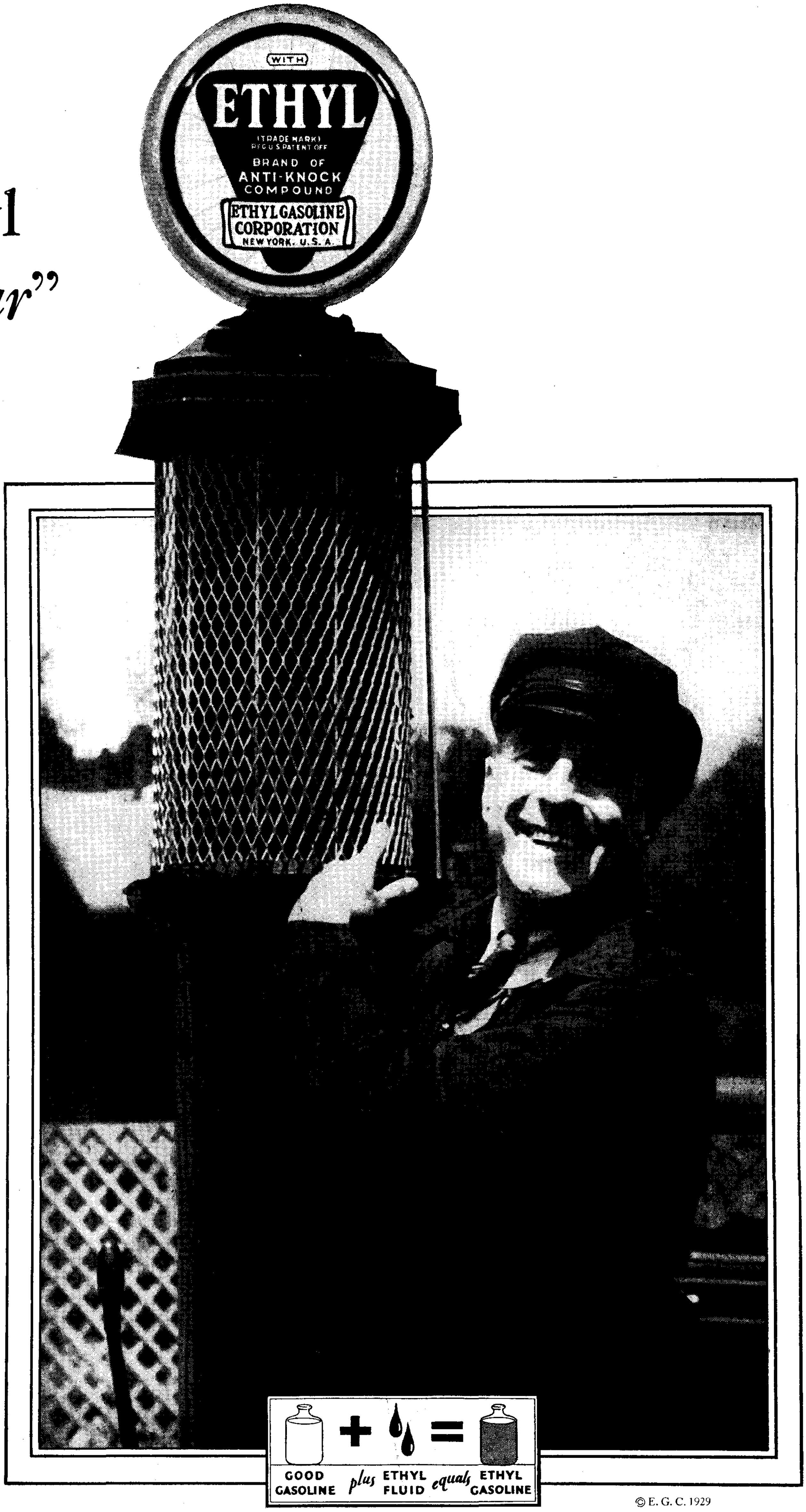
HIS part had been reluctant because, oddly enough, even as a kid he'd never risen to that sort of thing. He'd never been thrilled by it; never, except, perhaps, just at first, taken any great pride in his father's fame. He'd been a queer, precocious kid, he supposed. Anyway, he'd perceived, much too soon for his own happiness, the contrast between Arnold, '99, going back to be a hero on Class Day and at the big game, and the ineffective, querulous, unsuccessful man who, all the rest of the year, was his father.

He hadn't seen it all at once, of course; perception of the truth had come to him gradually. But he'd faced the truth, clear-eyed, at an age when most boys still look up to their fathers as the greatest men in the world. He'd known that Arnold, '99, was a great athlete who'd never been able to make good outside of the small, unreal world of college. He'd understood, dimly, at first, but with increasing clarity and bitterness, the tragedy of his mother, who'd been carried away by the glamour of Arnold, '99, (*Continued on page 28*)



And how was he to know that it wasn't natural at all for a débutante in her first season to dine at home as often as Anne Wentworth did?

"I use Ethyl *in my own car*"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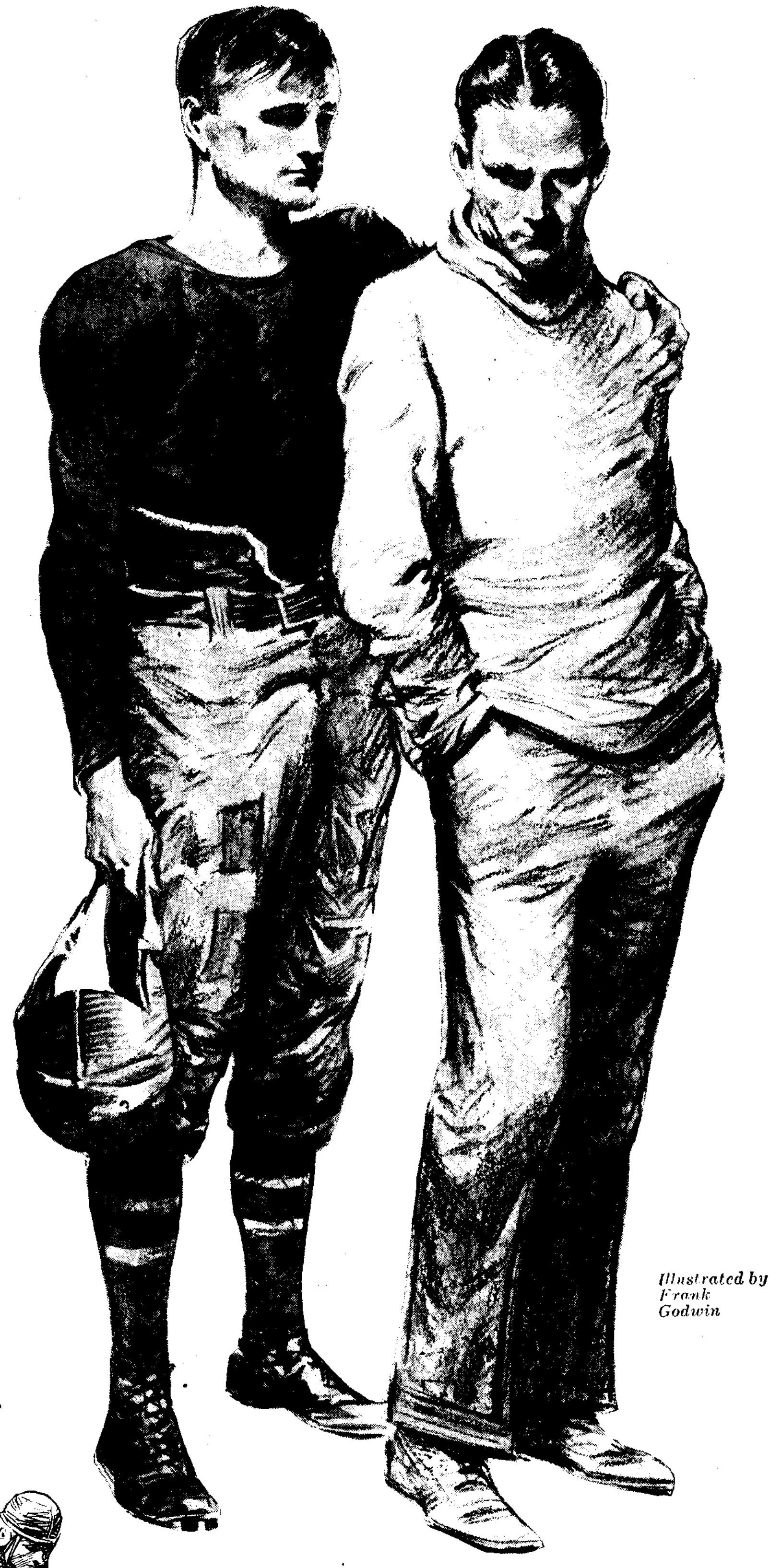
and had paid for her mistake by years of dishwashing and struggling to make ends meet.

He wouldn't have been on this bench, he wouldn't have come to college at all, if Arnold, '99, hadn't caught cold, one November afternoon, and died, a few days later, from pneumonia, leaving the insurance Steve's mother had always made him keep up. He hadn't wanted to come, even so, but his mother had insisted. And he'd seen to it that his college life hadn't been at all like that of Arnold, '99.

HE'D played football partly because he really loved the game—that had been a part of his heritage from Arnold, '99, perhaps—and partly because to refuse would have made his undergraduate life too difficult. But he'd welcomed the obscurity his peculiar talents had entailed. And he hadn't gone out, as Arnold, '99, had done, for social triumphs. There wasn't a chance that he'd make one of the big senior clubs; he let girls alone—even Anne Wentworth, who could, just by crossing his path, set his pulse to leaping.

Steve had taken college seriously, soberly, as a definite part of his training for the work he was to do. He was an engineer; the three or four years after his graduation wouldn't see him peddling bonds in New York, going night after night to deb parties at Pierre's and Sherry's. He expected college to help him to start in his life work, but it was the college of the classrooms and the laboratories upon which he counted, not the fame that was to be won at football, nor the friendships with girls whose fathers counted for something in New York.

Tony slapped his back, and he turned over. More rubbing and pounding now. Exquisite pains shooting through his leg, as those clever fingers worked on the inflamed and swollen tendon. Then the blessed relief of a tight bandage. He struggled to his feet; got into a clean, dry uniform, and was ready, when the official whistle sounded, to run out with the team. He wasn't to start the half; wrapped in a blanket he took his place with the substitutes on the bench.



"Oh, sure," said Grayson, dully. "I can see now. You saved the game. I—I'm through. I'm resigning—tonight—"

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

Keen and alert he watched the play through the third quarter. The team was doing well; better than either he or Thurston had dared to hope. The line had stiffened. But the other team did all the forcing; had the ball most of the time. Three times they were pushed back inside the twenty-yard line; each time a miraculous stand averted a score. Then, with a minute of the quarter left to play, one of Pete's kicks was hurried, and he got off a wretched, short, high punt; the other team had the ball on the thirty-yard line, first down.

"Steve!" Thurston's voice rang out, and Steve sprang up. The coach nodded, and he ran up and down, behind the bench, limbering his muscles with quick, mincing steps. One rush off tackle; second down, five to go. A swift, knifing end run; third down, and a foot to go. First down. "All right—in you go!"

He raced out, hand raised, shouting. His substitute came out, and he dropped tensely into his place behind the scrimmage line. He spilled the first play; another end run; on the next rush, a play off tackle, he had to make the final play. The ball was on the thirteen-yard line, close to the side. On third down the play swept across the field; though there was no gain, the ball now rested directly before the goal. And on fourth down a drop kick broke the tie and Steve and his team lined up with three points against them.

Less than fifteen minutes remained. And now the ball began to travel back and forth through the air. Try as it would Steve's team could make no real progress. It could gain ground in its own territory, but the moment the center stripe was crossed, the opposition stiffened. And the other team had only to protect its lead; to waste time; to kick, always on fourth down. Steve appealed in vain to Barry to change his tactics; Barry stuck stubbornly to his effort to shake Pete Humason loose with a long scoring play.

With five minutes to play the ball was in mid-field, and a kick over the goal line gave it to Steve's team on the twenty-yard line. Barry tried three forward passes in succession—desperate, dangerous tactics in that territory, but it was as well to be beaten by ten points as by three. All three passes failed; Humason dropped back to punt.

Steve tore down the field; saw the ball strike the ground ten yards ahead and bounce crazily to one side. An enemy reached for it, touched it, and lost it. Steve left the ground; flung himself forward; gathered the loose ball in on the forty-yard line. A break at last!

THEN, on the first play, Barry was hurt and was taken out; Ebbett, the sophomore quarter, getting into his first big game, replaced him. In Steve's brain something snapped. Barry wouldn't listen; Ebbett—and Pete Humason—might. Ebbett called his first signal; the play gained a yard. It was third down, with six yards to go. In the huddle Steve spoke out.

"Listen—we're sunk now," he said. "Pete—let's try something. Use the forty-four play—only, instead of Stan's passing to you, let him pass to me. You go down on the left, and they'll smother you. They're not watching me—"

"No harm trying it," said Pete, captain of a beaten team. "God knows they've bottled me up all day!"

They lined up. On that play it was Steve's task to back up the line and protect the passer. But this time the line must hold. He was off as the ball moved; he saw the defense converging, as always, on Pete Humason. No one was near him as he turned, on the twenty-yard line. The ball came to him, high and wide; he flung up an arm; was just able to knock it up and get under it as it came down. He had it; a straight arm freed him from the only tackler who reached him; he was over the line!

He was conscious only of his utter weariness as they lined up to receive the kick-off. It hardly meant anything to him that he had scored; that the score was now seven to three, with perhaps two minutes left to play. Then he heard his own name being called and saw Hyden, his substitute. He took off his head-guard and walked off the field—to be stopped by a vast roar of welcome from the stands, by a baying of his own name, by the sight of crazy substitutes leaping up and down.

GRINNING, abashed, he went on. Thurston flung an arm about him, slapped him on the back. He settled down, a blanket about his body, to watch the last few plays. Then it was over; he was a part of the wild rush to escape the maddened joyous crowd that came tumbling down from the stands. Gradually he understood that they thought it was his doing. Rot! He'd just had a hunch; the whole team had played it.

Not so, though, did the team and the coaches and the papers see it. He came out of the steaming shower room, his body tingling from the swift dash of cold water that had followed the scalding bath, and a score of naked maniacs danced around him. Then Pete Humason, naked like the rest, was standing on a bench, calling the team together. And before Steve knew what was doing, they had unanimously elected him to the captaincy that Arnold, '99, had held a generation earlier.

Steve Arnold was human, and, for all that detached and adult point of view that being the son of Arnold, '99, had given him, he was still, after all, a boy. There was a thrill, indescribable, unforgettable, about those frantic minutes in the field house. *Captain!* The greatness of the word, just as a word, mastered him; a tradition as old as his race had its way with him. As he tried to say something to thank them, it was in him to be glad that Arnold, '30, had, after all, trodden the path that Arnold, '99, had blazed for him.

But, with the passing of time, he did, in a measure, forget the thrill of that November evening, and there grew in him a realization and a resentment of what the football captaincy actually meant to him. He hadn't sought the captaincy; hadn't wanted it. Only the accident of that last-minute inspiration of his had given it to him; no one had so much as mentioned him as a possibility before that game.

The captaincy, even with the next season a full year away, weighed him down; enforced changes in the way of life that he had chosen and marked out for himself. As a mere member of a winning team he might have escaped rallies, dinners, given by alumni in New York and other towns; as captain-elect he had to show himself, to speak, to play his part in the ritual.

His work suffered a little, for he found himself obliged, now, to accept invitations. He couldn't, as he had grimly intended, cut the Junior Prom; they made him see that was one of the things that wasn't done, when you were a varsity captain.

Yet, with an increasing irritability, he realized, too, that he was, after all, only a figurehead. He was captain, but no (Continued on page 67)

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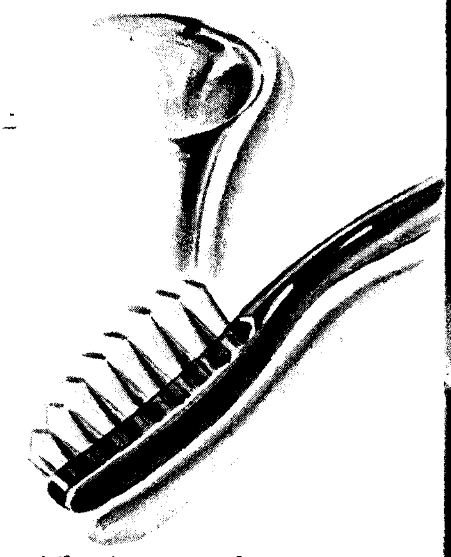

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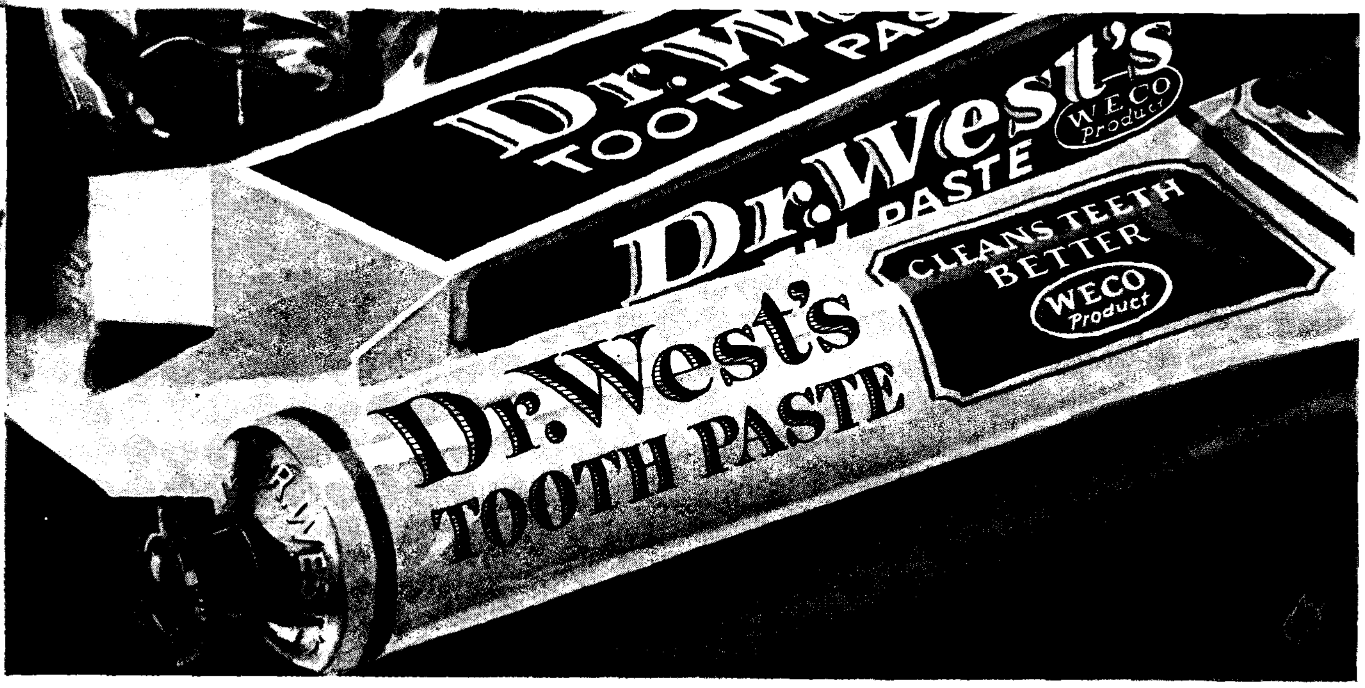

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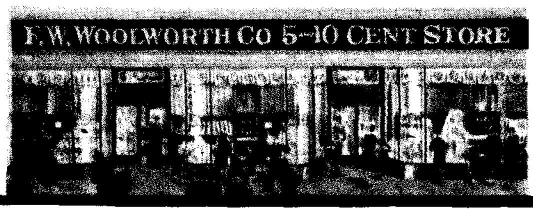
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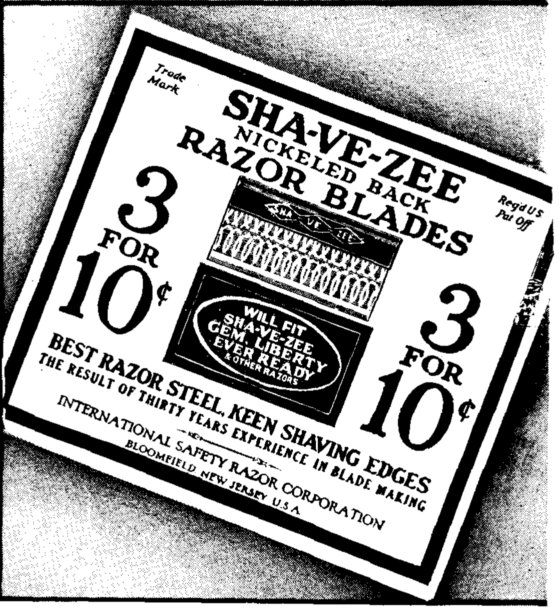
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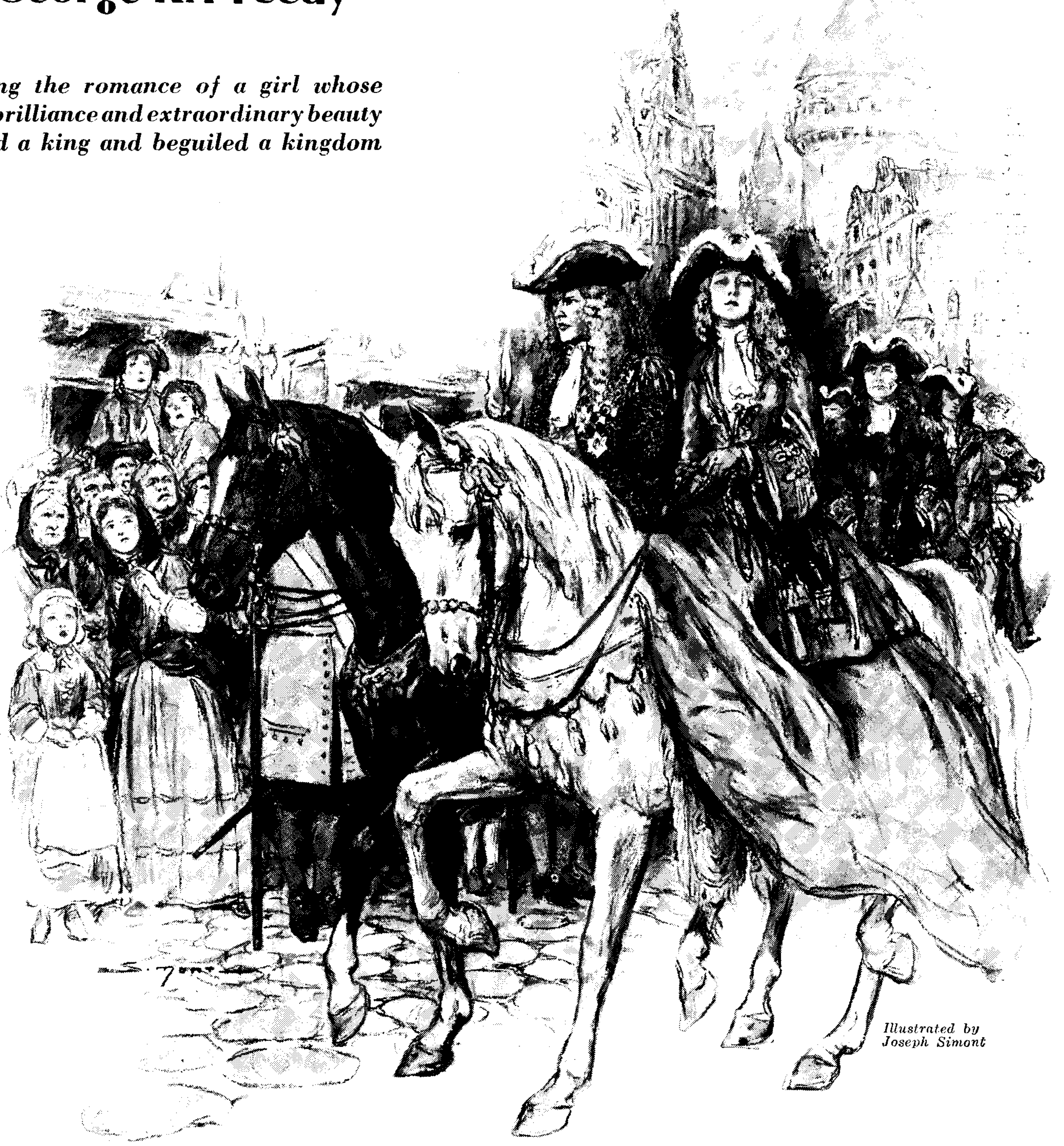
The Prince's Darling

By George R. Preedy

Continuing the romance of a girl whose amazing brilliance and extraordinary beauty bewitched a king and beguiled a kingdom


Illustrated by Joseph Simont

Among the crowd that watched the pageantry go past, were many keen eyes and many sneering looks

The Story Thus Far:

MADELON VON NEITSCHÜTZ rejects the suit of the man she loves—the dashing Delphicus de Haverbeck, an army officer—and, urged by her poverty-stricken father, Major-General Rudolph von Neitschütz, and her rascally brothers, Casimir and Clement, agrees to marry Johann Georg, the spoiled young Elector of Saxony.

Count Stürm, Minister of State for Saxony and bitter enemy of the von Neitschützes, gives the Elector two letters, written by Madelon, which prove conclusively that the girl cares nothing for him—is merely selling herself to him. Whereupon, the ruler, enraged, marries another woman—the Margravine of Anspach—and forces Madelon to become his mistress.

But Madelon is clever as well as beautiful. She knows she can twist her royal lover around her finger. Soon the Elector is madly in love with her, and it is not long before she—the "Countess of Rocklitz"—is ruling the State, with every European power courting her favor.

But she has not forgotten De Haverbeck. Heartbroken, that young man has resigned from the army and gone to Vienna. Now a great soldier—the brilliant Marshal de Haverbeck—his deeds are recounted over all Europe. On learning that a plenipotentiary is to be sent from Vienna to the Court of Saxony, Madelon secretly demands that De Haverbeck be selected for the mission.

Shortly thereafter, Herr Knock, a pastor, calls. He warns her—a woman whom he regards as utterly lost—to be careful, and tells her, to her horror, that she is being accused of bewitching the young ruler.

Enemies are plotting against her. The populace hates her. Wherever she goes, there are ugly rumors, veiled insults, rumblings of discontent. And Stürm, she knows, is quietly working to bring about her downfall and that of her family. . . . For the first time in her life, Madelon—the most powerful woman in Europe—is afraid!

VII

MAJOR-GENERAL VON NEITSCHÜTZ coarsely reproached his daughter for having arranged the visit of De Haverbeck. Clement sneered and hoped she would be circumspect. Casimir vowed she was a sly young devil and could contrive to carry off any situation, and wished her, with gross good humor, good luck in her intrigue. All of them were afraid to cross her too openly.

The envoy from Vienna arrived at the end of a stormy March, much delayed by bad roads and tempest. Count Spanheim, waiting at once at his lodging where everything was conducted on the most magnificent scale possible so that the Emperor's credit might stand high in the eyes of his new Allies, reminded him of the immediate necessity of paying court to the favorite. No one else in Dresden mattered. She, and she alone, had all influence and all power, so Spanheim, thinking to test the envoy:

"You can be civil, of course, to the Electress, but it is the Countess of Rocklitz that you must flatter—yet not too much," he added, with meaning.

"Leave me to handle the affair," said De Haverbeck. "It is but three days and I am gone again. I have leave to look after my poor estates before I return," he added, by way of excuse before Spanheim's astonishment at the announcement of the shortness of his visit. "Politics are distasteful to me, and I had not come at all save for the Emperor's absolute commands."

This was not true. The Emperor's absolute commands would not have forced De Haverbeck to come to Dresden had he not wished to do so. But his reasons for consenting to come to Dresden were *not such as he could tell Spanheim,* nor indeed that he dare dwell on himself.

DE HAVERBECK did not immediately see the Countess of Rocklitz. He waited formally on the Elector and found him but little changed in the six months since he had last seen him. Johann Georg stared him up and down and tried to be gracious, and signed the papers which committed him to the Alliance; he spoke of the campaign in the coming spring, and requested his presence at a banquet, a ball and a parade of troops, and took him to visit the Electress, to whom De Haverbeck offered a present of ivory carvings, light as a feather, from the hand of His Majesty, the Emperor Leopold himself.

Count Spanheim was for carrying him, immediately after this, to the apartment of the Rocklitz. The imperial envoy refused, saying:

"Why, I shall see her at the banquet tonight and tomorrow on the parade ground. Believe me, I can make my peace with her."

Count Spanheim ate heartily and slept soundly and troubled himself no more about the affair.

The State banquet was set out with the utmost show and magnificence. All the plate of gold and silver, of crystal, of jewels and enamel, were brought up from the green cellars and set upon the great table. The Elector, flushed, hot and powdered, his bright gold hair in precise ringlets, sat under the canopy with the Electress at his side.

On the right of the Elector, who wore the parade dress of the princes of Saxony—diamonds, clasps, buckles and sword-hilt, his Order of the Garter and his Polish Eagle and Prussian Eagle—sat Marshal von Neitschütz in all his overbearing arrogance with the perilous glance of pride in his faded light-golden eyes. Near him in places of honor were his two sons.

Chief among the women was the Countess of Rocklitz, taking precedence as a member of the Electoral College, and with a fortune squandered on her gown and jewels—not speaking much or smiling much, bearing herself like the empress of them all, everyone inclining toward her and flattering her with deference and admiration. There was no one like her in the whole room for show of beauty.

SHE pulled a hothouse rose to pieces and floated its red petals in a goblet of white wine, and holding this thoughtfully to her lips, stared up the table toward the place where Marshal de Haverbeck, the plenipotentiary from His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor, sat close to the Elector's hand. Of all those there, he was the one who looked at her the least—his attention was all for the Elector. Afterward in the ballroom she sent for him and he was brought to her formally by Count Spanheim, again uneasy at this summons, in the alcove where she sat in front of tall mirrors which reflected her beauty again and again.

"I did not think you would come so easily to Dresden," she whispered, in an interval of the light music which was played from the gallery above—fine, wistful, exquisite melodies.

"Why should I not return to Dresden?" smiled De Haverbeck, and he told her that his mission was linked with the desire he had to see his estates in his native country, and with some private business of his own in the city, too long neglected. "And it is only a day or so and I am gone again."

He spoke with indifferent formality as if they had never met before and like enough would never meet again, as if this were but some chance and formal presentation on some barren great occasion.

Madame de Rocklitz had arrayed herself for him. She knew that she was a thousand times more beautiful than the little Madelon for whom he had asked thrice.

She impelled him to look at her. She said:

"Delphicus, we cannot wear masks for each other—you and I, can we?"

"I wear no mask, and, if you do, I do not perceive it."

"You look unfamiliar in that uniform. I am used to seeing you in the Saxon colors. Tell me of your successes."

"SUCH as they are," replied De Haverbeck, quietly, "you may read of them in the Gazette."

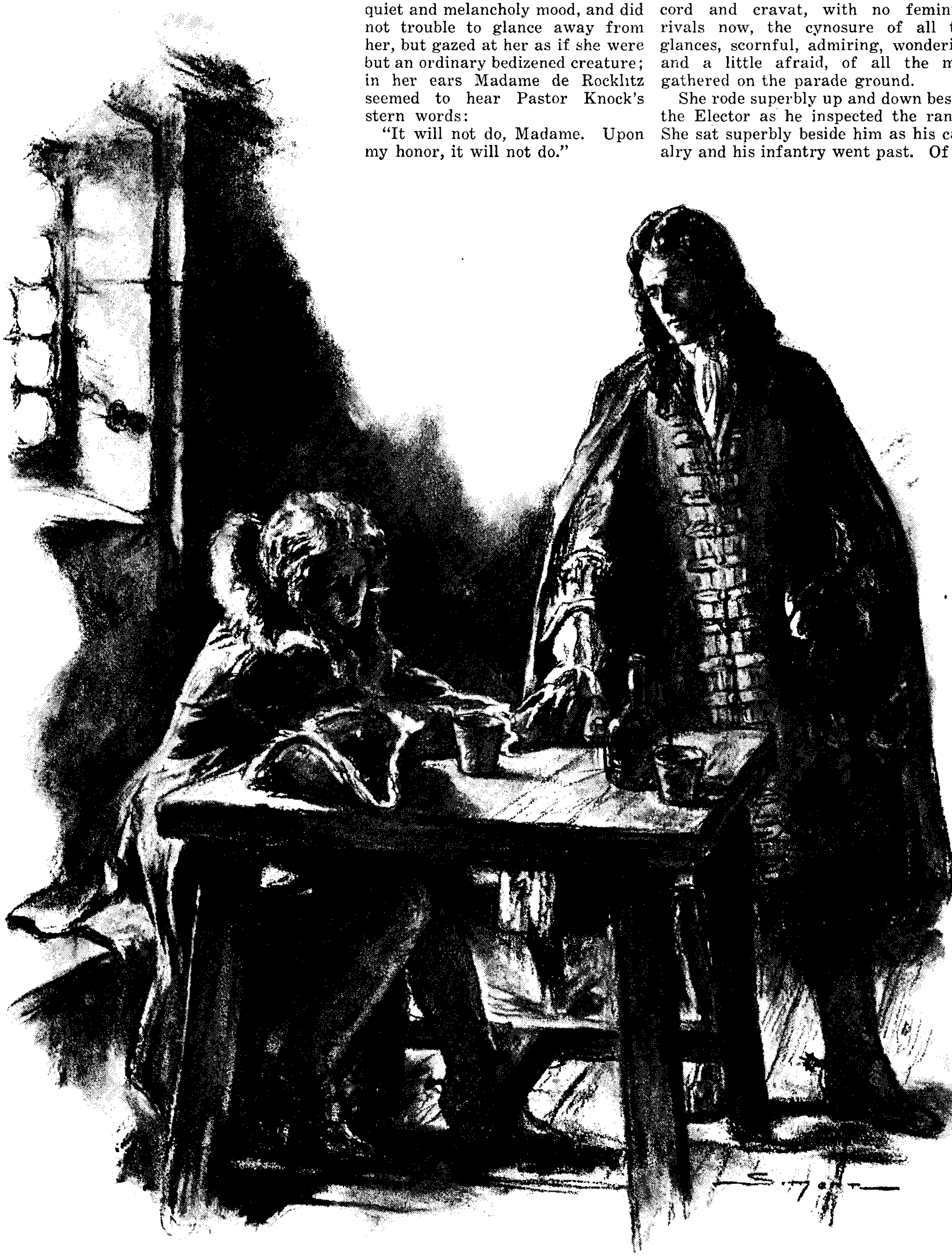
"And you have nothing to add for my ear?"

"I have nothing to add, why, no."

She studied him intently and anxiously; every line of his face was hers by heart. There was little change in his dark countenance, save that something of his bloom had gone. He seemed older, sterner. Lines of fatigue were beneath his eyes. He wore the rewards of his valor and good fortune in the collars and chains on his breast, in the brilliancy of his field-marshal's uniform.

And he stood there, indifferent; he seemed to listen to the music in a quiet and melancholy mood, and did not trouble to glance away from her, but gazed at her as if she were but an ordinary bedizened creature; in her ears Madame de Rocklitz seemed to hear Pastor Knock's stern words:

"It will not do, Madame. Upon my honor, it will not do."



"They have cast me out from the Church, you know, and this witchcraft -- "Hush!" He put his hand on hers

She rose, wishing she had not sent for De Haverbeck, feeling that this was going to be more difficult than anything she had yet attempted; a folly to call him from Vienna, a folly to hope—all risked for nothing.

Marshal de Haverbeck, taking her movement as his dismissal, left her with no more than civility.

The Elector found Madame de Rocklitz alone in the mirrored alcove and took her away imperiously to the gaming tables set out in the next painted room, and there she remained till it was well into the night and did not see De Haverbeck again, for by the time the play was over he had gone to his lodgings.

The next day was the review. Beneath the wintry blue of the fairest day that had been known for many weeks, Madame de Rocklitz rode on a great white horse in the uniform of the Guards, attired like a man, save for the green skirt that flowed over the horse's side, with cockade and gauntlets, cord and cravat, with no feminine rivals now, the cynosure of all the glances, scornful, admiring, wondering and a little afraid, of all the men gathered on the parade ground.

She rode superbly up and down beside the Elector as he inspected the ranks. She sat superbly beside him as his cavalry and his infantry went past. Of all those there who were constantly—and some of them against their wills—considering her, none observed her with a keener scrutiny than Ferdinand Stürm, wrapped in a fur-lined winter cloak, sitting in his little basket-carriage, and remaining very much in the background, apart from the more favored ministers and warriors.

He marked her beauty, her courage, her dashing, gallant air and her fine horsemanship, the grace and elegance of her figure, the ease with which she faced her intolerable position. There was no man who had a keener appreciation of all these graces in the lady. He saw her draw up her horse by De Haverbeck and lean toward him and speak to him, pointing with her whip toward the marching ranks, seeming to ask his approbation of their fitness for war, saw her indicate the standard with the insignia of Saxony going by in the keen winter air and perturbed a little by the sharp winter breeze in its heavy silken folds.

HE SAW the handsome envoy, erect and formal on his big bay steed, take but little heed of all these courtesies and bear himself stiffly as a man who puts through his official duty with but little pleasure, Stürm thought, as he clutched his fur wrap round him and shivered in his invalidish way in the keen, nipping air.

"I'll have her watched. Day and night I will have her watched."

She rode away with the Elector, the white cockade on her brow adding to her stature, her yellow hair hanging like a peruke on her shoulders, her heavy-scowling father and her flaunting, insolent brothers behind her.

The whole court was in disorder because she had been refused absolution by the court divines, who had been supported by the Consistory and the Council of State. Pastor Knock had resigned and it was difficult to find a man to take his place, who would be pliant enough to agree that it was an outrageous scandal that the offices of the Church should be refused to Madame de Rocklitz. All the city knew of this and among the crowd which waited and watched the pageantry and the spectacle go past, there were many keen eyes, and many sneering looks, and many foul names muttered.

Madame de Rocklitz had her head high and her face serene, fair-colored, pale, exact above them all. She looked more a prince than the Elector, who appeared uneasy, scowling and violent. Stürm guessed that it cost him something thus to expose himself and his mistress to the irony, the scandal, the ill-will of Dresden; he was partially proud, partially ashamed of this beautiful woman riding bravely beside him in her almost masculine attire.

AS THE cavalcade passed, she was pointed out:

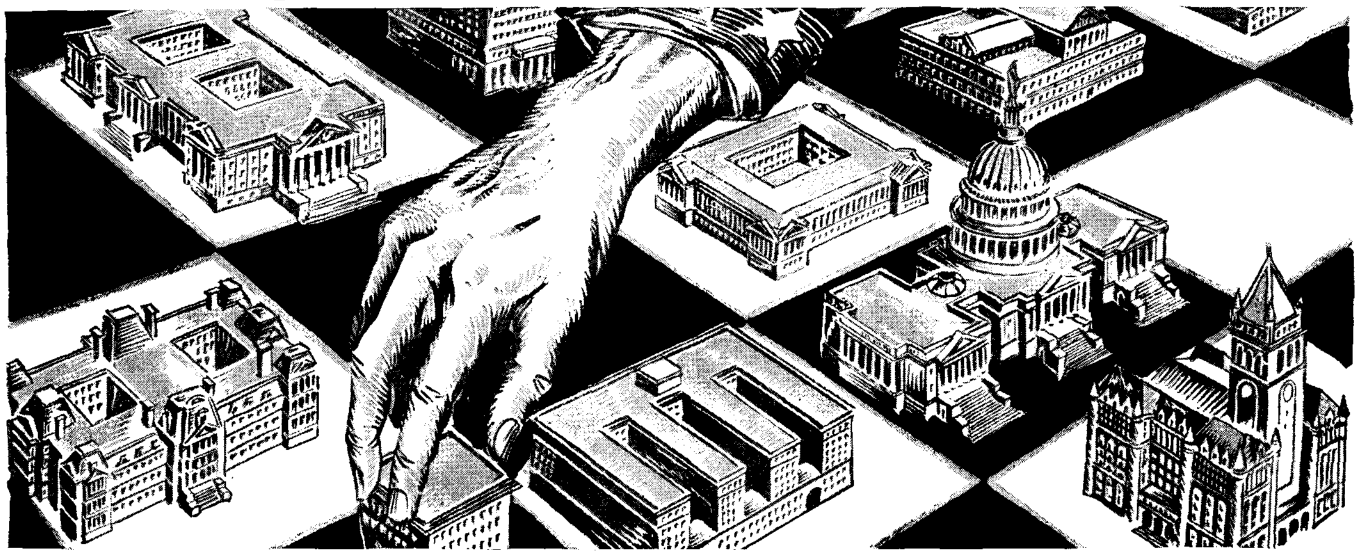
"The Rocklitz—see, the Rocklitz!"

Few of the men could condemn that lovely face, few of the women pity it.

"The Rocklitz, ah, look, the Rocklitz, there she goes!" Well, a prince must have his mistresses, but this one was shameless, and her power over him unnatural—she of an ancient house, too, and so young—educated by that Frenchwoman who kept an ill-famed house now and dealt in drugs—eh, the Rocklitz, the Rocklitz—the Electress barren, too; perhaps she knows something of that; there were spells could blast the unborn —what of the dead child in the tree? Look how proud and bold she is—can't His Highness see that that is not a mortal face? Poor, fond, bewitched gentleman, how can he purge Saxony of witches with her by his side?

That afternoon the Imperial envoy prepared to set (*Continued on page 61*)

Untangling the Government



MARCH FOURTH . . Washington. Chief Justice Taft. Before him, the President-Elect. Fifty thousand persons, rain-spattered, watching every move. Uncounted millions listening in on a national radio network to the moving ceremony of an inauguration.

The oath of office administered, the new President turns, faces the microphones, launches into his inaugural address.

" . . we must critically consider the entire Federal machinery of justice, the redistribution of its functions, the simplification of its procedure. . . "

★ ★ ★ ★

FOUR DAYS BEFORE THIS, the March issue of *Nation's Business* had carried to more than 300,000 business men the first of a series of five articles entitled "Untangling the Government." Written by William Hard . . one of Washington's keenest political observers . . these articles dealt with government reorganization, completely, authoritatively.

Nation's Business remembered that as far back as 1924, as Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover had said:

" . . the important thing is to separate the various government functions into groups according to the particular purpose in mind . . "

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William Hard was chosen to prepare the series of five articles. "Cutting Red Tape at Washington," "Overlapping Government Bureaus," "Renovating the Federal Machine," "A Log Jam on the Potomac," "Business Sense Needed in Government." ★

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★ The five articles by Mr. Hard have been reprinted in a single booklet under the title "Untangling the Government" and will be sent to you upon request . . send ten cents in stamps.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

More than 300,000 circulation

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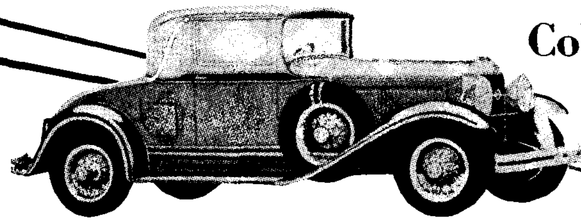

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Collier's ~ *for Action!*

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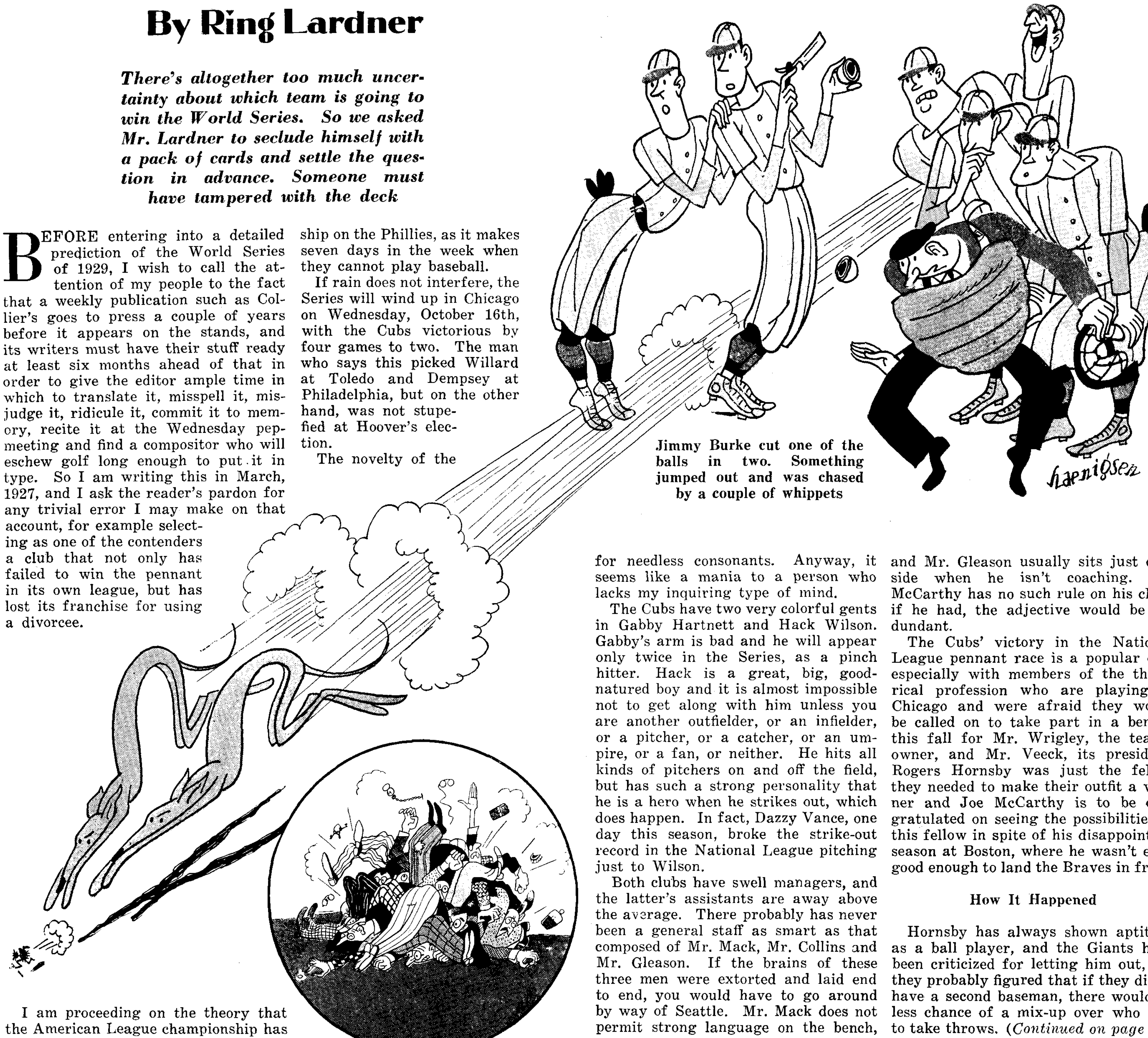
Cubs Win World Series

By Ring Lardner

There's altogether too much uncertainty about which team is going to win the World Series. So we asked Mr. Lardner to seclude himself with a pack of cards and settle the question in advance. Someone must have tampered with the deck



Jimmy Burke cut one of the balls in two. Something jumped out and was chased by a couple of whippets

BEFORE entering into a detailed prediction of the World Series of 1929, I wish to call the attention of my people to the fact that a weekly publication such as Collier's goes to press a couple of years before it appears on the stands, and its writers must have their stuff ready at least six months ahead of that in order to give the editor ample time in which to translate it, misspell it, misjudge it, ridicule it, commit it to memory, recite it at the Wednesday pep-meeting and find a compositor who will eschew golf long enough to put it in type. So I am writing this in March, 1927, and I ask the reader's pardon for any trivial error I may make on that account, for example selecting as one of the contenders a club that not only has failed to win the pennant in its own league, but has lost its franchise for using a divorcee.

The opening date used to be decided by the flip of a coin

I am proceeding on the theory that the American League championship has been won by the Athletics, and the National League championship by the Cubs. By the new system of alternation, the Series will open Tuesday, October 8th, in Chicago. Formerly, the opening date and place were decided by the flip of a coin, but this had to be abandoned because of the physical injuries received in the scramble for the coin. At one recent flipping bee, the rival magnates bumped heads so hard that both were unconscious before the Series even started.

A Tough Break

Games will be played in Chicago on Tuesday and Wednesday, and in Philadelphia on Friday, Saturday and Monday. This schedule, of course, is subject to frustration by the weather, which even I am unable to predict thirty-one months in advance. There won't be any Sunday game, however, because teams cannot play baseball in Philadelphia on Sunday, a law that does not affect the Athletics much, but works quite a hardship on the Phillies, as it makes seven days in the week when they cannot play baseball.

If rain does not interfere, the Series will wind up in Chicago on Wednesday, October 16th, with the Cubs victorious by four games to two. The man who says this picked Willard at Toledo and Dempsey at Philadelphia, but on the other hand, was not stupefied at Hoover's election.

The novelty of the situation is what will beat the Athletics. It will be the first time in over a year they have shared a ball park with another club. They lost a few games to the Yankees this season, but that was because it is hard to break yourself of any habit all at once. The rest of the American League teams just put on their uniforms every day to save their street clothes.

I am not the fellow who thinks the A's of the present are equal or superior to the A's of eighteen and nineteen years ago. (Oh, you're an old fogey.) I don't think Frank Baker could even bunt this ball inside the park. But I do believe there is more color in the 1929 gang. Cochrane, Dykes, Simmons and Grove have heart interest, and Jimmy Foxx would appeal to the imagination if he had nothing but a mania for needless consonants. Anyway, it seems like a mania to a person who lacks my inquiring type of mind.

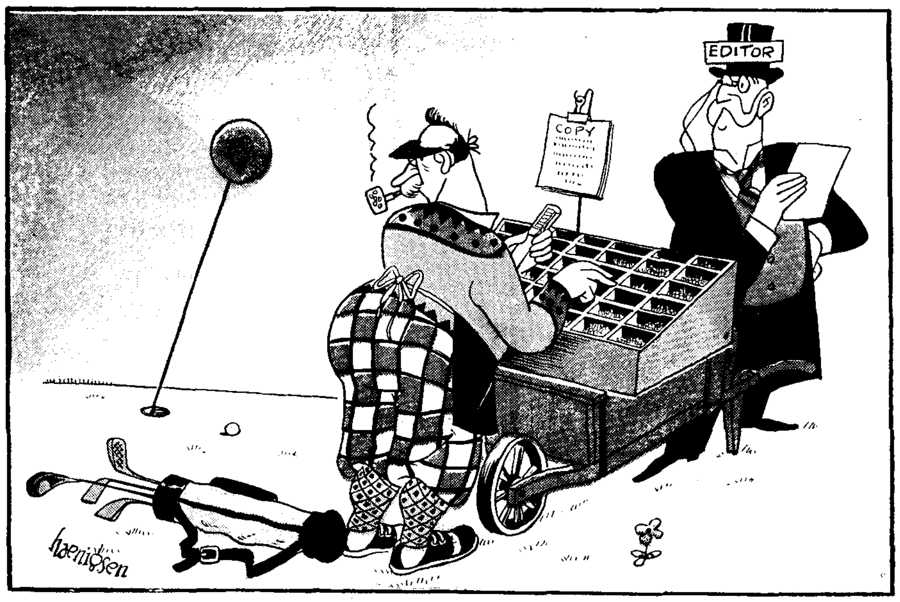
The Cubs have two very colorful gents in Gabby Hartnett and Hack Wilson. Gabby's arm is bad and he will appear only twice in the Series, as a pinch hitter. Hack is a great, big, good-natured boy and it is almost impossible not to get along with him unless you are another outfielder, or an infielder, or a pitcher, or a catcher, or an umpire, or a fan, or neither. He hits all kinds of pitchers on and off the field, but has such a strong personality that he is a hero when he strikes out, which does happen. In fact, Dazzy Vance, one day this season, broke the strike-out record in the National League pitching just to Wilson.

Both clubs have swell managers, and the latter's assistants are away above the average. There probably has never been a general staff as smart as that composed of Mr. Mack, Mr. Collins and Mr. Gleason. If the brains of these three men were extorted and laid end to end, you would have to go around by way of Seattle. Mr. Mack does not permit strong language on the bench, and Mr. Gleason usually sits just outside when he isn't coaching. Mr. McCarthy has no such rule on his club; if he had, the adjective would be redundant.

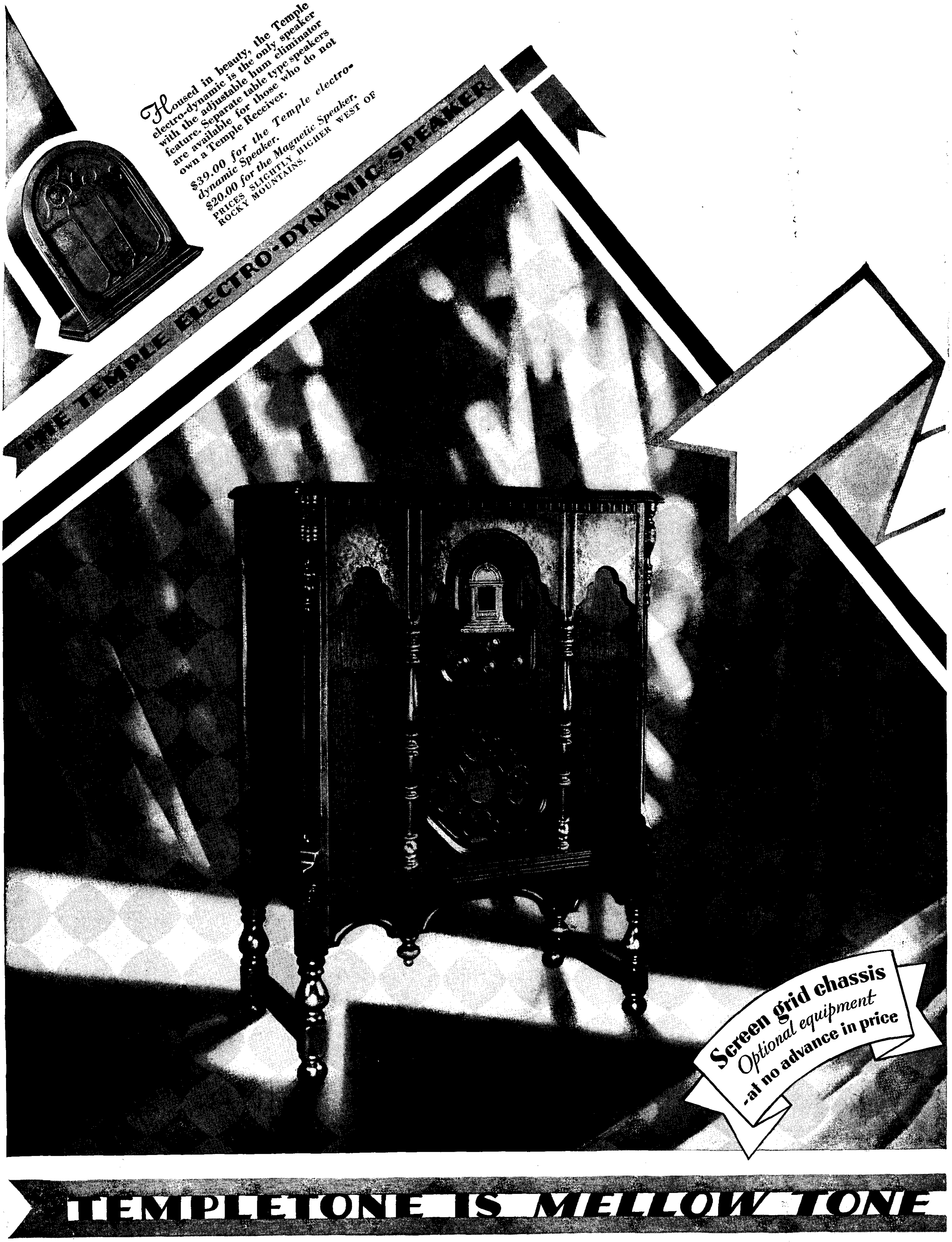
The Cubs' victory in the National League pennant race is a popular one, especially with members of the theatrical profession who are playing in Chicago and were afraid they would be called on to take part in a benefit this fall for Mr. Wrigley, the team's owner, and Mr. Veeck, its president. Rogers Hornsby was just the fellow they needed to make their outfit a winner and Joe McCarthy is to be congratulated on seeing the possibilities in this fellow in spite of his disappointing season at Boston, where he wasn't even good enough to land the Braves in front.

How It Happened

Hornsby has always shown aptitude as a ball player, and the Giants have been criticized for letting him out, but they probably figured that if they didn't have a second baseman, there would be less chance of a mix-up over who was to take throws. (*Continued on page 65*)



The editor must find a compositor who will eschew golf long enough to set type



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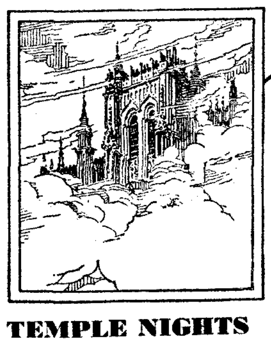

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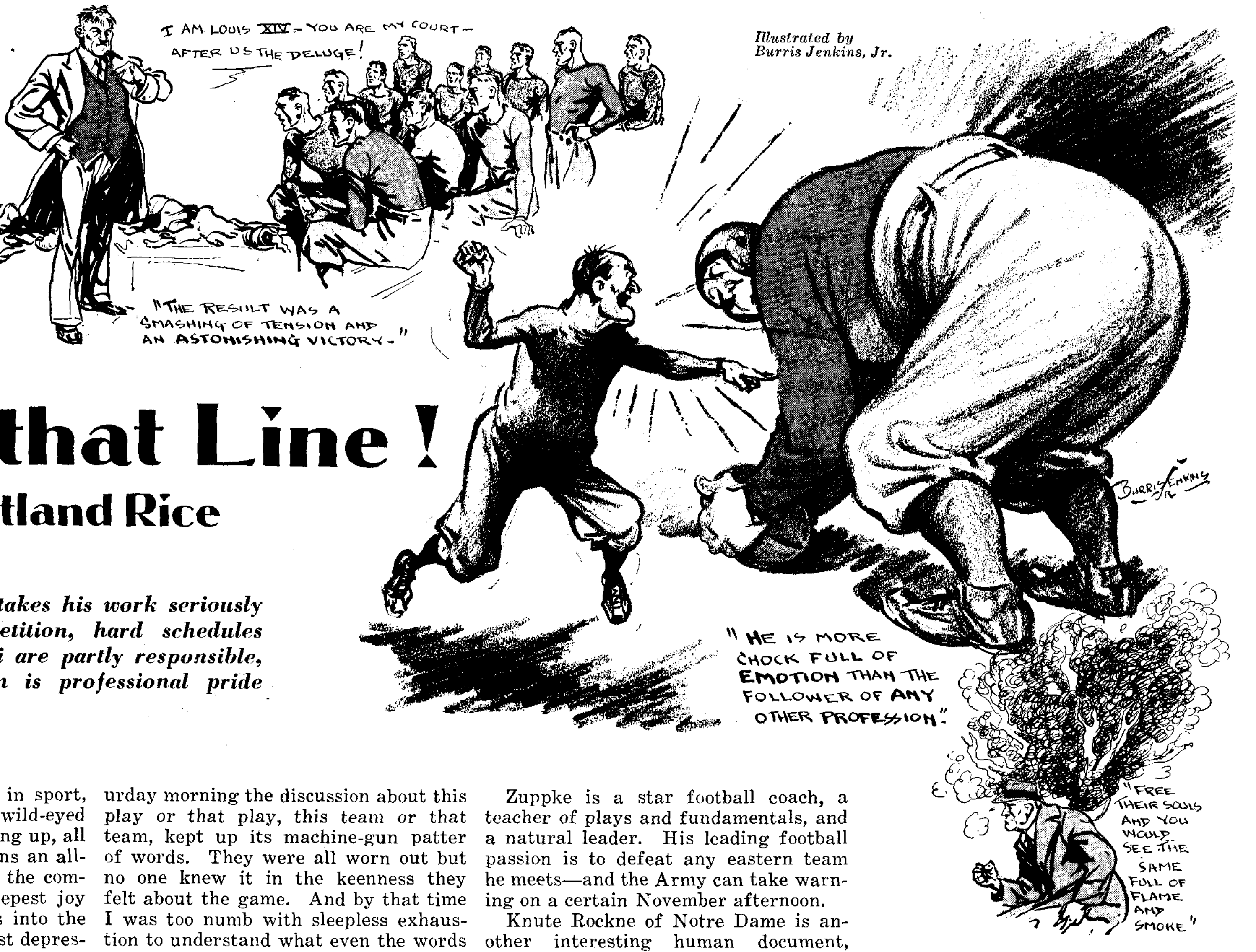

I AM LOUIS XIV – YOU ARE MY COURT – AFTER US THE DELUGE!
"THE RESULT WAS A SMASHING OF TENSION AND AN ASTONISHING VICTORY–"
BURRIS JENKINS
"HE IS MORE CHOCK FULL OF EMOTION THAN THE FOLLOWER OF ANY OTHER PROFESSION."
"FREE THEIR SOULS AND YOU WOULD SEE THE SAME FULL OF FLAME AND SMOKE"

Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

Scold that Line!

By Grantland Rice

The football coach takes his work seriously today. Keen competition, hard schedules and exacting alumni are partly responsible, but the real reason is professional pride

THERE is one argument in sport, among a million or so wild-eyed debates, that wins standing up, all by itself. If anyone opens an all-talkie as to which entry in all the competitive marts absorbs the deepest joy and the deepest pain, or runs into the greatest thrills and the greatest depressions during a season, you can close out the rest of the oratory by naming a football coach, or any number of football coaches.

There is no one else running second. You can name Bob Zuppke, Knute Rockne, Pop Warner, Bill Roper, Dock Spears, Ira Rodgers, Howard Jones, Lou Young, Nibs Price, Dan McGugin or any one of fifty answers and win with them all.

To any number of football camp followers the average coach is a builder of machines and a maker of autumn automatons. Few realize that he is more chock-full of emotion with a brighter flame burning in his breast than the follower of any profession you might think about.

From the first day of practice to the final game he is completely absorbed in just one thought, and that happens to be his team and the games they play. If the football season lasted another month about two thirds or nine tenths of all coaches would be running around in circles, making funny noises, or diving from the tops of the tallest towers they could find.

The Royal Coach

A year ago last November, the day before Thanksgiving, with only a few games left, I went to Philadelphia, where there was an annual gathering of coaching talent before the Penn-Cornell game. The first coach I ran against was Bob Zuppke, of Illinois, who was just getting warmed up. One by one they began to drop in—Tad Jones, Mal Stevens, Bill Roper, Bert Bell, Bill Ingram and a bunch of others.

That was three o'clock in the afternoon. At seven o'clock the next morning the uninterrupted flow of oratory was still breaking like the surf on the cool morning air.

There was a lull during the game itself but that night, all the next day and once again on past the gray dawn of Saturday morning the discussion about this play or that play, this team or that team, kept up its machine-gun patter of words. They were all worn out but no one knew it in the keenness they felt about the game. And by that time I was too numb with sleepless exhaustion to understand what even the words of one syllable meant.

In many respects football coaches are the most interesting of all who follow sport because they are the most interested in their work. They are able to go three or four days and nights without food and sleep.

For one example, there is Bob Zuppke, of Illinois, who year after year turns out teams that are hard to beat. Zuppke's two hobbies outside of football are painting and philosophy. He is a first-class artist and when the argument gets warm he can shoot more quotations from Spencer, Spinoza, Kant or some other deep brain than most professors of philosophy.

"ALL THAT NIGHT, THE NEXT DAY, AND ON PAST THE DAWN, THE DISCUSSION KEPT UP–"

Zuppke is all flame and fire, force and enthusiasm. He is one of the greatest in the game at inspiring his team before a battle, as he always pulls the unexpected. Before one battle where every odd was against him he lined up the team and opened this address to the astonished bunch:

"I am Louis the Fourteenth and you are my court. After us the deluge." The result was a smashing of tension and later an astonishing victory.

Zuppke is a star football coach, a teacher of plays and fundamentals, and a natural leader. His leading football passion is to defeat any eastern team he meets—and the Army can take warning on a certain November afternoon.

Knute Rockne of Notre Dame is another interesting human document, apart from his football ability. Rockne today is facing one of the hardest schedules any coach ever drew, a schedule that calls for nine tough games, all away from home turf. Rockne lacks the outward intensity of Zuppke, but the inward supply is there.

Inventor of Plays

Like Zuppke he is a great believer in mixing humor with sarcasm and friendly encouragement with hard driving. On one or two occasions Rockne has been close to a nervous breakdown at the end of the season. He doesn't show his emotions under strain and for that reason they often burn him up.

Another famous member of the better advertised group is Pop Warner of Stanford. Pop is entirely different from either Zuppke or Rockne. He is much more inclined to taciturnity and while he is as deeply interested in football as any man that ever played or coached, getting him warmed up is a hard day's work. Warner has invented more plays, certainly on the offensive side, than any other coach.

One morning I happened to be with him at a gathering of some ten or twelve coaches. Six or seven were talking at once, but Pop never had a word to say. He had been silent for over an hour.

Finally the argument broke about a certain coach, as to whether or not this man had invented a certain play. Someone asked Warner.

"I suppose he did," said Pop, "since he invented all of them."

Before another game it was discovered that the referee, umpire and field judge were on hand, but no linesman.

"Where's the linesman?" asked the rival coach.

"I didn't get one," Warner answered. "I thought three blind men on the field were enough without adding a fourth."

Bill Roper of Princeton is at least one of the most emotional coaches in the East when it comes to the burning flame within. Roper has a square-set jaw and a face carrying great determination, but with all that his nerves are in a wild quiver all through the season. He keeps his Tiger teams keyed up, but never to the tension under which he works.

On the way last fall to play Ohio State at Columbus Roper could stay in one spot about three seconds. You'd run into Bill and five minutes later he'd shake hands with you again, the memory of the first meeting having entirely disappeared, so complete was his concentration on the job ahead.

Mal Stevens of Yale and Horween of Harvard take the situation somewhat less seriously. Or at least they cover up their emotional side to a better extent. So do Biff Jones of the Army and Bill Ingram of the Navy. Both have to please exacting headquarters, since neither Army or Navy officers like to lose a game any more than they'd like to lose a war.

But Biff and Bill of the two Service teams keep their pleasant poise and general affability under fine control. Biff Jones might have said something about the heavy schedule breaking up his team before the Stanford game last fall, but he didn't. And when Oregon State ran over N. Y. U. last fall with the same chance for an alibi, all Chick Meehan said was this—"If you've got to take a licking, it might as well be a good one."

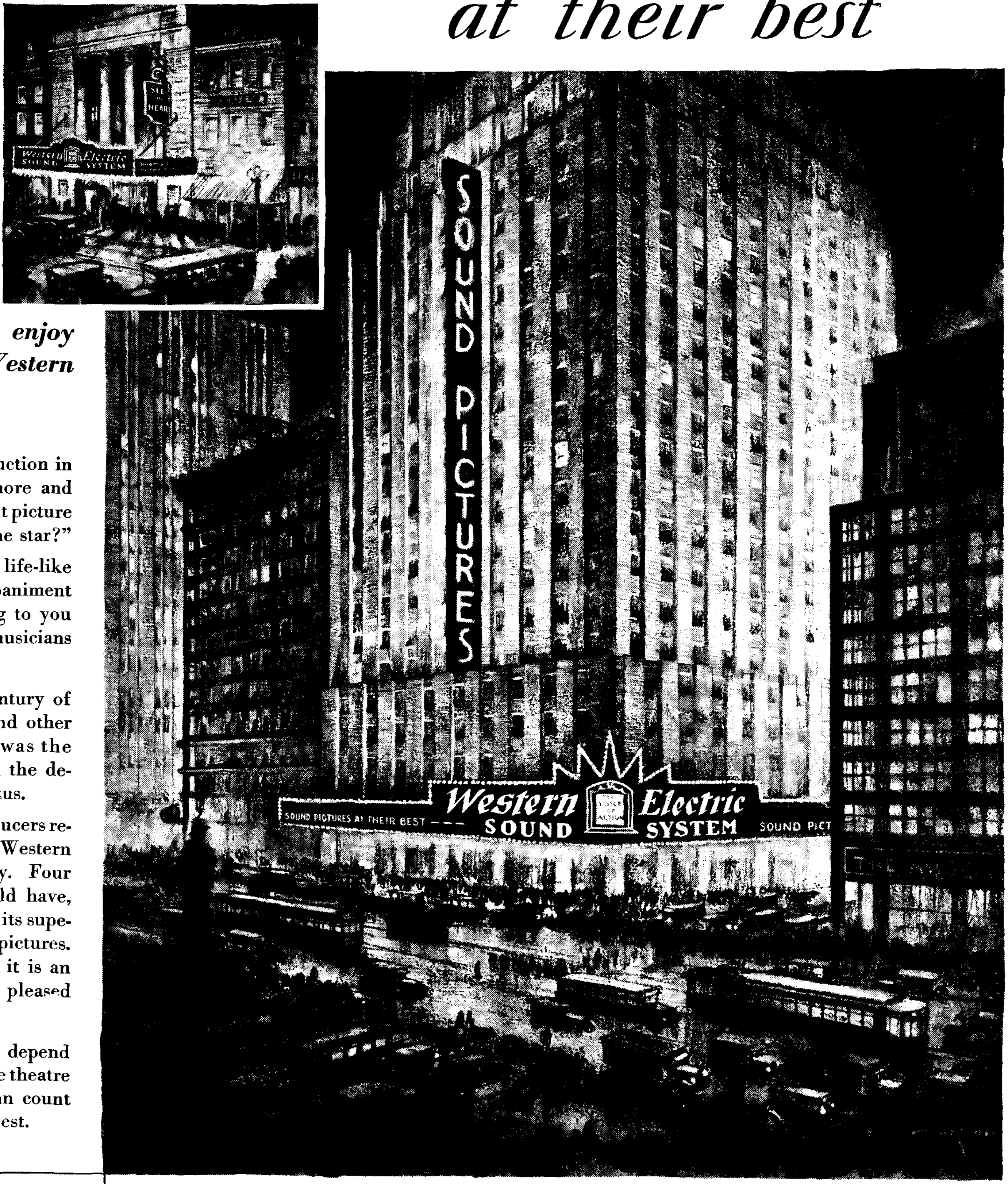
Trouble Ahead

Hundreds of coaches are now just entering the first rim of trouble. In the old days there were one or two hard teams to beat. Now they are all tough and no coach can figure in advance on just what day the guillotine will drop across his neck. And this includes Rockne, Zuppke, Warner and all the rest.

There are no exceptions and if you could free their souls you would see them full of flame and smoke with the pungent odor of something burning to a crisp.

Hear SOUND PICTURES *at their best*

Sound equipment will make or mar the finest pictures. You are sure to enjoy them in theatres using the Western Electric Sound System.



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"Do they have good Sound reproduction in that theatre?" people are asking more and more in addition to the familiar "What picture is playing tonight?" and "Who is the star?"

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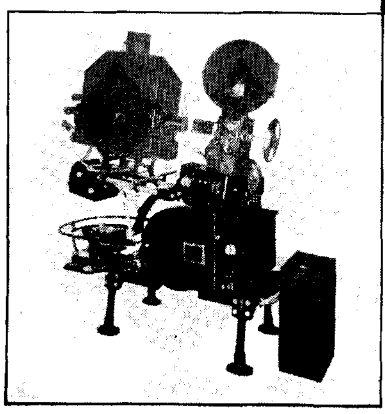


The Sound mechanism (dark portion) of the motion picture projector, which assures clear and natural reproduction. It is made by the makers of your telephone.

Western Electric
SOUND SYSTEM
THE VOICE OF ACTION

Chief Bright Path

By Charley Paddock

It took just one hour to transform Jim Thorpe from "just an Indian" into a national hero. Here's the story of that hour, as Thorpe recalls it

An Indian on the war path. Jim Thorpe racing against McLaughlin in 1912

Bain News Service

II

THE second half of a football game played on the afternoon of September 30, 1911, against Dickinson College, drew the attention of the entire football world to Carlisle Institute, "Pop" Warner and James Thorpe.

Thorpe had displayed splendid football previous to this time in the seasons of 1907 and 1908. After a two-year lay-off, however, it seemed difficult for him to find himself against Dickinson, and the first half had gone scoreless. Then, with only a few minutes left, the Indian suddenly came to life. His kicking, his running, and his straight-arm work made possible the accumulation of seventeen points in less than seventeen minutes.

The following Saturday, Carlisle defeated Mt. St. Mary's 46-5, and again it was Thorpe who led the drive, running wild over the field, performing miracles such as had seldom been seen on the gridiron. These early-season games were, of course, in the nature of work-outs. It was not until October 14, 1911, that Glen Warner's Braves faced real competition, meeting the Georgetown eleven, which possessed a well-balanced and powerful team. This battle proved that Jim Thorpe, the left half-back of the Indians, still possessed all of the fire and swiftness that had marked him against Pennsylvania in 1908.

Panthers in Wait for an Indian

During that game he showed a remarkable all-around ability which included a deceptive change of pace, the power to pivot as no other player of his time, and a magnificent straight-arm which sent him through the whole Georgetown team for a touchdown—a thirty-five-yard dash that made the final count read Carlisle, 28; Georgetown, 5.

Up until this game, the sports writers of the East had believed Thorpe to be something of an in-and-outer—the kind of athlete who now and then has a phenomenal day, but who is not capable of shining against such teams as Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Pennsylvania. Warner's ability as a coach was not underrated, but at the same time he was hardly considered the equal of Percy Haughton, and it was impossible for the majority to believe that an Indian team from a comparatively small school could successfully step out of its own class of competition.

The Dickinson and Mt. St. Mary's victories were to be expected, but the Georgetown triumph was something of an upset, and the whole East waited to see what Carlisle would do when she met the powerful Pittsburgh Panthers on October twenty-third. The strength of the Pittsburgh eleven was generally admitted, and their coach, Joseph Thompson, was considered to be one of the best in the East. Years later he was to distinguish himself in overseas service as "Colonel Joe," but at that time he was only interested in defeating Carlisle—and Jim Thorpe. He had his men primed for the Indians, and the game turned out to be one of the most bitterly fought battles in all gridiron history.

Thorpe was the target for the Panthers, and with his Georgetown reputation to maintain, the big Indian proved himself equal to his task and piled up a 17-0 count against a team that was considered to be on a par with the best the East could produce.

Even today, when schedules are generally stiffer than they were ten or twenty years ago, it would be foolhardy for any eleven to meet a third great team on a third successive Saturday. Yet Warner's Indians thought nothing of it, and after visiting Washington and Pittsburgh, they moved over to Easton, Pa., on October 28th, to face Lafayette.

Not only did the Maroon and White fail to score, but at no time did they even come near their opponents' goal line, and when the giant Thorpe made the first touchdown early in the game, Lafayette lost hope, and the beef of the visitors began to tell. In the second half Carlisle coasted and yet won the game, 19-0, with Thorpe scoring two touchdowns and a field goal.

In the closing minutes of that game, Lafayette's stars injured Burd and Thorpe. Though they refused to leave the game, they were forced out of practice for several days and went about the Carlisle campus on crutches. Thorpe's kicking leg was especially damaged and it was feared that he would not be able to play against Pennsylvania the following Saturday.

Penn was the most dangerous team the Indians had been called upon to face. Even with Thorpe at his best, Pop Warner was doubtful if his Braves could hold their own, and with Chief Bright Path injured, the odds were overwhelmingly against them. Yet Thorpe & Company won by a 16-0 score, never giving the wearers of the red and blue a chance to show their real strength.

Again it was Thorpe who crashed and smashed his way down the field; and when the occasion demanded, he was able to use his injured leg in spiraling punts for sixty and seventy yards. They were long, lazy, high boots that gave the Carlisle ends plenty of time to get down the field, and which contributed greatly to the overthrow of one of the finest teams the East could boast.

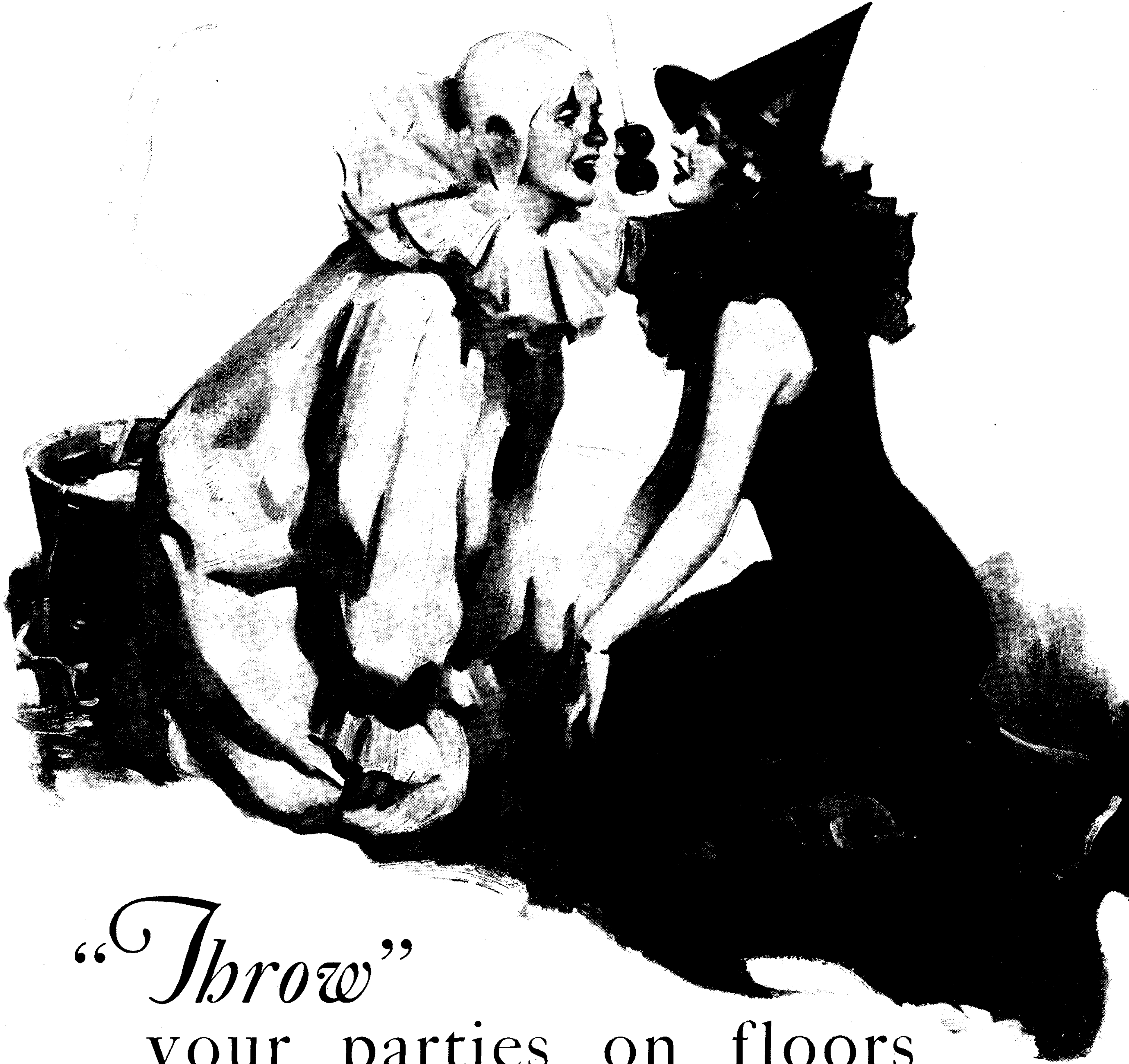
Crimson Confidence

That victory was not only a smashing triumph for Thorpe himself, but it was a great victory for Coach Warner, who had taken his team through two practice contests and four hard games on four consecutive Saturdays, without a defeat.

But the worst was yet to come. Because the next Saturday old John Harvard had to be faced on his own field, with his own crowd behind him. Harvard had several seemingly insurmountable advantages. First of all, the Crimson represented the glorious football traditions of the Big Three. For in those days, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton ruled the East. On rare occasions they

(*Continued on page 80*)

LIQUID GRANITE—THE MILLION-STEP-TEST FLOOR VARNISH



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Liquid Granite Varnish is produced by the maker of Berrycraft Enamel, Lionoil Floor Enamel, Luxeberry Enamel, Luxeberry Wood Finish, Berryloid and other wear-resisting finishes.

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LIQUID GRANITE
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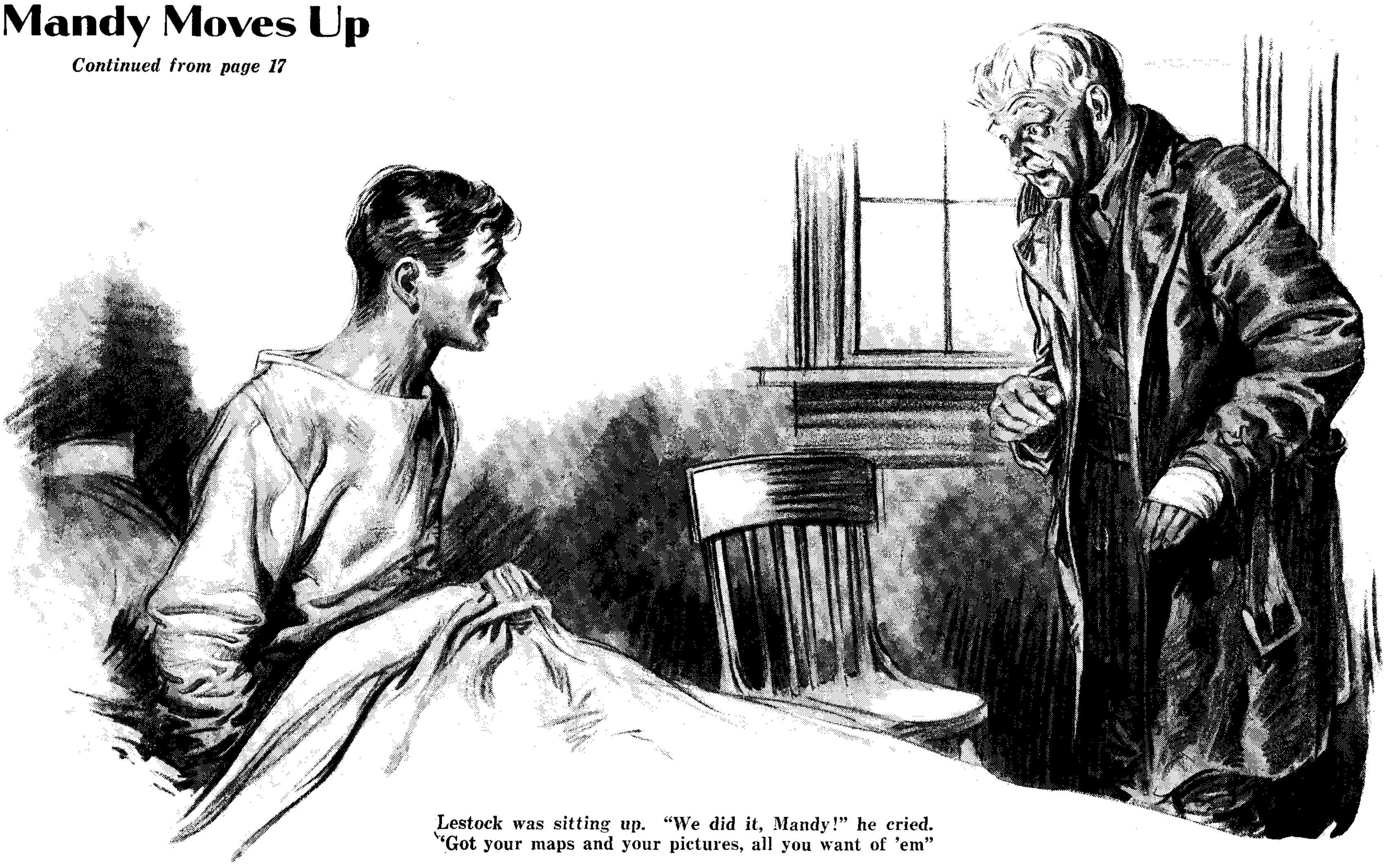
CELEBRATED
MILLION-STEP TEST
VARNISHES
FLOOR VARNISH

Mandy Moves Up

Continued from page 17



Lestock was sitting up. "We did it, Mandy!" he cried. "Got your maps and your pictures, all you want of 'em"

That ought to do it. It'd be a demonstration that would buck us all up immensely."

"But if *your* field officers consider such a demonstration inadvisable?" Lestock demanded bluntly.

The little brigadier thought quickly, with the bleak sound of Lestock's challenge in his ears. Wise was that little man, and he never answered on impulse.

"You will receive your orders in detail through your Wing Headquarters!" he replied with calculated stiffness.

"Thursday," Lestock was speaking in a peculiarly grim, metallic voice. "Thursday will see our casualties replaced, sir. We can't take the air in force till then."

"It will be arranged for Friday," said the little man, relentlessly. But as Lestock prepared to leave, the brigadier's stiffness wilted.

"We've missed you, Bruce," he said, the old twinkle bright in his eyes again. "Dorothy has missed you. She'll be over tonight. She's doing staff work at Amiens. It would be pleasant if you stayed to dinner."

LESTOCK stiffened then. He became rigid in the doorway of the cozy little anteroom.

"That's good of you, sir," he uttered in a queer, constrained voice. And he was thinking that this unforeseen reunion was as though, being dead, he had come to life again. In the last few months of desperate warfare he had written countless gay letters to Dorothy with the certain knowledge in his heart that he was never to see her again. And now, to be given this meeting—on the eve of that "demonstration." . . .

"It's a surprise," he explained. He was conscious that Mandy—and in that moment the little brigadier was certainly the old familiar Mandy—regarded his agitation with embarrassment. "I hadn't expected to meet her. . . ."

"It'll be a pleasant meeting. Reunion. What?" The round little man was all a-twinkle now. Buttons, tabs, eyes and curly mustaches all twinkled. "Here, Sergeant! Show Major Lestock through to my rooms. See that he gets what he wants. I'll be through in a jiffy, Bruce, my boy; through and with you in half an hour or so." Chuckling, grunting, throat-clearing, he made his way back to his desk. There the chuckle died, the twinkle snapped in his eyes alone, and his eyes remained fixed on the fire. He had counted on Lestock. . . .

"Gloster!"

Captain Gloster almost knocked over his little table in his confusion. He was caught napping; dreaming of appointments more polished, more distinguished than this employment by a chocolate manufacturer who treated warfare as if it were a business, and addressed his majors as "my boy." A congenial, sporting job at G. H. Q. was what he wanted—but with an opportunity of seeing Dorothy Mandison occasionally.

"Sir!"

"Whad'ye think of this, Gloster? You heard what the major said. What the devil's all this about Nines? About machines against machines and all that rubbish?"

"I should say, sir, that Major Lestock is near the end of his tether."

"End of his tether, eh?" Mandison's eyes popped his apparent surprise. "Nerves, you mean?"

"Well—yes." The pause artfully conveyed that Mandison had put it charitably. "When an officer funks a job that promises difficulties, I should say he's pretty nearly through."

"Ha-rumph!" The little brigadier's head was cocked brightly aside, regarding Captain Gloster as a robin might regard an early worm. "Not a weak heart, you'd say?"

Captain Gloster turned pale and tightened his lips in an uneven line. He had even begun to believe himself in that weakness of the heart which was supposed to keep him from flying. That the little brigadier should know the truth had tragic possibilities. Officers died in the service squadrons.

"No, sir," he said feebly. "Not a weak heart."

"Very well, Captain Gloster. You can dismiss."

HE OF the weak heart having departed, Brigadier General Mandison unbuckled his Sam Brown, unbuttoned his tunic, and relaxed in his chair. The twinkle in his eye did not abate as he sat, alertly regarding his fire, but it was dark before he arose and made his way to the wing of the farmstead which, for a time, was his home.

It was a quiet, intimate meal they enjoyed together. The candlelight glowed upon them, dimming Dorothy's rosy cheeks, red lips and clear blue eyes into a mellow mask of firm and healthy young womanhood. The same dim glow accentuated the grim, lean contours which had replaced the youthful eagerness she had known in the countenance of Lestock. It troubled her, that change which the war had wrought upon him; and it troubled him, the knowledge of it reducing him to a taciturnity which killed the old-time familiarity between them. But neither of them admitted it.

She chatted gayly of this man and that woman whom they knew. They recounted anecdotes. And Mandison, twinkling brightly, did heroic service between them. He looked like a shaven Santa Claus twinkling there in the candlelight; and there were times when Lestock almost forgot the war . . . moments when his laugh sounded without bitterness . . . moments which brought Dorothy close to tears, warning her that she might never regain what the war could take away. . . . Then, suddenly, brightly, Gloster was with them.

Mandison invited him to have coffee. Brightly he took his place with them. Magnificently he rescued the lagging conversation. In no time at all Dorothy was herself again, delighted by the latest budget of stories from G. H. Q. The little table became alive with laughter—Dorothy's laughter—and the rich, modulated voice of Captain Gloster persisted entertainingly in its course. Lestock listened, smiled grimly, and was mum. It came as a perceptible blow when he announced rather bluntly that he must be on his way back to his squadron.

Gloster, interrupted, conveyed disapproval. A man might refrain from intruding the realities of war into such a meeting as this. . . . Dorothy was battling with incomprehensible fears, while she did the proper thing.

"You'll drop in again, won't you?" she was saying as if she believed it.

"Of course. Of course. . . . Friday, then, Mandy—General Mandison!" As though it were a business engagement.

"Friday, yes. Yes, Friday. But you're sure you have to go?"

"Sorry, yes. You know, things to see to." He turned to the big room which he must cross to reach the doorway. Dorothy's eyes followed him. Gloster stood between them.

"GLOSTER!" the little brigadier snapped it out like a squib going off in the rain. "We must get to work!"

Gloster moved grudgingly and Dorothy was past him to catch a hurried word with Lestock before he had crossed the room.

But the evil enchantment of the war was strong upon him . . . she could not easily regain what the war had taken away. . . what the war had taken away from him. . . .

"I thought—" she stumbled, conscious of his hungry, hopeless eyes, "I thought—we must see each other again. This was so unexpected. . . ."

"Yes," said he with the mask of a smile. "That it was. Of course we'll see each other again. It'll be different then." And he knew that he dared not kiss her. He couldn't. . . . There was too much to live for. . . . And suddenly her arms were about him, clinging to him. Her lips were pressed against his again and again.

(*Continued on page 46*)

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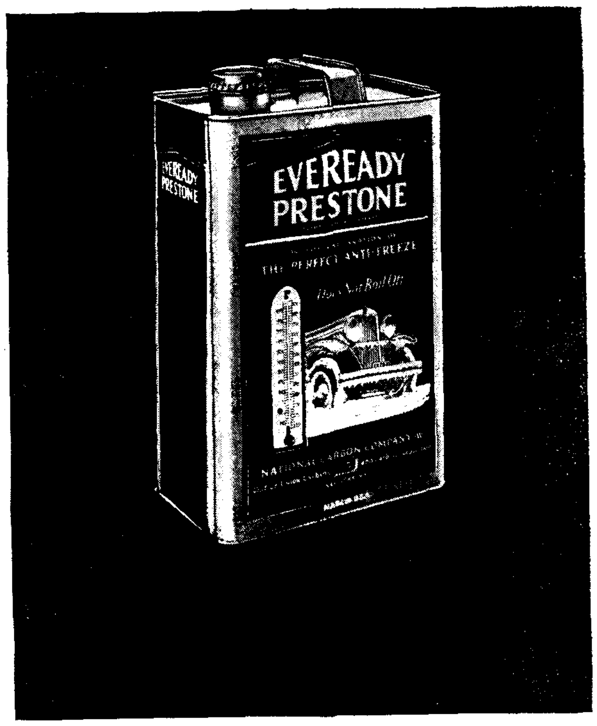

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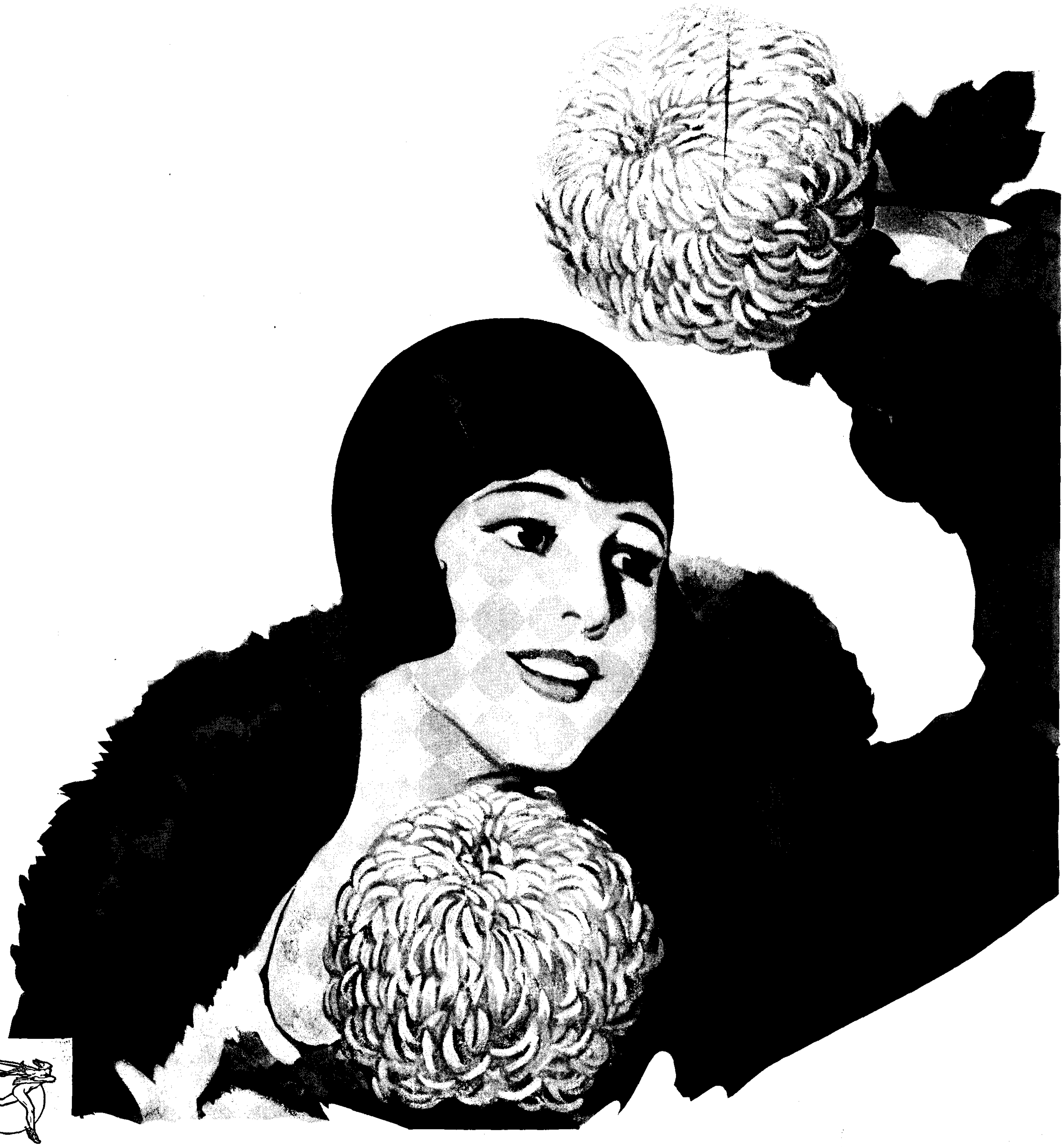

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Their radiant beauty will reflect an answering radiance in her smile.

'Mums are now at their best. Your florist has them in a gay array of colors.

It's 'Mum-time *send her youth's own Flower...*

the lady is both lovely and lively... if she is young in years and sparkling in spirit, then

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Say it with FLOWERS

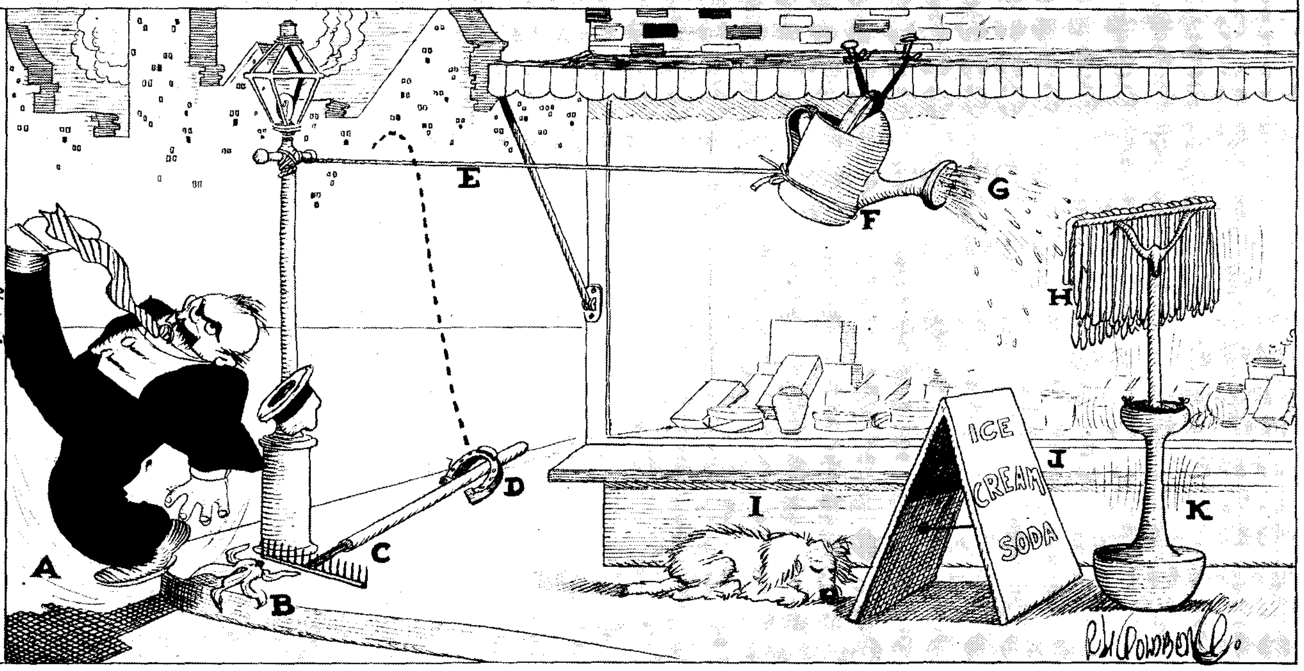
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS STANDS IN FRONT OF AN X-RAY AND SEES AN IDEA INSIDE HIS HEAD SHOWING HOW TO KEEP SHOP WINDOWS CLEAN.

PASSING MAN (A) SLIPS ON BANANA PEEL (B) CAUSING HIM TO FALL ON RAKE (C). AS HANDLE OF RAKE RISES IT THROWS HORSESHOE (D) ONTO ROPE (E) WHICH SAGS, THEREBY TILTING SPRINKLING CAN (F). WATER (G) SATURATES MOP (H). PICKLE TERRIER (I) THINKS IT IS RAINING, GETS UP TO RUN INTO HOUSE AND UPSETS SIGN (J) THROWING IT AGAINST NON-TIPPING CIGAR ASH RECEIVER (K) WHICH CAUSES IT TO SWING BACK AND FORTH AND SWISH THE MOP AGAINST WINDOW PANE, WIPING IT CLEAN.

IF MAN BREAKS HIS NECK BY FALL MOVE AWAY BEFORE COP ARRIVES.



Mandy Moves Up

Continued from page 42

"Ah, no!" he growled, completely undone. "Oh, God! Dorothy! . . . There!" He literally tore her from him, flinging her aside. "Good-by!"

"Good-by!" she cried, and the door was shut behind him. He was gone. . . .

Back in the paneled closet Gloster was waiting. After rallying him to the evening's work, the little brigadier had retired, as was his custom, to his room. Gloster had not proceeded then, to the orderly room, for he knew that Mandison would stop to belt and boot himself before returning to his desk, and that he would thereby gain some further fifteen minutes of leisure. Dorothy returned on the verge of tears, and she was not pleased to find the immaculate captain there.

BUT Captain Gloster was equal to the occasion. He knew just what to say, just how to look, exactly what to feel. Thus, when Brigadier General Mandison emerged from his room, belted and booted for duty, he heard from below the rich voice of a man who knew just how to express himself.

"Of course he is changed, Dorothy," that mellifluous voice was saying. "The war has changed us all. Some men it has made richer and stronger, but some it has seared and weakened. Lestock is through, poor fellow. Why, he even funks his job, refuses to take the air—"

"Gloster!" The little brigadier stormed into the room. "Get out of my house, sir! Take the damned weak heart that keeps you out of the trenches into a safer place than this, sir! Get out, Captain Gloster, before you're kicked out!"

Whereupon the gallant captain demonstrated that his heart was unimpaired, by departing, despite the fear which paled his cheek, with incredible alacrity.

"Dorothy!" The little brigadier's voice choked with fatherly emotion. Then, "Dorothy!" and his voice cracked like a whip. "That yellow-livered lead-swinger ain't worth the spittle to clean his buttons! But he's persuasive. He's oily. He's smooth. And he's stuck a suggestion in your silly young head that's filled it with doubts of Buck Lestock! Hasn't he?"

She shrugged an answer, pitifully raising her hands in her bewilderment.

"How do I know?"

"Leave it to your old dad!" he cried. "That scum said that Buck funked his job. Refused to fly!"

Abruptly the emotion went out of his voice. It became cool, purposeful, the voice of an executive.

"Major Lestock's getting orders tomorrow. Wing orders to take his men out on a job. A damned dangerous demonstration; and I'm going to show you just how reliable he is. I'm going to slap into those orders a provision that they're only to be carried out if the squadron commander deems it advisable. He can funk it then if he likes!"

Mandison sent out the orders before he retired that night, and thereby he provided Major Bruce Lestock with the appalling alternative of apparently showing the white feather or condemning his fellow officers to what he believed was an impossible achievement and a certain doom. Major Lestock was a brave man. He chose the harder course. It was on a Thursday that Mandison received back his orders.

Respectfully rejected by the commander of this squadron as impracticable, costly and inevitably abortive.

BRUCE LESTOCK, Major,
Commanding Squadron Fifty-eight,
R. F. C.

For a long hour the little brigadier sat by his fire with that incriminating message in his hand.

What was he going to tell Dorothy, now? Was the boy really changed? Had that slacking, prating Gloster spoken truth? What else?

Brigadier General Mandison refused to accept it. There must be another answer. There must. Lestock was the salt of the earth. He would stake his life on it! His life! The boy was as willing to sacrifice his existence for the cause as ever he himself would be!

His life! Damn it, that was funny! Stake his life on it! Of course! Why hadn't he thought of that before? . . .

"Sergeant! Get me a car! Now! Immediately! Got to go up to Saint-Omer!"

Chin up, lips firm, Brigadier General Mandison departed for the front.

MAJOR LESTOCK lingered over the all but abandoned breakfast table. He had put in a bad night, for the decision had been a hard one, rankling in his mind after he had made it. Hard, it had been, and unfair! A man has pride in his squadron. A man likes to think his own crowd can do the impossible if need be—if commanded to. But from the preposterous adventures of four years over that front, he had wrung a vast knowledge of his work—and he knew what Mandison's demonstration meant—a decimated squadron and nothing gained. He knew that, and with the decision placed in his own two hands he could not condemn his men to that useless sacrifice. Only pride could justify it . . . or orders; unconditional and unquestionable.

"My hat!" This, in vast amazement, from Dinnet, who wielded a coffee cup down the table. "Hang out your stocking, Major, it's Santa Claus!"

MAJOR LESTOCK was in time to see Brigadier General Mandison swept in his car by the messroom window like a determined gnome bent upon his devastating mission. Dismounted from his car, however, and facing the squadron commander, the incisive snap of the little man's sharp voice and the crystal-line sparkle of his eyes divested him intention of illusion.

"I have come to make a tour of inspection, Major Lestock!" he announced. "You are immediately to trot out a machine and run me over the lines! You've got to show me, Bruce, my boy, that the demonstration I called for can't be done!"

Lestock left the room. It seemed as though hours passed. Then the door of a hut swung open, and Lestock, clothed for flying, stood before Mandison with a leather coat over his arm and great fleece-lined boots in his hand.

"I think you can wear these, sir," he said impersonally. His lean face was excessively hard and grim.

"Thanks, Major. Good day for flying!" Mandison achieved a laugh.

An orderly was helping him into the weighty, cumbersome gear. Part of a nightmare, that. . . . And then he was clambering into that monstrous winged machine, painted somberly the colors of mud and blood, and Lestock sitting in front among his guns and gadgets, still hard, still grim, gaunt, the figure of Fate.

A spurt of violent sound, and the winged monster moved. Then, for the first time, Mandison became aware that a number of other winged monsters had come to life. All up and down the tarmac they roared and gasped and wallowed. Lumbering and lurching, their huge forms strove for places on the 'drome. Behind him they waddled like primordial birds of prey. . . .

Then they were in the air, soaring swiftly away, while the twelve black monsters which followed, picked up their formation behind.

A maniac chatter of sound shattered Mandison's eardrums. The squadron was warming its guns, but the little brigadier, not knowing it, scanned the skies for an enemy.

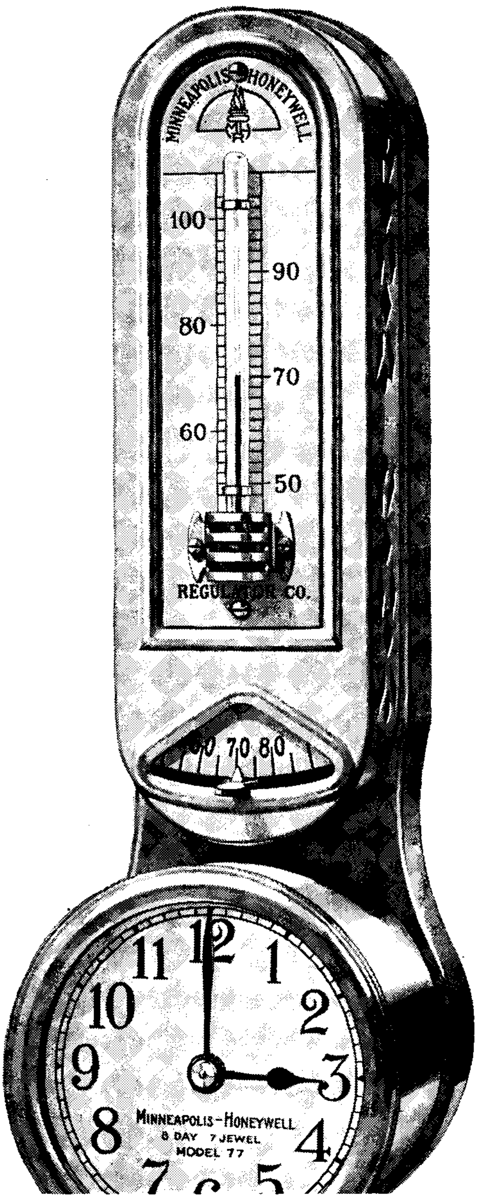
Suddenly Lestock shot forth one lean arm, and at the same time throttled down. The plane sank—Mandison could feel it sinking beneath him—and, as he frantically endeavored to see what Lestock had pointed out, the planes behind them started to cross above. With a blast of power renewed, the plane shot forward again, rising—and Mandison found that he was in the middle of a diamond formation with a V behind it. Five planes were in front of them, seven planes behind. . . . But what had Lestock been pointing at?

IT CAME, a burst of black smoke which seemed to explode in the midst of the V before him. Another burst and another, all seeming to envelop the formation in their blasts. Mandison found himself huddled in his seat, staring dumbly, without thought, at the back of his hand which was gashed and bleeding.

A streak of flaming white arose under Lestock's wing. Mandison turned, following it with his eyes, and then, suddenly, inexplicably, there was a white brilliance against the side of the plane above and behind them. A white brilliance, which smoked and fumed . . . and Mandison turned sick at his soul.

That plane was on fire. . . . The boy in the rear cockpit was climbing out. . . . Going to jump. . . . God in heaven! . . . And Mandison was staring back, horrified with the consciousness of the earth beneath. A storm of coughing, crackling anti-aircraft fire was bellowing above them. But Mandison kept his eyes glued on the stricken plane . . . on the boy who had climbed from his cockpit to jump. . . . No, not to jump. . . . Good feller! Brave boy! . . . Tears welled in the little man's eyes.

(*Continued on page 48*)



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Mandy Moves Up

Continued from page 46

The boy was beating at the flame with one glove. Climbing out on the wing until smoke, in a cloud, obscured him.

BLAM! Crrr-ough! It had burst in Lestock's very face. Mandison turned, aghast, heard the steel fragments tick through the fabric, and a machine below them, in front of them, was a plane no longer . . . a shattered horror of wreckage which was dropping, a smoking ruin, faster than eye could follow.

Frantically Mandison turned away from that sight. Frantically he waved his head about—and was in time to see the white smoke of the stricken plane behind him flame into red anger . . . veer downward, falling, flaming. . . .

A wave of passionate horror swept through the round little man.

"Lestock!" he cried. "Lestock!" he shrieked; but his voice was lost in the roar of many motors.

Abruptly the anti-aircraft fire ceased, and the formation straightened out, filling up its spaces. They dipped and Mandison saw a town below them.

The formation swung about, circling, and the notes of a siren filled the air. Rising moans and whistles—then the fiery baptism once again. The black smoke and white flame reached up, groping for them. They ducked and swerved and circled, avoiding it. Keeping their formation, evading the finger of death.

A gorgeous burst of concentrated fury filled the sky with a black field of poisonous gases, and the squadron swerved above it just in time.

"Turn back, Bruce, boy. Turn back!" The little brigadier almost sobbed his protest to the winds. And Lestock turned back. His face was grim. He was scanning the heavens. Then he began to work at some lever within his cockpit. . . .

ABRUPTLY, from sources invisible and unwarning it was upon them—the maniac chatter of the machine guns. He saw the observers of the planes in front firing coolly, carefully; saw the paths of their tracers, and the paths of other tracers which came from the skies above. With sickening instancy a huge black body swept down across their left wing; a plane which turned over and over—which burned angrily.

Lestock's shoulders moved and the plane dipped slightly, then zoomed, flinging Mandison backward in his seat. A monstrous, three-winged apparition was sweeping down into his face, spitting fire, roaring and wailing its fury.

Collision! No. Lestock swung out. A network of tracers streaked the air from the planes about them, and out of the tail of his eye he saw the three-winged monster flapping its way to the distant earth, one wing dangling in its wake. Horrified, Mandison saw one of their own planes beside them. It was there for an instant, yet it was in Mandison's eye for a lifetime. That plane of blood and mud, with an arm dangling from the forward cockpit, and a crimson head, lifeless, on the arm, and blood which trickled from the finger ends!

Then horror was piled upon horror for the little brigadier as a three-winged fiend dove down across their nose, and magically, a hole was in the shoulder of Lestock's leather coat, and the goggles were whisked from Mandison's eyes with incredible violence. A flaming chaos of mingled wreckage was falling upon them, as though the whole sky flamed and fell, and the bodies of men moved and wriggled in the mass.

Then it was as though the world turned upside down. Mandison became acutely aware of a sudden that they were diving.

He glanced anxiously at Lestock. The boy's shoulders were limp, the head was bowed. Lestock had fainted . . . or died. . . . Vividly the little brigadier recalled the desperate boy who had clung like a leech to the fuselage behind another stricken pilot . . . and he was old. . . . But he could fly!

Unsnapping his safety belt, he leaned forward and grasped Lestock's head in his two hands. Vigorously, sharply he shook it.

"Bruce! Bruce! Lestock, boy!"

Of its own strength the head was snatched from his hands, Lestock's shoulders stiffened, and with the little man bending over him from behind, Lestock gingerly took the diving plane in control, and soon they were flying on an even keel.

Exhausted, sick with strain and fear and horror, Mandison relaxed. Lestock turned a sheet-white face back to him and grinned. Sickly, the brigadier grinned back. But he was relaxed and impassive as a sick man might be when Lestock touched his wheels to the earth again at Saint-Omer.

He sat, slumped in his cockpit, while Lestock stumbled out. Dazed, he permitted young men to assist him from his place. Then—

Lestock! He must see Lestock! Where was he? Hospital! All right, he must go there. Now! Instantly.

They guided him to the hospital and he stood beside Lestock's cot looking down upon him. Wondering where the grimness and resentment had gone. Wondering at Lestock's gentle, mirthful smile.

"Bruce," he was saying. "Damned silly of me. I'm getting old. Ought to have known better." He tugged his white mustaches. "Corps Headquarters can whistle for their maps, Bruce. It can't be done, that's all."

LESTOCK was sitting up, staring at him, the mirth sparkling in his eyes, a certain richness of humor, a certain happiness in his voice.

"You don't know?" he wondered. "They haven't told you? We did it, Mandy! We did it! Got your maps and your pictures, all you want of 'em."

"Did it? Maps? Pictures?" In comic amazement Mandison subsided in a chair at the bedside.

"Yes. Maps. Pictures. What d'you suppose we were doing over Courtrai? Studying architecture?"

With a rueful twinkle Brigadier General Mandison was seeing the light.

"Courtrai!" he murmured. "Courtrai! Bless my soul! How could I know it was Courtrai?"

And his mind was a confusion of memories in which the limp form of a boyish observer vied with the battle and the weaving planes, and the horror—and the victory.

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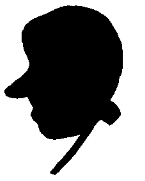

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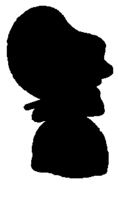

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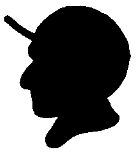

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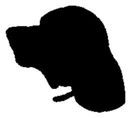

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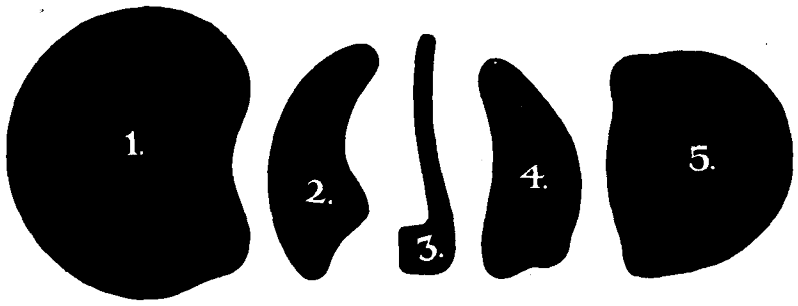

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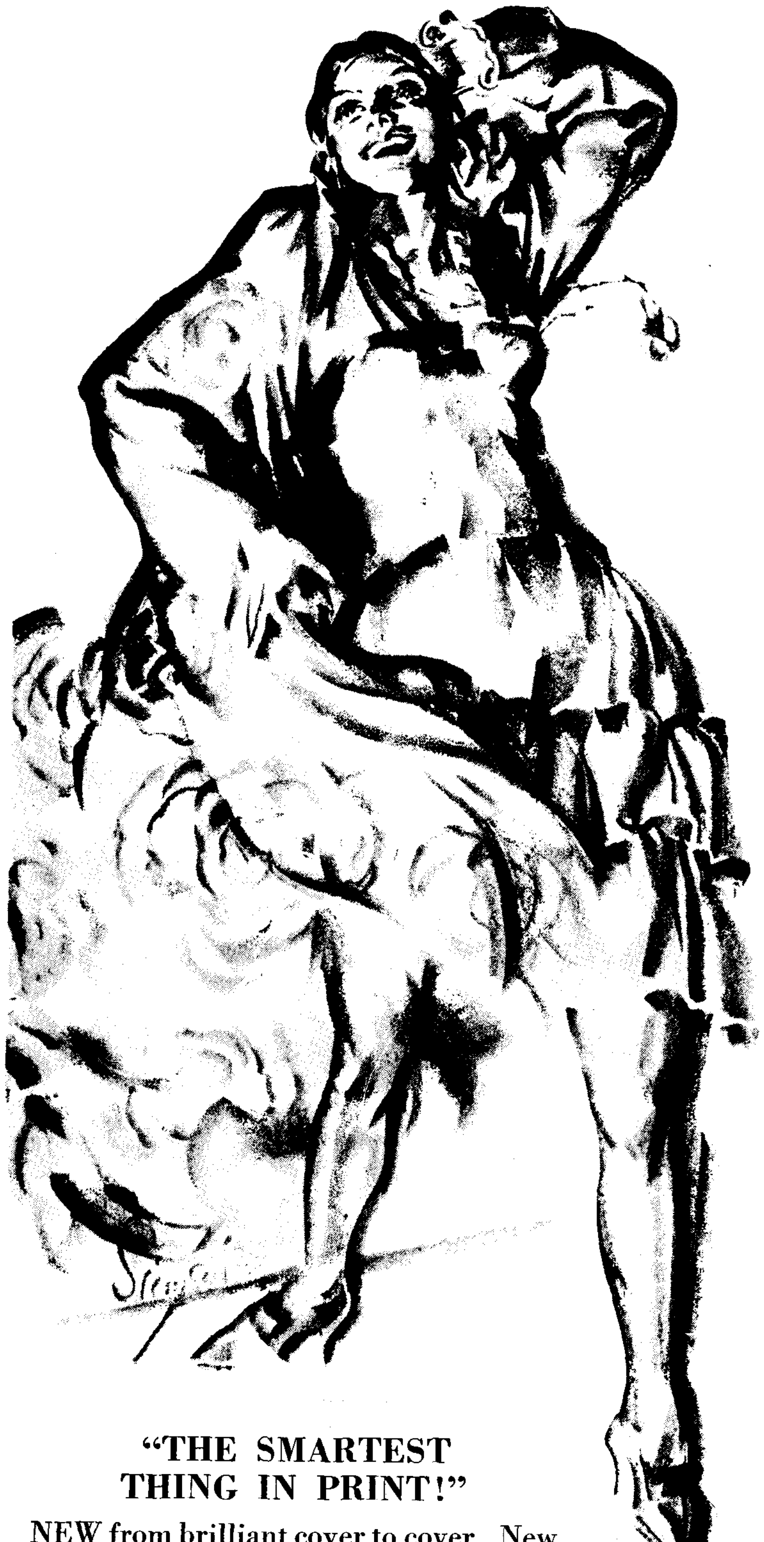

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Stout Heart

Continued from page 11

today," she expanded. "You're going to marry me. You're going to have a lot of money. A tall, dark man is going to bring us luck."

"Nonsense."

"It was in the tea leaves," she declared. "You can't fool tea leaves."

"By golly, it's Jack Barton!" a voice sounded behind her.

She looked up. A tall, dark man was shaking hands with Jack.

"For the love of Mike!" Jack exclaimed. "Freddie! Where did you come from? Freddie Carrington—Miss O'Brien."

"How are you, Miss O'Brien?" He turned to Jack. "I'm a movie magnate now—got a theater up at Valleyville."

"Pull up a chair and sit down," Jack said, eagerly. He explained to Katy: "Freddie and I used to be partners in Chicago—song and dance act. How'd you get the theater, Freddie?"

It turned out that Freddie's wife's mother had died and left $50,000.

"I bought one of McCarthy's houses—remember McCarthy that managed the Metropole Theater in Chicago? He made a pile in oil and his wife wants to live in Europe. What's this I hear about your accident?"

Jack told him the story.

"What you going to do now?" Freddie asked.

"Everything's going great," Jack said. "I'm singing over the radio now."

"Any dough in it?"

Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"Listen, Jack, can you raise thirty thousand dollars?"

"Can I talk Scandinavian? No, why?"

"McCarthy's got a theater at St. Thomas. It's the last of his string and it makes plenty dough. He's been asking three hundred thousand for it, but now he'll take almost anything on any terms. He wants to get away. I was talking to him about it yesterday. For thirty thousand you can swing it and the profit will pay for it."

"Gee," said Jack. His face fell. "But I could raise half a million as easy as thirty grand."

"Mr. Carrington," said Katy, excitedly, "how long will Mr. McCarthy keep the offer open?"

CARRINGTON grinned and drew a paper out of his pocket.

"I got an option—three months. I paid him a thousand dollars for it. Thought I might be able to sell it at a profit. It's yours, Jack, for what I paid for it."

"We'll take it," said Katy.

"Don't talk foolishness," Jack reproved.

Katy leaned over toward him and spoke earnestly. "He's a tall, dark man," she declared. "Get out your check book and give him a thousand dollars."

"I'll do nothing of the kind."

"Give him a thousand dollars." She was tense. "Give him a thousand dollars, or I'll scream."

So Jack gave him a thousand dollars.

"Well," he said, when Carrington had gone, "where do we go from here?"

"You'll buy that theater," she said firmly. "And we're going to get married. Take me home—I have a lot of thinking to do."

Tom Stone, Katy's boss, was in a low state of mind. He had just read a wire from the New York office which indicated that the recent product from the Amalgamated Studios was not doing so well. Flying Fools was holding up, mostly because of the sensational crash scene, but the remainder of the recent pictures were just so-so.

"We've got the best actors in the business," he said hopelessly to Katy, "and the best directors. Our talking stuff is recorded perfectly. What's wrong?"

"Stories," she said. "That's the weakness."

"There's nothing the matter with our stories," he countered. "Haven't we got Alfred Walker Dittinger out here, heading our story department? He's the best playwright there is."

"They don't get you—in here, someway," she answered, touching her breast. "Folks like stories that prove that right is right. You know—about poor and honest people who are happier than the rich and crooked. Ours lately have all been about gangsters and cabarets and flaming youth and wild adventure."

"Bosh!" said Tom Stone.

"Very well," she said airily. "It was just an idea."

"Ask Dittinger to come in here, please," he said.

THAT afternoon Katy dropped casually into Alfred Walker Dittinger's office to deliver a memo. Dittinger was a huge, kindly man whose clothes always needed pressing. He had his feet on his desk.

"Hello, Katy," he said. "What brings your charming presence into my untidy sanctum?" He pulled his feet off the desk and swung around in his chair.

"No office boys handy," she explained, "so I brought this memo myself. Nothing important. You look worried."

"Tom Stone has been making bitter comments regarding our stories—and the home office is raising hell."

"What's wrong with the stories?"

"Tom wants sentiment," he threw open both hands with a deprecatory shrug. "He wants a story that proves that poor people are happier than rich people. It's a lie, and everybody knows it."

"They'd like to think it was true, though," Katy advised. "But of course you're right. But you might—Mr. Dittinger, why don't you write a story about a boy, kind of pitiful fellow, who goes to a small town and reforms it?"

Mr. Dittinger laughed. "You write it," he said.

"No fooling. Take a town—one of these California oil towns where everybody has made a lot of money. Ordinary people, suddenly made rich. Their money breaks up their homes—makes people steal, and all that. Then this kid comes along. He's almost a tramp. He's always cheerful and fixes things up."

"Um-m," said Mr. Dittinger.

"So long," said Katy.

"Come again," said Mr. Dittinger.

Katy did not accept the invitation, but a few days later she met Alfred Walker Dittinger on the lot. She was about to pass with a nod, when he stopped her.

"That suggestion you had about a story," he said. "It may work out."

"Really?" she said, surprised.

"The only trouble is with this tramp character. He baffles me. He must be a young man with an indomitable spirit and I must have him perform some tangible acts that will influence the lives of others to see things his way."

"He could be happy, smiling, all the time. Wouldn't that do?"

"Oh, dear, Katy," he sighed, "you're no help at all. In the story I have a family, all of them going wrong on account of their sudden wealth. The father is about to steal a great deal of money—bonds. Do you think he would abandon the idea and give up his sinful ways if a tramp came around to the house and grinned at him?"

"I know," she said, suddenly. "Have him sing a song, with a sentimental chorus about mother or old-fashioned ways are best, or something. That will recall to these crooks the good old days. He sings all the time—and dances, too. When the father is going to grab the bonds he hears the boy singing. How's that? Not so good, I guess."

"Um-m. Songs are rather effective in the talkies these days. Um-m."

"So long," said Katy.

"Um-m," said Mr. Dittinger.

The next time Mr. Dittinger saw Katy, he was waiting for a conference with Tom Stone.

"The story, Katy, seems to be developing with some success," Mr. Dittinger said.

"What story is that?" she asked.

"The one about the tramp who sings and dances."

"Oh, yes."

"I think I have a masterful touch," he said proudly. "The boy is nearly blind."

"Blind!" she exclaimed. "Oh, don't do that! Not blind!" She shuddered. "Why not—why not, Mr. Dittinger, have him a boy whose arm was shot off in the war? Better still, a leg?"

"And have him dance? It cannot be done. I have a scene where he sings and dances."

"All the better. Don't you see the pathos? This boy dances, even though he has a wooden leg. He overcomes every obstacle, every one. Probably that's a crazy idea, though."

A buzzer rang twice.

"That means that Mr. Stone is ready to see you," she said.

"Thanks," said Mr. Dittinger. "Au revoir."

"Parlez-vous," Katy smiled.

She went to her desk and sat down to think. She clenched her fists. Would her plan work?

"Of course!" she declared aloud, reproving herself for a moment of doubt. Didn't the tea leaves say so?

In an office down town, Mr. McCarthy, rich oil man, theater owner, whose wife was in a hurry to go to Europe, was speaking to a friend.

"I'd like to sell you the St. Thomas theater," McCarthy said, "but I gave an option. A fellow named Jack Barton owns it now. He paid a thousand dollars for it. Maybe if you offered him fifteen hundred he'd sell."

"Where can I find him? That theater's a give-away at that price."

"Try some of the radio stations," McCarthy suggested. "I understand he sings nearly every night."

"I'll look him up. He probably doesn't know what it's worth. If I can get it away from him, I'll close the deal right away."

"Good," said McCarthy. "I want to clean up everything before I leave. I wish you luck."

A WEEK had passed. Tom Stone patted a manuscript that lay on his desk.

"Dittinger has written a natural," he said to Katy. "Believe it or not, I cried when I read it."

"What's it about?" Katy asked.

"A one-legged tramp who sings and dances. Through his influence he straightens out a whole town full of rich fools."

"Sounds good. Could, er—could I read it?"

"Sure. Read it and file it."

"File it?" (*Continued on page 54*)

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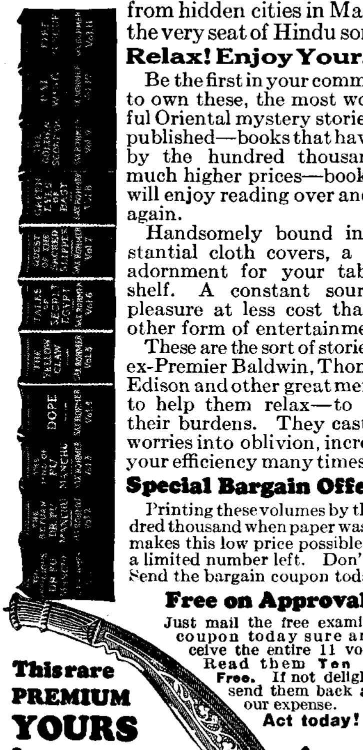

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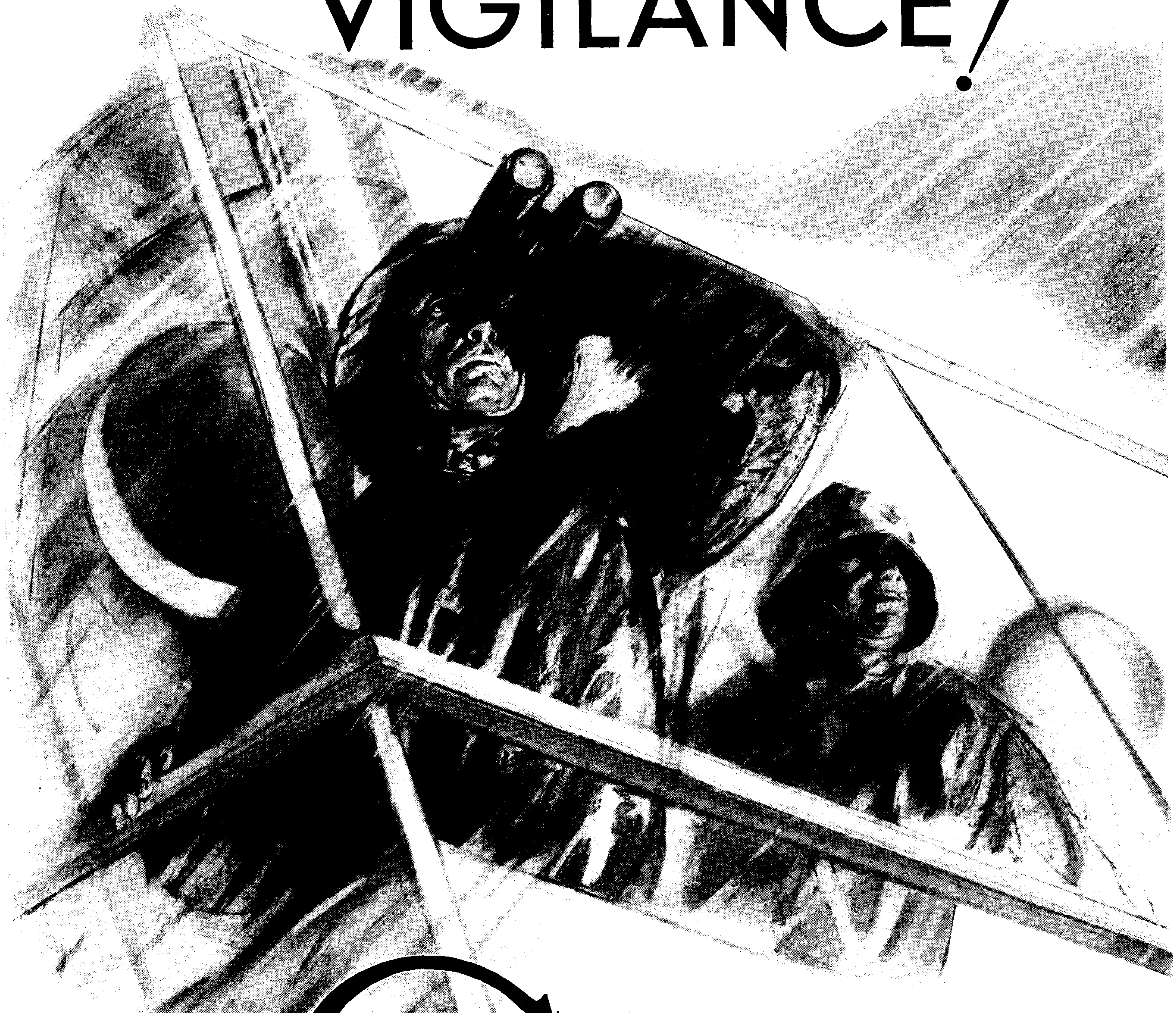

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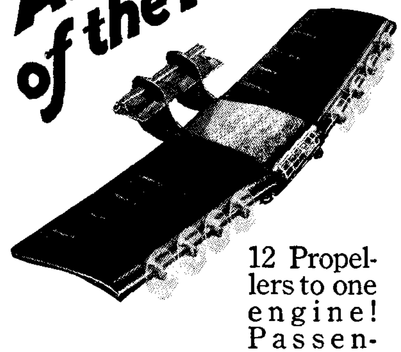

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Stout Heart

Continued from page 51

"It's one of those things. We can't get a leading man."

"That ought to be easy," Katy said, picking up the manuscript.

"Ever see any handsome leading men that can sing and dance walking down Hollywood Boulevard on one leg? Don't be foolish. It can't be done."

"What a shame," said Katy.

"And the trouble is that there's no way to change it. If you cast it with a two-legged hero, you ruin it."

"That's tough," said Katy. "I'll read it and file it."

She glanced through the story and put it in the file. Then she wandered out on the lot. Everything was working out. Tom Stone wanted to produce the story and she knew that he would pay a lot of money—maybe $25,000 if the stage was set in the right way—for an actor who could play the lead. And that, according to her plot, added to the money Jack had in the bank, would buy the theater and take them away from this hokum, to a normal life in St. Thomas.

SHE hummed a little song. An uneasy feeling stopped her. What could it be that Jack had on his mind?

The night before, when they were talking over a new song and dance novelty that Jack had developed, he had hinted that he might have some good news to tell her in a few days.

She reached the set where Edward Bracker, the star of Flying Fools, was working on a new picture.

" 'Lo, Katy," he said.

"Hello, Eddie. Seen Silvio Hostettler lately?"

"Every day," he answered. "Didn't you know that I own most of his night club?"

"You don't say! Must make a lot of money."

"Not so bad."

"Need any good acts?"

"We always need good acts. Why?"

"Jack Barton has worked up a great song and dance routine. It's a tramp specialty—he dances with a wooden leg. It's a riot."

Eddie's face brightened. "Say, that's an idea," he said. "That's a real idea. How'd he happen to think of that?"

"I don't know. Something or other just put it into his mind."

"Excuse me, Katy. The director's calling me. How is Jack getting along, anyway?"

"Great," said Katy.

"Good for Jack!" he said.

Jack Barton was bursting with news when he met Katy for dinner that night.

"What do you think!" he exclaimed. "Silvio Hostettler called me up and wants to see my new act. Maybe he can use me at his night club. Can you beat that for luck!"

"I always told you that you'd get the breaks. You know, Jack," she said slowly, "luck loves a stout heart. I read that in a book."

"How do you suppose he ever heard?"

"Oh, news like that drifts around. First thing you know you'll have a lot of money and you'll buy the theater in St. Thomas and—"

Jack laughed and shook his head. "More good news," he said. "I sold the option on the theater for two thousand dollars. Think of it! A clear profit of a thousand dollars!"

"You sold it!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean—" there was terror in her voice.

He nodded. "Today. The man offered me fifteen hundred but I held out for two thousand."

"But Jack," she cried in despair, "we were going to buy it and be married and—" it could not be true. This terrible thing. After all she had done!

"Honey," he tried to soothe her, "when I thought it all over I saw that we never could get the money in time. So the thing to do is to take the profit while we can get it."

"Jack, dear," she said softly, "you never will know what you have done. You—"

He drew a paper out of his pocket.

"Listen, honey," he begged, "be reasonable. Let's take this thousand dollars." He took a fountain pen out of his pocket. "You just sign there, and we get the money."

"Sign?" she asked, bewildered. "Me, sign? You haven't really sold it?"

"Sure, it's all sold—except getting the money and turning over the option. You have to sign."

She quickly pulled the paper out of his hand and started to read it.

"You were the one who insisted that I take this option—remember?" he said. "And we were all excited about it and thought maybe some miracle would happen, you know? So I had Freddie Carrington make out the new option to the firm—the two of us. See, there it is, 'John Barton and Katherine O'Brien.' You have to sign the release before we get the money."

The paper fell from her fingers. She slumped down in her chair. She took a deep breath.

"Let's wait a couple of weeks, Jack, will you, please? I sort of feel in my bones that maybe it will work out."

He argued. She argued. Finally he surrendered.

"O. K., honey," he said, and put the option in his pocket.

THE act went into the floor show at Hostettler's night club. It was not exactly what you would call a riot, but it was a darned good act. Jack Barton had a charm, he had a soft, crooning tenor and his tramp dance had been carefully laid out in a routine that brought real laughs. So well did Jack handle himself, so proud did he seem of his funny steps, that the customers found themselves wishing that they, too, had an amusing wooden leg to play with.

Katy sat in her office reading a theatrical weekly's kind account of Jack Barton's act. It was early, and Tom Stone had not arrived.

Suddenly the buzzer rang insistently. Her boss was in at last.

"Where's that story of Dittinger's—the one about the one-legged tramp?" he demanded, as she entered. She brought it out of the file and laid it before him.

"Don't you know Barton, Jack Barton the stunt man?" he snapped.

"Yes, I know him," she answered.

"Well, why didn't you say something about him? He's just the man to play this part." He pounded his fist on the manuscript. "Ask Dittinger to come in."

She took up the desk phone and told Mr. Dittinger that Mr. Stone would like to see him. Then she busied herself with some letters. Mr. Dittinger entered.

"I've got the man to play the one-legged tramp," Tom Stone announced.

"Wonderful! Who is he?"

"A fellow named Jack Barton—good-looking, one leg, sings, dances. Perfect!"

"I remember him," Dittinger admitted. "Lost a leg in Flying Fools."

"Well, why didn't you think of him then? Here I have to go out and dig him up. Went up to Hostettler's with Eddie Bracker last night and there was our leading man. It will be the biggest talkie of the year."

"Did you sign him up?"

"He's coming in this morning. Let's get going. We'll let Oscar Dibble direct it. Give him a script and get to work and we'll have a production conference this afternoon. We sure will have us some show, kid."

"Fine," said Dittinger. "That's fine. Gee, that's great. It's the best story I ever wrote."

"*You* wrote!" Stone said. "Didn't I give you the idea?"

"Sure, sure. You bet you did, Chief," Dittinger said, glancing at Katy.

"That's all," said Stone. "Get busy."

DITTINGER and Katy went out together. He stopped beside her desk.

"Didn't I hear somewhere," he asked, "that Jack Barton and you were," he held up two crossed fingers, "that way?"

"He's a nice boy," she admitted, putting a sheet of paper into her typewriter. "He'll be perfect in that part."

"Um-m," he said. "I'm beginning to see something. 'Why don't you write a story, Mr. Dittinger, about a poor boy who sings and—' "

"Excuse me, Mr. Dittinger," she said nervously, opening a notebook beside her typewriter, "I have a lot of letters to write."

"Now I know how the one-legged boy got into my story," he accused, "—and why."

Dittinger looked down at her admiringly. "You're a great little girl," he said warmly.

"Thanks," she said. "You won't tell?"

"Not a soul," he promised. "Good luck."

"It's been good so far," she smiled, and she knocked on wood.

Jack Barton arrived beaming, a few minutes later. She squeezed his hand, whispered a little advice and sent him swinging into Tom Stone's office.

When he came out, he had a contract in his hands. He rushed into Katy's office and threw his arms around her and kissed her.

"Your tea leaves were right, honey," he cried. "Gee, isn't it marvelous what luck I've had?"

"I told you it would come out all right," she said. She laughed happily and snuggled up close.

"You helped me though, Katy. I'll never forget that."

"How did I help?" she dissented.

"You had that hunch about the option—wouldn't let me sell it and—"

"It was the tea leaves that told us that," she evaded.

"And you told me to ask for $25,000 for making the picture."

"Shh!" she warned. "Never let Tom Stone know."

"I would have taken anything they wanted to give me," he said.

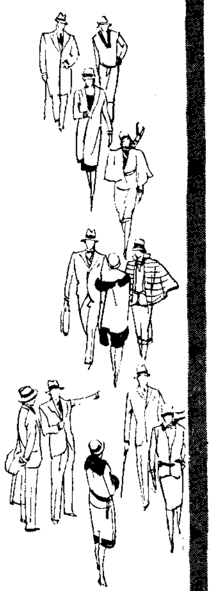
"Pshaw, Jack, that wasn't anything. I just happened to think of that."

"When the picture's finished," he gloried, "we go to St. Thomas and settle down and get a house. Won't it be swell? A real house?"

He leaned against the desk to rest his leg.

"I'm the luckiest fellow in the world," he said, holding her tight. "Sweetheart."

"And I'm the luckiest girl," she said. And she whispered tenderly, "Stout Heart."



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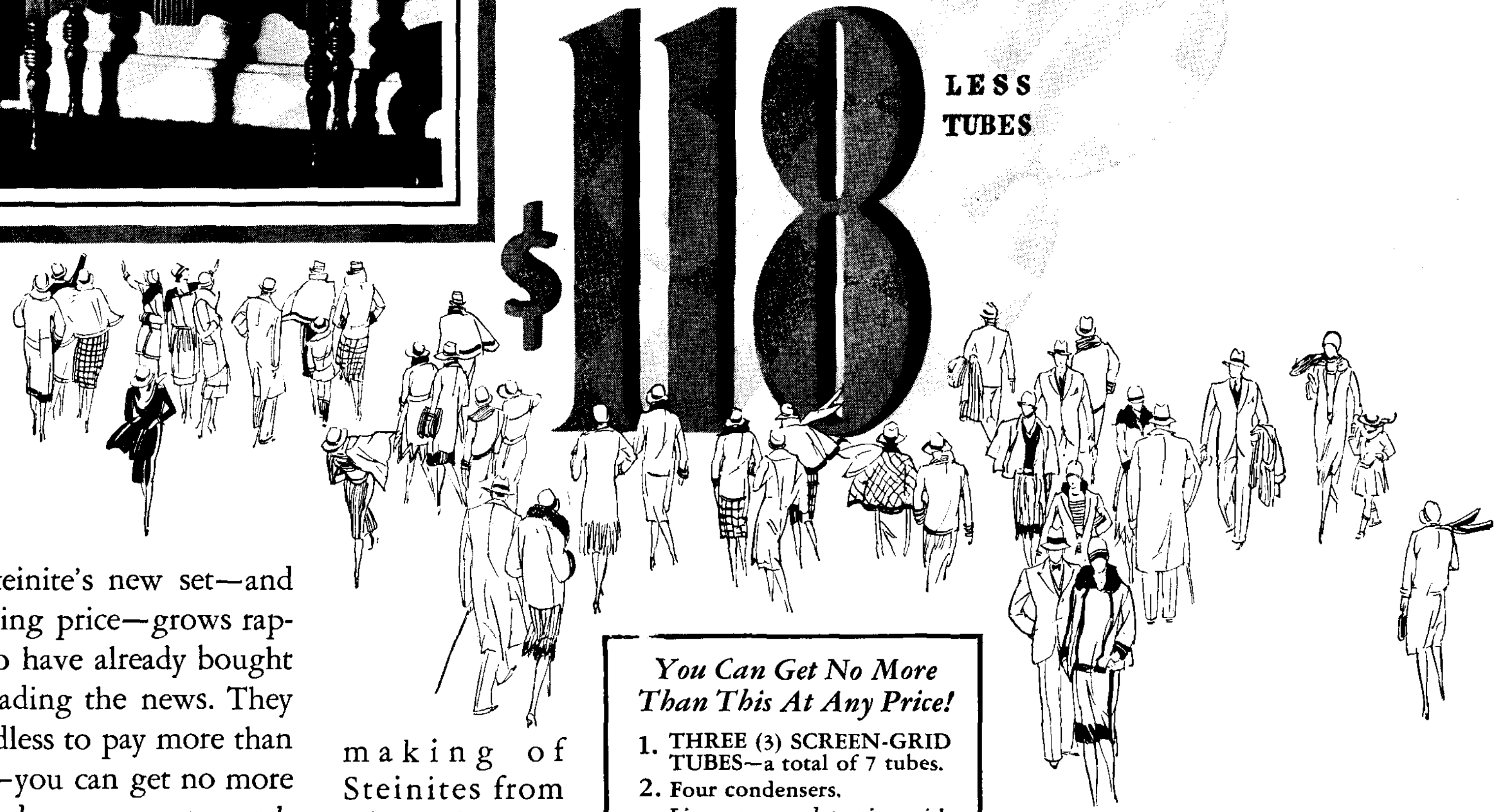

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And how do you like my new Royal Portable?
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color scheme of my room.

Then this new Vogue type. I never believed
that type could be so different and charm-
ing. It makes such an attractive looking
page that I want to write letters to every
one I know just to show off. And Freddie,
the crafty schemer, keeps borrowing it to
write his own things.

Let us know about the game "toot sweet".
Come out the night before if you can make
it. We're having a few people in to dinner
and I believe you'd like them.

As ever

Anne

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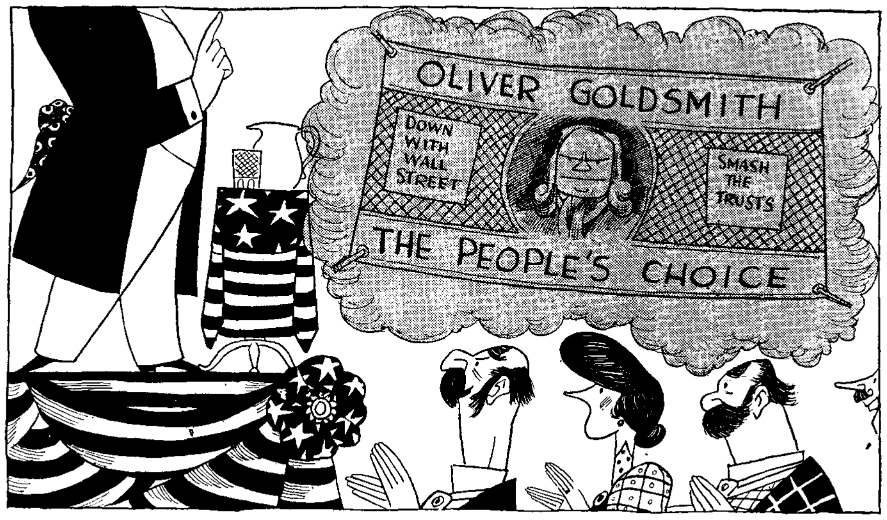


That Fellow Goldsmith

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

FASHIONS in politics change. Here we are in the midst of a fight in which the West is lined up against the East much as it was in the Bryan campaign in 1896, with the fundamental economic reasons much the same today as they were in that famous struggle—the low price of agricultural products and the comparatively high price of manufactured commodities.

At the bottom there is the same suspicion today as then that the economic system is working toward the concentration of wealth in a few hands. Then it was the monetary system which the West believed was operating to the advantage of the East and against itself. Now it is the tariff system which the West regards as favoring the East against itself. Once more the East is to the West what Bryan called it in 1896, the enemy's country.

Yet how seldom do we hear today the outcry against wealth in itself which Bryan raised. Bryan, who was nominated while occupying a two-dollar-a-day room in a cheap hotel and who lived to make a million dollars by his tongue, then sincerely believed and often said privately that no man could make a million dollars honestly.

Joseph P. Tumulty tells a story of that campaign. He was then a youth short of the voting age, but he already had a lively interest in politics. He attended one meeting where Bryan was scheduled to speak.

The hall was crowded. Tumulty arrived early and got a seat in the front row where he could have a good look at the hero of the common people. Bryan was scheduled to arrive late and there were a couple of local orators to keep the crowd entertained until the candidate arrived.

"Ill Fares the Land"

The first was an Irishman locally famed for his eloquence.

"My friends and feller citizens," he said, "we are gathered here tonight in one of the greatest struggles for human liberthy in the histhory of ar counthry and we shall listhen later in the avenin' to the greatest defender of the rights of the plain people like you and me that has ever risen since Thomas Jefferson. [Loud cheers.]

"Right across the river yonder is Wall Sthreet where all the money from ar pockets goes to swell the millions of the rich. Niver in the histhory of the worrld has there been such a system for attractin' the money from the poor to the coffers of the rich.

"Ye rimimber what happened to Rome when the rich used to throw a slice of bread with no butter on it to the poor. I tell ye, frinds, it raminds me of the lines of the immortal Goldsmith:

"'Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.'"

[Tumultuous applause.]

The next speaker was an old German-American. "My friendts and neighbors," he said. "Ve meet here tonight in vun of der oldest causes in der history of der worldt, der fight of der plain people for der bare right to exist. Ve know all about it, who, like mineself, came from Alt Europe. Der vere eaters of der people in der Vaterlandt vere I came from, der parons who helt all der landt and left der people who tilled der soil only a mouthful of dry breadt.

Da Capo

"I came here seeking Freiheit and findt dat you have your parons here too, der parons of Vall Streedt, der trusts and compinations. It puts into mine headt the wordts of your great poet Goldschmidt:

"'Ill fares der landt, to hastenings ills a brey,
Vere velt accumulates and men decay.'"

[Again thunders of applause.]

As he sat down a roar broke out in the back of the hall. Down the aisle through the excited crowd came Bryan, then in his youth, a handsome, magnetic figure, full of faith and hope.

"My fellow countrymen," he said, "I am glad to see all you plain people gathered here. You plain people with the ballots in your hands have it in your power to rescue our country from the perils which now encompass her. The plain people are in a majority everywhere. I have come from the West where the plain people have arisen as one man to overthrow the altars of Mammon over there across the river, to drive the money changers out of the temple.

"The concentration of wealth into a few hands has brought all the great empires of the past into the dust. As that great poet of the plain people, Goldsmith, put it:

"'Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.'"

[The whole crowd rises to its feet, roars and waves handkerchiefs.]

An old Irishman standing next to Tumulty nudged him with his elbow and asked, "Who is this feller Goldsmith, anyway? What office is he runnin' fer?"

Let Freedom Ring

Continued from page 9

outrages to communicants of those faiths and members of those races they regarded as inimical to one hundred per cent Americanism, they have now broadened their activities to include local ne'er-do-wells, bootleggers and ladies of uncertain virtue?"

Gatewood III nodded. "That is a natural outgrowth of their lawless assumption of power."

"The trouble is," his son went on, "that the nightriders have the countryside terrorized. Nobody has the courage to betray them. Well, I think I shall succeed in cutting the combs of our local roosters." And he chuckled softly.

"But you cannot tackle these animals until they tackle you," the old man protested.

"It will be part of my strategy to incite them to an attack upon me. The same strategy contemplates the selection of the battle ground by me."

THE following morning Lee Gatewood IV left Floriston and was gone a week. When he returned he was carrying two very heavy suitcases, which he stored in an upstairs room, a window of which gave upon the avenue leading up to the entrance of the old manor house. When he came downstairs his father said:

"Have you heard the details of the latest nightrider outrage?"

"No, sir."

"Fifteen of them called on Lucy Hotchkiss and her daughter and ordered them to leave Edenvale. They searched her house and found some wines and liquors, which they destroyed, although she claimed she had had the stock prior to the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment. Just to give force to their order one of the nightriders sat down in Lucy Hotchkiss' rocking chair and held the woman's head between his clamped knees while the official executioner spanked her with a razor strop. Twenty blows, my son. As they were leaving the house Polly Hotchkiss dug up an army six-shooter, ran after the scoundrels, rested her gun on the front gate and winged three of them before the party was out of range."

"Yes," said Lee Gatewood IV, "that was my old service pistol, and I taught Polly how to use it after I heard a whisper to the effect she and her mother were on the blacklist. What luck did she have?"

"Killed all three, God bless her. Then she loaded up again and prevented the mob from claiming the bodies. One of the dead men proved to be our sheriff; the other two were Kersey, the garage owner, and Ball, the tinsmith. Polly was arrested for murder and lodged in the Edenvale jail. I bailed her out and she and her mother are here with us now. I didn't know what else to do with them."

"You're a man after my own heart," his son exulted, and hugged the old man. "Fixed Finkelstein up with our bank in Birmingham while I was away—and now you and I are on the proscribed list. We're on it doubly, of course, since the Hotchkiss tragedy."

"Polly and her mother both recognized the man who held Lucy Hotchkiss while she was beaten, Son. Polly tore his mask off."

"He shall be given a similar beating, only worse, within the hour. Who is he, Father?"

"Mr. Brush, the banker."

Lee Gatewood motored into Edenvale within the hour, and found Mr. Brush in his private office, knocked him down, bound him, stripped him and administered to him fifty terrible blows with a razor strop, and fled back to Floriston Plantation.

"Now, indeed, are you and I marked men," he exulted, when telling his father and the two Hotchkiss women what he had done. "They'll visit Floriston, but not tonight. They can't organize and make a plan that quickly, but I have a suspicion they'll come tomorrow night, so, Dad, I want you to invite six of our most respectable neighbors to dinner here tomorrow night. We'll require them as witnesses, so insist that they come prepared to stay the night."

To the housekeeper he issued instructions to assign the guests to rooms in the rear of the house.

The Gatewoods were seated alone on the manor-house veranda about midnight next night. Their guests had all retired and father and son were sitting up, waiting to receive unwelcome but expected late visitors. Presently young Gatewood went into the house and his father heard him cranking at the old-fashioned wall telephone in the hall.

"Can't raise Central," he announced as he returned to the veranda. "They've cut our telephone line, of course, before coming here so we cannot telephone for aid. They'll not arrive until they're certain we're abed, and I imagine they'll send three or four men around to guard the rear exit and make certain we do not escape out the back way."

"They're coming," Lee Gatewood III announced casually, and pointed down the white shell road that led to the manor house. "Six automobiles. Count the headlights."

"Marvelous, Dad. We'll get enough for a mess."

All lights had long since been extinguished in the old house. Father and son stepped into the dark hall and closed the front door, but did not lock it; from behind the curtains in a room on the second floor they watched the approaching automobiles.

NOW, Floriston manor-house was surrounded by a ten-foot ornamental iron fence, covered with flowering vines. The resultant enclosure, to an extent of perhaps two acres, was given over to lawn and an old-fashioned garden, interspersed with a number of oleander trees. The road between the two tall iron gates circled around one side of this garden, passed under a porte-cochère, and circled the other side of the garden to join the main road again at the entrance.

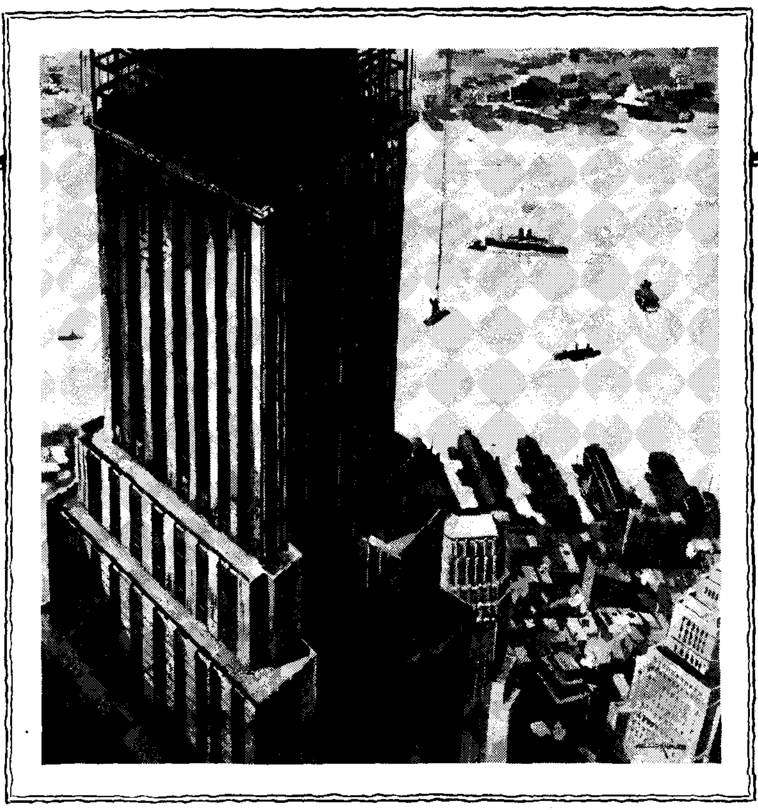
On the road outside the entrance gates the six automobiles parked and in the moonlight the Gatewoods could see white-robed men, with strange, peaked hoods and masks, alight and troop silently down the white shell path to the manor-house; in equal silence they congregated under the porte-cochère.

Meanwhile Lee Gatewood IV had donned a robe and mask similar to the nightriders, with the exception that the mask was larger and looser, the better to conceal another mask worn under it. Suddenly the telephone in the hall rang. Lee Gatewood permitted it to ring for about three minutes, then answered it.

"Your house is surrounded, Gatewood," a voice informed him. "Open your front door and admit the brethren If you do not, they will break the door in."

"What do you want? This is Lee Gatewood, Junior, speaking."

(*Continued on page 58*)



A Wall Street Epic

Written In Steel

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Starrett has established many new records in modern skyscraper construction in erecting this building—the tallest office building in the world. In less than two months' time four large buildings, which stood on the site now occupied by the giant skyscraper, were demolished and simultaneously the pier foundations for the new structure were put down. While girders were being lifted into place many stories above the street level, excavators were completing work sixty feet below the ground.

The Starrett Corporation, which owns a controlling interest in the Bank of the Manhattan Company Building, is a fully-rounded organization embracing building construction on a national scale, financing, management and equity ownership. Its securities afford an attractive field for safe investment with excellent possibilities for price enhancement.

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TOWER'S
TRADE MARK
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(*Continued from page 57*)

"We want you. Better come peaceable, because if you don't we'll take your old man and them two Hotchkiss hell-cats. We ain't after your father particularly, because we figger we can make him behave without getting rough with him. But we're sure goin' to manhandle you and if you object we'll manhandle your father and the women."

"What else do you want?"

"Want your father to draw down his bail on Polly Hotchkiss an' surrender her to the authorities."

"And if he refuses?"

"How would you like to see Floriston Manor in flames?"

"I wouldn't like that a bit. But I'm not going to open the door."

"Go upstairs," the voice ordered, "and look out a window to the south. In three minutes you'll see a red rocket arch into the sky. That will be the signal to the brethren to start the fireworks. Good-by."

THE Gatewoods went upstairs, and as they came the doors of their guest rooms opened and the guests emerged.

Then they saw the rocket. Almost immediately someone below tried the front door, discovered it was unlocked, and threw it open. The mob of nightriders surged into the hall and stood there in the darkness, until somebody produced a flashlight.

"Welcome, my brethren," Lee Gatewood IV called cheerily from somewhere on the landing above. "I hold in my hand a Mills hand grenade, such as we used to bomb the enemy with in France. I have several such grenades in fact, and if I toss only three of them down among you brave fellows the result will be terrible. Better back out, dearly beloved, unless you crave to fresco my ancestral walls with minute pieces of your worthless remains."

Half a dozen hooded and robed figures were halfway up the staircase before young Gatewood finished speaking. They backed down precipitately and there was a general rush to reach the door. As they retreated, Lee Gatewood bounded down the stairs after them and followed them out into the garden. Since he was attired as were his unwelcome visitors none of them noticed the addition of one man to their raiding party. While they huddled under the protection of the porte-cochère Lee Gatewood walked off about thirty feet, reached down into a flower bed, picked something up and hurled it into their midst. It exploded with a loud report; at half-second intervals other bombs exploded among them; as they scattered in terror a shower of similar bombs descended upon them from upstairs windows, on both sides of the porte-cochère.

"Tear gas," somebody yelled. "Good God, boys, get out of here before they blind us."

There was a wild rush across the flower beds to the front gate, but alas, some miscreant had already sneaked up, closed the tall iron gates and quietly padlocked them, with the result that the brethren found themselves prisoners in a two-acre enclosure. And as they rattled and shook the gate, half a dozen more bombs exploded among them.

On the night air, heavy with dew, the gas lay like a blanket over them; scalding tears ran in cascades from their burning eyes. With the gate locked and the fence unscalable they knew not which way to turn. A few men whipped out pistols, but seeing no enemy in sight, fired in the air in the hope of frightening the attackers. The sole answer was more bombs—only this time they were of that species known in the terminology of the A. E. F. as "stink" bombs. They loosed a cloud of the most dreadful nauseating odors.

From this new menace the brethren fled in even wilder disorder, but since they were quite without vision now, they stumbled helplessly over the flower beds, bumped into trees, wept, cursed, cried aloud and pleaded for mercy. Wherever three or four of them inadvertently congregated, there a bomb descended. And now the bombardier commenced to jeer at them:

"Lee Gatewood, Junior, is right here among you, my brethren. He's wearing the regalia of your order, so you didn't recognize him when he infiltrated among you. And now you *can't* recognize him. How dreadful! You're ruining our garden, but who cares? Let joy be unconfined. I have forty bombs left."

He continued bombing them, singly, in groups; he walked among them fearlessly, for they could not see him and he—well, Lee Gatewood was wearing an army gas mask. And when he had reduced them to a pitiable condition, he went back to the flower bed where he had cached his supply of bombs, and secured several pairs of handcuffs. In among the blinded, helpless brethren he walked, quietly slipping a bracelet on one wrist, then savagely jerking both arms behind the man's back and securing the other wrist. His supply of handcuffs exhausted, he went back for more; in twenty minutes the nightriders, all securely handcuffed, were lined up in a long row on the driveway. "Right, face!" Lee Gatewood ordered. "'Tenshun! Forward! March! Hep! Hep! Hep!"

He marched them a quarter of a mile, out of the gassed area, to a warehouse, where he turned them over to a group of Negroes. "Guard these men until morning, Jake," he told his foreman. "Did you men catch any of these lunatics guarding the back door of the manor-house?"

"Fo' on 'em, suh," said Jake proudly. "Deed, suh, we holds on to dese yere low white trash."

"Enjoy yourself, Jake. I'm going back to bed. Good night."

After breakfast came the Gatewoods and all their guests and gazed upon the sorrowful promoters of other people's virtue, while Lee Gatewood IV photographed all of them several times. Then they were loaded in motor trucks and taken to Edenvale, where the Gatewoods swore to warrants charging them with conspiracy, riot, forcible entry, disturbing the peace, and threats to do great bodily harm.

All were readily identified and all were horribly chagrined, for they were beyond protection by their brethren in high places now. Not a man in the county dared admit fraternal relations with the wretches, for the exposé had been too dreadful, too humiliating. They were duly placed in jail and there they remained awaiting trial, for no citizen dared incur public hostility by going bail for them; the attorney general came down from the state capital and prosecuted them and a just judge gave them each a five-hundred-dollar fine and a year on the chain-gang.

THE Gatewoods drove home from the county seat after the men had been sentenced. It was exactly six o'clock when they entered the manor-house—and from the butler's pantry a smiling black servitor appeared with two juleps in tall, frosted, silver tankards embossed with a coat-of-arms.

Lee Gatewood IV raised his julep. "Mud in your eye, old settler," he toasted his father.

"Let freedom ring," the old man replied.

They drank. After a while Lee Gatewood III cast a humorous sidelong glance at his son.

"You've enjoyed yourself, haven't you, you diabolical young rascal?" he commented.

"Didn't serve in the A. E. F. for nothing, Dad. Really, it was too easy. Still, I think the plan would never have occurred to me if those skunks hadn't taken to beating women. Of course I had to step in then."

"You never did forget that clout on the ear, did you?" the old man chuckled. "Well, I never did hold with the modern theorists who spare the rod and spile the child. One should rarely permit his hand to fall, but when necessity arises he should let it fall heavily. And you were just old enough to learn about women from me!"

"You made a firm impression," his son replied. "I'll remember your *modus operandi* if I should ever have a son of my own."

"The prospects for a grandson do not seem very bright from where I'm sitting. Isn't it about time you were looking around for a mistress for Floriston?"

"Sorry, old pal, but I wish we wouldn't discuss that issue."

"AS YOU wish, Son. Still, I can't help feeling restless about it. Oh, by the way, I have some news for you. You remember, of course, that old gossip about Lucy Hotchkiss? Well, while she was here under our protection she voluntarily confided to me the history of her life. The father of her daughter, Polly, was a brother of that man in Birmingham who sent her five hundred dollars monthly.

"It appears that about three years after Lucy Hotchkiss married him he deserted her for another woman. They went to Europe together and it wasn't long before Lucy's husband decided he'd been a little bit crazy. Reckon he got to contrasting his wife with this woman he'd become infatuated with and sacrificed everything for, for the upshot of it was he cabled his wife and asked if she'd take him back. She said she would—although she'd divorced him by this time—so he broke the news to his light o' love—and she killed him.

"His wife found the disgrace and humiliation pretty hard to bear, I reckon, so she came down here and lived under her maiden name, giving it out that she was a divorcée. Her brother-in-law was a decent sort, and, as he could afford it, he settled six thousand a year on Lucy Hotchkiss. So you see, Polly's legitimate, after all. When old Taylor seemed to be on the trail of her story she agreed not to prosecute that scoundrel of a son of his if he'd drop the matter then and there; she didn't explain to him and—well, people drew their own conclusions. I've seen the Lucy Hotchkiss marriage certificate and her decree of divorce; and I've seen Polly's birth certificate. Lovely young woman, Polly."

"I always thought so," Lee Gatewood IV murmured. "Glad to know you think so, too. She is cultured and virtuous and possessed of high courage. I suppose long ago I could have ascertained from her all that you have ascertained from her mother, if I had had the courage to ask Polly to marry me."

"You ass!" old man Gatewood roared. "Why didn't you?"

Young Gatewood's merry glance roved from the portrait of one ancestor to the other. "Figured you had your limitations," he replied. "Didn't care to take a chance on hurting your pride. I knew what I wanted, but—"

Lee Gatewood III got out of his chair and strode swiftly to the side of Lee Gatewood IV. "By the Lord," he roared, "I didn't complete your education." And he smote his son heavily upon the side of the head with his open palm.

Yes, a strange breed, the Gatewoods!

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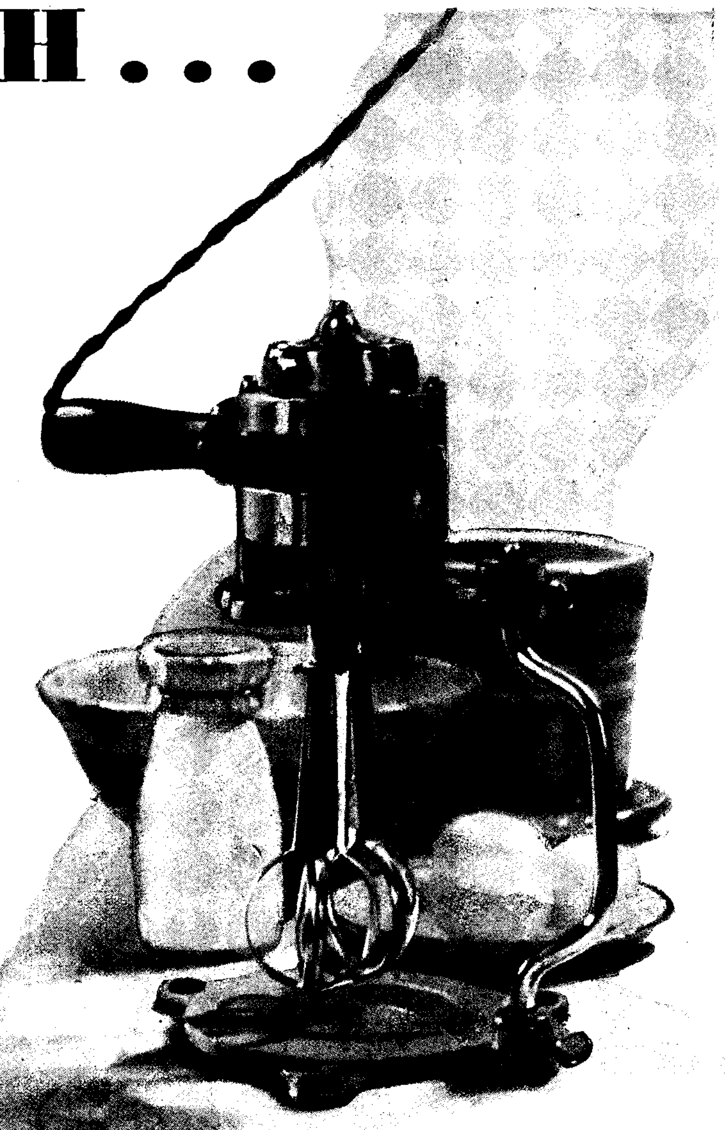

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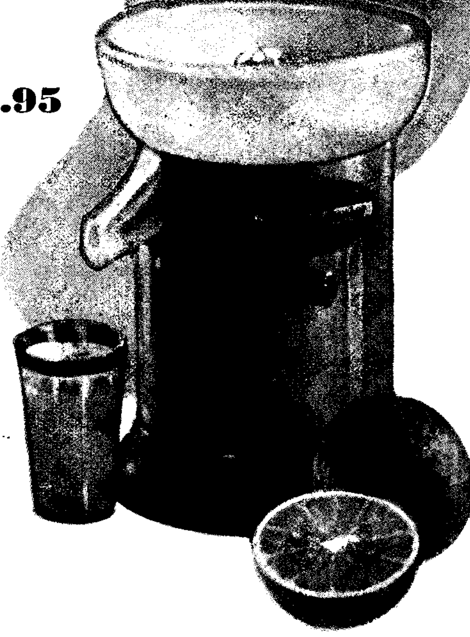

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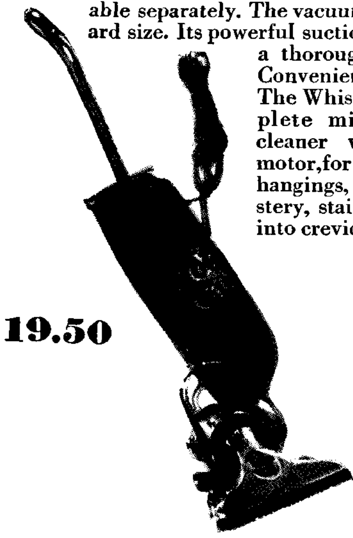

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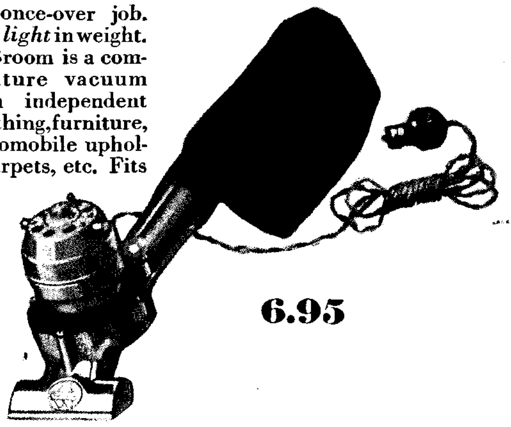

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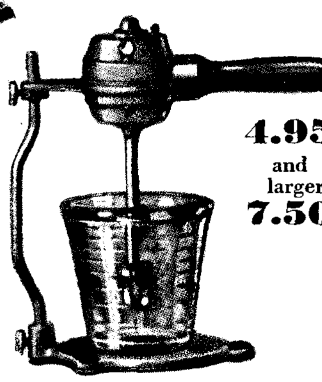

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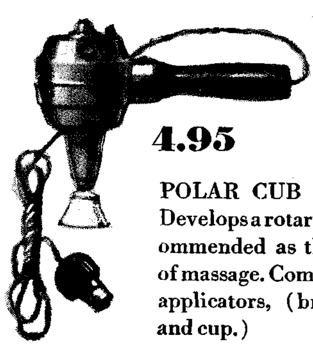

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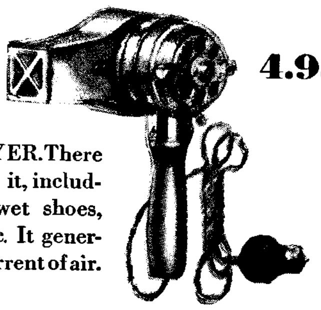

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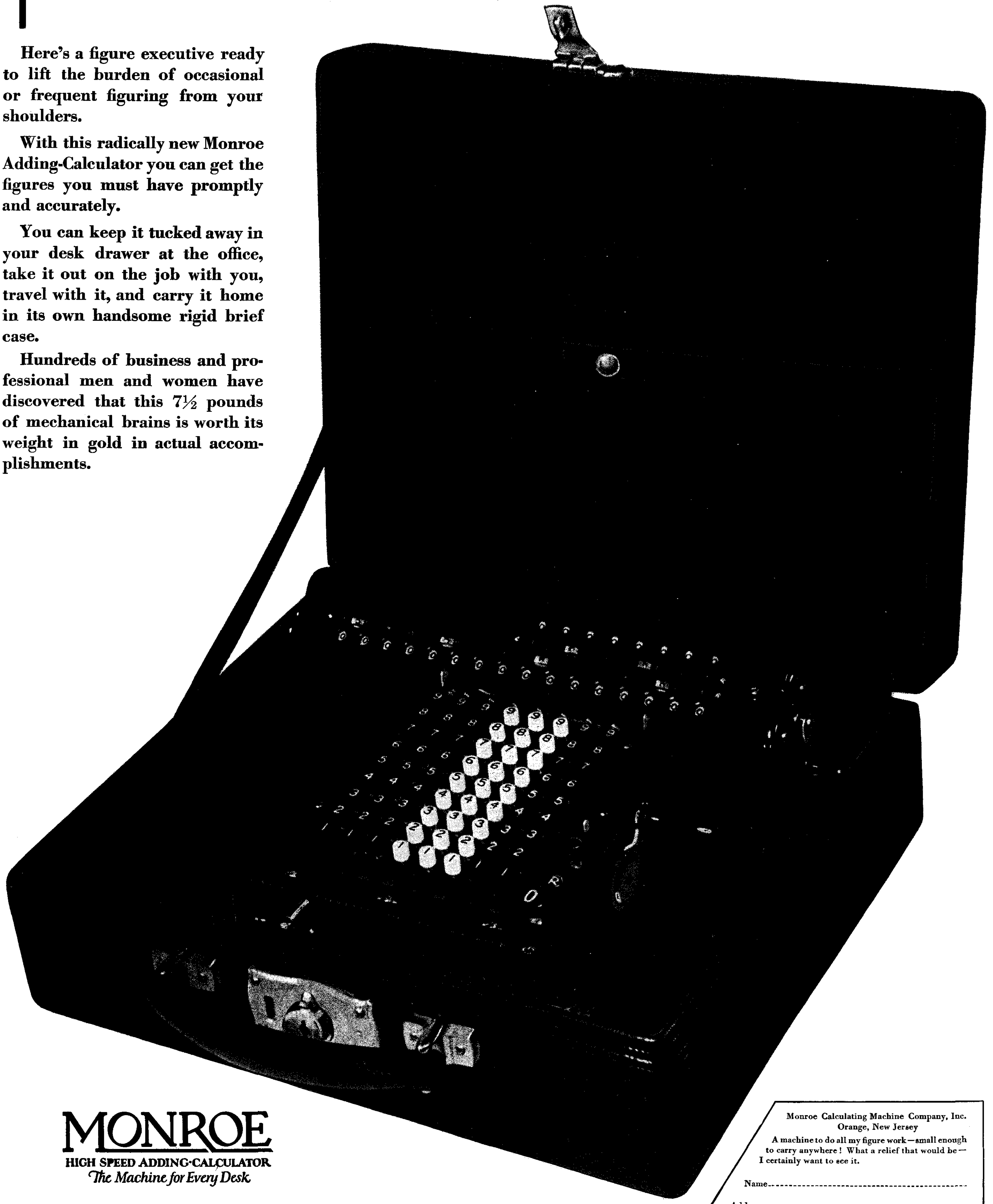

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The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 32

about his own business. He had some private matters to attend to in Dresden; now that his papers were signed, his compliments paid, now that he had been at the banquet, the ball and the parade, he was free to attend to these same affairs which, he insisted to himself, were the main motives for his return to Dresden. It was, in a manner, his native city; a creature dear to him was living in the suburbs.

De Haverbeck, therefore, took off his heavy State uniform, his sashes, his sword-belt, stars and collars, and put on a plain traveling attire such as any gentleman of no great note might wear, and was about to set out on his errand when a letter was brought him by a young lad, wearing no livery (as his servant informed him), who had gone without waiting for a reply or giving a name.

DE HAVERBECK thought at once: "She has written." But the note was not in her hand; it was on but a common piece of paper, fastened by a dab of wax that bore no seal.

He broke the wax and found a few lines written in odd and, as he thought, a disguised script.

The writer of this believed "that the Marshal de Haverbeck will be going this afternoon near to the cottage he once owned in the Bächnitz road. If when he has done his errand in this neighborhood he will turn into the little church—the Marienkirche—he knows of near by, where there is a tomb which is most familiar to him, he will meet a young gentleman who has matters of great concern to discuss with him, and he is prayed—and this is a matter meaning more than life or death—not to fail in the appointment."

This letter seemed mysterious to him, and it was more mysterious still that the writer should know of his intentions for that afternoon.

It was in the direction of the cottage he had once owned near Bächnitz that he was going, and his business lay, as the writer surmised, in that immediate neighborhood. It had also been his intention to turn into that church and glance, if but for a moment or so, at a certain tomb there, which was, as the writer had supposed, tolerably familiar to him.

He was not to be put aside from that intention by this letter, which he thought bold and silly, and he went about his business as he had intended. When he had ridden out to the suburb and seen the people who were the objects of his visit, made all his arrangements, paid down money and heard reports, which were all satisfactory and pleasing, he rode away into the wintry afternoon round by that shuttered house near Bächnitz where the poplars were bare in the garden and the empty cottage looked melancholy behind the barren vineyard. Then he turned away through a scatter of houses in a narrow street and came to the little church in a field, which stood apart from the dwellings.

De Haverbeck rode past the church searching for a place to leave his horse, and found a small inn where he dismounted and placed the animal in charge of an ostler.

A sprinkle of snow was falling from the light moving clouds. The church stood on slightly rising ground, and, as De Haverbeck ascended this incline, he could see the river below, gray and turbid and washing heavily at its banks, the horizon blotted out with the heavy darkness of snow-clouds. He took off his hat in the porch and went into the church. He believed it was empty and that his anonymous correspondent had failed at the strange appointment.

His step rang hollowly over the vaults beneath as he advanced to the familiar stone which he had come to see—a light shaft or pyramid within the chancel. As he approached it he saw that, standing against it, was the figure, hitherto obscure in the shadows, of a young man who might have been a clerk or a student, who was pacing up and down in a thoughtful way and shuddering in a heavy mantle which concealed his hair (that was caught in a buckle) and was folded across his breast in a manner that shrouded the lower part of his face. But this pitiful disguise deceived De Haverbeck, however, for not an instant. As he advanced toward the stranger he knew that it was Madame de Rocklitz, and such a grief and compassion came over him that he had to stand silent and look away, endeavoring to control the agitation of his spirit. . . . It seemed to him that all the world had turned lunatic and that he was in an established frenzy.

With great composure of behavior Madame de Rocklitz smiled at De Haverbeck.

"If you had known it was I, you would not have come," she said.

And he replied with a serenity equal to her own, but with a feeling and cutting regret:

"Truly, I had not come to see you thus expose yourself to weakness, or humor, or affectation—I know not which it may be."

"It is none of these," replied Madame de Rocklitz, "and you know it. See what a meeting place is here."

She put her hand on the marble beside her, which was to the memory of Angelique, the dancer, and bore the Latin epitaph that he had written with his own hand that stormy night last June.

"HOW did you know of this?" asked De Haverbeck, with some uneasiness.

"I have had for some time complete power," she replied, "and been able to gratify my curiosity. I have discovered all I need to know about your affairs and interest in Dresden, and of the house where you lived and of this grave, and it was not difficult to guess that you would come here this afternoon, for I heard that you intend to leave Dresden tomorrow."

"There is nothing," said he, "to keep me."

Madame de Rocklitz, who looked but little more than a boy, nay, but little more than a child in her male attire, walked up and down in front of the pyramid of white marble which showed ghastly in the enclosed, shadowed and livid light, and asked:

"All quite extinguished—no hope left—no foundation to build upon?"

"We consume our time," replied De Haverbeck, quietly, "in great waste; and you, madame, I think, face some danger in being here in this disguise. It must be that you have enemies and it is likely you are watched."

"Leave that," replied Madame de Rocklitz, negligently. "Never was anyone safer than I. You have had two opportunities to speak to me and would not. But now you must."

She added hurriedly:

"I say I know of your affairs. They have been under my observation. You see this marble. It has been cleaned and cherished. In the spring wreaths of flowers will hang here—to her memory—Carlotta Drezel and your love."

He did not answer, and she continued:

"Why did you come? You had no reason, no need—why did you come to Dresden?"

"I came," he replied, "because I had some duty here, and that ran with the Emperor's charge, and because there was no reason why I should stay away, Madame de Rocklitz."

She moved her cloak, which seemed to impede her breathing which was difficult enough, and fumbled with the clasp to set it wider on her breast, so that her lovely shadowed face was set clear against the high collar of fur, and the plain masculine cravat of folded lawn.

"You have not forgotten Arnsdorf, and the visit you made there?" she said. "Those times are the standard of my happiness. If there were any defects or disorders then in my life, I have forgotten them."

"Our lives are as we make them," said De Haverbeck. "Our days take color from our actions."

"Arnsdorf is deserted now," added Madame de Rocklitz, in a low tone. "My father and my brothers have grander mansions and finer estates, and —I—I could not well endure to return there."

"WHY do you speak about Arnsdorf?" he demanded sternly. "And the days that have gone, which are scarcely to be remembered without shame?"

"What else can I speak of?" she replied, hurriedly. "What can I talk of—I must make some device to detain you here. Nay, not to detain you here, for the place is but a charnel house and we stand over the dead."

"It were best that you returned to Dresden by whatever secret way you came," said De Haverbeck. "Do not put yourself in peril, and for nothing."

"Give me," she replied, "a little time. You may do that and not stoop too low. I was happy once, and it was snatched from me, early and suddenly."

"Madelon!" cried De Haverbeck, with a pain that had become too sharp for concealment. "What can we either of us say one to the other that will not increase that dark and bitter regret that now haunts and possesses both?"

Madame de Rocklitz, in a broken, inarticulate language of sighs, moved toward the church door, and he could not but follow her.

There she spoke, pulling on her broad-leafed hat and drawing it over her brows:

"We must walk awhile in the fields. See, we shall be visible to none. Because of the chill weather none is abroad—and who is there here to know you or me?"

The clouds were overspreading the last glimmerings of light in the sky, and the snow was falling thicker, staying for a second on the dun-colored furrows, then vanishing into the earth.

" 'The grass withereth and the flower fadeth,' " quoted Madame de Rocklitz, with a faint and awful smile. "What are we but as the flowers of the field? Though I may have more heat and luster than others, I shall soon be as low as the lowest. See how this spot of ground is decked with death, graves and stones that tell of loss and mourning! Look at the sky so wintry and so sad, and all these blighted fields, and the gray river that seems to tumble to oblivion! Look on this and turn, my beloved, to life!"

(*Continued on page 62*)

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Established 1851
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(*Continued from page 61*)

She spoke these words in the softest whisper, looking toward him and leaning on his arm. But De Haverbeck clasped his hands behind his back so that she was deprived of his support and must proceed alone.

Walking without direction they came to the bank of the river where there was a small path lined with broken reeds and set with gnarled willow trees. There they paced up and down under the light snow of the low sky, in the increasing dusk.

"I will not ease myself by vain complaints," said Madame de Rocklitz, passionately. "You may guess that since I sent you away, my life has not been so agreeable."

De Haverbeck glanced at her through the chilly dusk.

"I am astonished at our common fate," he sighed, "that we two should be walking here now and talking thus and talking vainly."

"Vainly," repeated Madame de Rocklitz. "Not vainly. You must not judge me as you would another woman. I have been ambitious—you should understand that my father, my brothers too—"

DE HAVERBECK appeared greatly troubled. He looked at the river, and said in a low voice:

"Your father and your brothers—you make them responsible?"

"No," she said, resolutely, "they would never have thought of it—'twas I who sold myself the night I sent you away—because you had gone, because we were ruined—because I did not properly understand."

"And you have had your price, I suppose?" he said bitterly. "There is no more to be said. Let us return to Dresden, Madelon, and take up our lives. Indeed, I was at fault to leave Vienna."

"You would have stayed away if you could," she replied, with a note of wild triumph in her voice. "But you could not. You had to come. All these months you have been thinking of me, as I of you. When I sent the summons you had to come, my love."

He did not answer, and they paced side by side up and down the snow-smitten path, wrapped in their cloaks—the barren fields one side and the gray river the other, the low banked gray clouds overhead, a little wind whistling close and bitter about their ears, and the icy flakes on their mantles.

She peered up at his dark face, at the outline and color of it, the dearer to her, the more cherished in her heart because of the shadow of suffering and fatigue she saw there.

"You have been successful," she said; "you have been triumphant—and may be a prince."

"Did I not tell you I knew my fortune would be high, Madelon?" he answered, quietly. "Did I not tell you, and ask you to share it?"

She paused in her pacing, as if suddenly and completely exhausted, and begged him in a tone that implored compassion, to lend her his arm, to help her over the heavy ground.

But he would not touch her, and answered:

"You cannot beguile me, Madelon. In truth, you cannot beguile me. You've touched a spring which is broken, and set no machinery in motion. Let me take you to the inn and give you a glass of wine, for you look chilled and, I daresay, are fatigued."

"And tomorrow you are to leave?" whispered Madame de Rocklitz. "Tomorrow you are to go away?"

"And no inducement," he replied, "will ever bring me on any errand to Dresden, again."

He turned aside from the river to cross the fields and she followed him to the inn where he had left his horse.

There he asked for the parlor, and they entered the small room at the back, where the thick kitchen candles with a common wick were hastily lit.

She could not drink the wine they set before her. It choked in her throat. She sat down at the table and, with her hands clasped before her on the rough stained board, entreated for his kindness and his compassion.

"Close your eyes to what I have done, to what I am—think of me only as someone who has always loved you, and that's true enough, Delphicus, that's all the truth I've ever known, I think. Why did you go away—why did you let me be such a jealous little fool—why did you not force me off with you then? I did not know. I did not understand."

"Madelon," he interrupted, quietly, "make an end of this; what you put between us ended love and almost compassion."

"No," cried Madame de Rocklitz. Her eyes were half closed, her elbows on the table, her fingers pushing up her bright and tangled gold hair. "No, not past compassion. You cannot realize what I suffer. I am afraid, I am haunted, I am terrified!—because I think that life is going by and all the good it might offer with it. If you never loved me, I might as well never have been born, for it is but a spilling out of beauty and a wastage of days and nights, a mocking of the sunshine. And can you," she cried, opening her eyes on him, "hear me say that with the dry sullenness of a stoic?"

"You talk," said De Haverbeck, sadly, "and I do not hear you. Your voice no longer means anything to me, Madame de Rocklitz; and it seems to me there is no command on me to pity you—you have chosen deliberately and been well rewarded for your choice."

He turned away in a sudden hurry and impatience, and she feared that he would be gone, so cried out and stayed him at the door.

"And you believe, perhaps, that I tried to entrap you here for a light jest or folly?"

"And if I did," he answered, with a distension of his nostrils and a lift of his lips, which gave a hard look to his dark face, "would it not be warranted by your general character, which has mists and clouds so thick upon it as to block out any sparkle of tenderness I once may have held?"

SHE stared, startled at these words which were as the words of one who has gone past reproach and anger and become indifferent. Yes, staring at him, listening to him, she was forced to believe that he was indifferent.

"I do advise you," urged De Haverbeck, in tones of quiet courtesy, "to return before you put yourself in peril, though I doubt not you have your ways of coming and going, and will smile at my poor advice."

Madame de Rocklitz sprang up, only retaining sufficient self-command to hush her voice, remembering that she was in a public place.

"Delphicus, you must not speak to me so coldly. Do you not see I am in despair? Frightened? Did you not observe the people today? How they glared at me as I rode past? 'The Rocklitz, the Rocklitz,' I heard them say, as if it was a curse."

De Haverbeck returned to the table.

"Hush, Madelon, you will betray yourself. Why should you be frightened? You have your father, your brothers, the creatures you have attached to yourself."

"But all depends on me. Supposing *he* tires of me."

"There are other men, Madelon—many men, who would give you everything."

"But not you?"

"I never wanted you in that way." He spoke tenderly, and that was terrible to Madame de Rocklitz, for his kindness seemed to be for a weak, wretched woman, not for Madelon. He was concerned for her, tried to get her to drink the wine, urged her to compose herself, feared she would be ill. "If he still loved me," thought she, "he would not be so gentle." Yet his mere compassion was better than his departure.

"You do not know how I have to scheme and defy. They have cast me out from the Church, you know, and this witchcraft—"

"Hush!" He put his hand on hers as they trembled before him, outstretched in anguish, and clasped them firmly. "This is a sharp and unnecessary distress, Madelon. Perhaps I was too harsh. There was no need. Indeed I pity you, poor child. But I believe you wrong the Elector. I think he loves you, and that is more than you deserve, poor Madelon. Yes, my dear, he loves you and will never see you affronted or suffering."

"Loves me? I don't know. It is like an obsession, a charm, everyone says so—sometimes he feels it himself—sometimes he seems afraid of me, and I"—she snatched her hands away and put them to her face—"am nothing but his slave—in his power, at his service always. And I feel sick, sick and begin to loathe him."

DE HAVERBECK endeavored to soothe, to comfort her, but in a detached, impersonal way that increased her agony.

"You speak to me," she returned hoarsely, "as if I was a puppet. I am a woman—who loves you."

"You deceive yourself," he replied, sadly. "You never loved me, my dear, or you would have come with me on any terms, no matter what your brother said. You sneered at me, Madelon. I have tried to forget it, but too often I see your face with that look on it—I knew then there was no hope for us."

"I was jealous," sobbed Madame de Rocklitz, dryly in her throat. "Jealous!"

"Of my poor little mistress, whom I never placed in the same sphere with you. And you never waited to hear what I could say about that. And even then she was dead."

"I did not know—I did not know."

"Had you loved me, you had trusted me, surely. I have never been a profligate, nor sunk in debauchery. Angelique was honest and kind, and my relations with her were not vile. You could hardly have had a suitor, Madelon, whose youth had been less entangled."

"I did not know. I did not know."

"Well, good-by to you, Madelon. Contrive it so that we do not meet again. I shall go to my estates tomorrow, and, it may be, straight to Vienna."

"What shall I do?" she whispered as if to herself. "What shall I do?"

"Be constant to your lover," he advised. "Snatch at least fidelity out of it. Surely, if you remain faithful to him, you'll ease your own conscience. There is much good in him, and he trusts you, Madelon, completely."

He left her on that with such abruptness that she had no time for words or movement.

She heard him depart—a sound that she had been dreading to hear for hours; then rose stiffly, in full command of herself again, and adjusted her disguise, hid her hair in the collar of her cloak, pulled down her hat, left the inn, and walked steadily to the place where she had appointed her groom to meet her with her horse.

It was not the first time that she had been to this suburb; she had often paid visits to a small mansion and to an empty house by the little Marienkirche on the Bächnitz road. There was no reason why the man should associate this visit of hers with Marshal de Haverbeck. She felt, therefore, safe with him, and would so have felt had she been in any mood to consider any manner of safety. As it was, she dismissed him when, the dark full on them, they reached Dresden, told him to take the horses secretly to the Marstall, and did not return either to her own house in the city or go to her apartments in the Aridenschloss, but hurried on foot to a side street which had an ugly reputation, and knocked at the decorous front of a tall blank-fronted house, which was known to be the abode of many forms of dishonor and even crime.

When the heavy door was opened by a trim and cautious maid, Madame de Rocklitz asked for one of the mistresses of this terrible establishment—Françoise de Rosny; the favorite was recognized and admitted instantly.

Madame de Rosny sat over a clear glowing fire in the neat greenish parlor, and worked precisely at a tambor frame. Her ashy-colored grim features lightened with a chill expectancy when she saw Madame de Rocklitz enter—without cloak and hat now, with her curls flowing in masculine fashion onto her shoulders and bosom, and looking to Madame de Rosny's shrewd, amused glance, like a lovely copy of Casimir when he was in his first youth, almost his childhood, and had first come to this house to learn degradation, vice and ruin.

"I'm cold," muttered Madame de Rocklitz, wildly. "I'm cold." And she huddled over the fire and stretched out her small hands.

"You are in trouble?" inquired the governess, quietly, slipping her needle in and out of the canvas. "I glanced at you at the review today—I was there among the crowd as one of your humble subjects, and thought you seemed peeked high enough up, Madelon."

"An outcast must use an outcast's weapons," muttered Madame de Rocklitz, staring into the fire.

"What do you want, my dear, what do you want?" asked Madame de Rosny. She pushed her hood back a little and stared at the Rocklitz and then laughed—a gross and bitter laugh. Madame de Rocklitz turned at this sound and gazed at the erect, decent, russet and gray-hooded figure in the high-backed chair.

"I mean," she said, "that, if among your drugs and potions there was one that could make a man love a woman, or make a man who does love a woman already unlock his soul and tell her so—"

CHUCKLING silently, Madame de Rosny laid her work down on her knees and placed her long knotted fingers on top of it, drumming on the tambor frame. "If there was such a drug, you would give a good price for it, I daresay—as many women would, I suppose. The men aren't all so easy and loving, and they tire too. There is many a lover held by charms—but the price is high—and many pay it."

"But few could as I would," whispered Madame de Rocklitz. "I have the key to the Elector's vaults, and he neither knows nor cares what I might take away and sell, and I have a pension now from the Allies. Money is being poured into my lap, Madame de Rosny, more than I know what to do with—money and jewels and chances, and offices to sell. . . ."

She paused, panting, and gazed, half-puzzled, into the older woman's gross face.

Madame de Rosny leaned forward and peered into the anxious countenance so near to her own:

"Delphicus de Haverbeck," she smiled.

(*Continued on page 64*)

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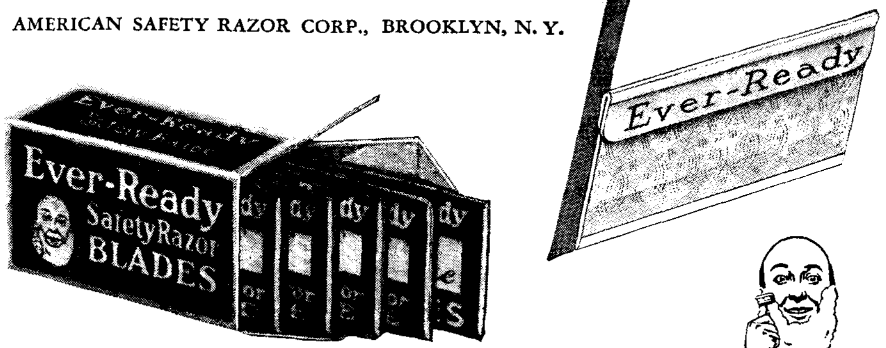

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(*Continued from page 63*)

"I knew it would come to this. And you want a drug to stir his stoic blood, eh?"

Madame de Rosny neatly and quietly folded up her work.

"As well to take all precautions, then."

"I thought," breathed Madame de Rocklitz, with her hands to her forehead, "I could have done it without your help. But I could not, it seems. I saw him today, and I could not rouse him. He has seen me paraded in splendor, he has seen me humbled—and still he is indifferent. Tomorrow he leaves Dresden. I have only got tonight. . . ."

"So deep in love?" sneered the ancient governess. "And you might have had him once! Now you say he's cold, eh? I always detested him—he plays at virtue."

"Surely," whispered the Rocklitz, "if once he loved me, once embraced me, he could never leave me again. Surely I could hold him if once he even kissed me—and even if not. . . . Anything rather than that he should leave me like this—stoic, kind, indifferent—do you hear, anything?"

Madame de Rosny rose and, with dry fingers, flicked her stiff russet dress into precise folds.

"You were always rather perverse," she said, in a tone of rebuke. "I had that difficulty with you from the first. What you want to do is very dangerous."

"I will be careful," pleaded Madame de Rocklitz, in a low, hurried whisper. "If it were more difficult than it is I would be impelled to do it. There is no harm. It is but a drug, you say?"

The other woman did not reply to any of this.

"You're sure you've not been watched?" she demanded sharply.

"No, no. I have a certain liberty to go about. The Elector is occupied with business today. I shall be back before he misses me."

"And tonight—if he asks for you?"

"You said—I could make him sleep?"

THE ancient governess pursed up her lips with smiling malice; the Rocklitz, she believed, was doomed, through her own folly.

"Bah!" she cried, licking her lips. Then again—"Bah!" She flicked her hands together as if to brush dust off them. "A sleeping draught—a love potion—and something if both fail? I usually sell them together."

"What is the fee?—I have little with me now."

"Then you will return and get it. I must have at least an earnest."

The Rocklitz put her hand in her pocket and pulled out the golden egg, which she had observed lying carelessly on her table, and brought with her, idly.

The ancient governess turned over the costly toy and marveled at the madness that parted with so damning a piece of evidence.

"I must have that back," panted the Rocklitz. "Keep it as a pledge. I can send you money or diamonds in the morning."

"I wonder how long," smiled the other to herself, "you'll handle either."

"I entreat you give me the—give it to me. I am desperate. I have much to arrange. I must not pause to consider. It cannot harm him? It is all a delusion, perhaps—yet I have been assured—"

Madame de Rosny did not reply to any of this.

She said in level, practical tones:

"Will you take it with you now, or shall I send it to the Residenzschloss, or to your house?"

"Give it to me now," said the Rocklitz.

When, immediately after the Rocklitz left the door in the blank façade of the discreet quiet mansion, she glanced apprehensively up and down the lonely street, where the snow was now beginning to lie in low drifts, she saw no one save two shivering loungers in a doorway opposite, who were beguiling their wretchedness by tossing dice in and out of a ragged cap.

Madame de Rocklitz never failed to be moved by any spectacle of human misery. She put her hand in her pocket and tossed a piece of money across the road before she hastened away to her own house, where she let herself in cautiously and secretly. Then she changed her disguise, hurriedly made a toilet, summoned her sedan chair and was carried to the Residenzschloss through the increasing grayness of the cold evening.

THE instant she left the narrow street, so dimly lit by the one oil lamp at the corner, the two loungers to whom she had flung the piece of money rose and walking now alertly and rapidly, with no appearance of misery or starvation, made their way to the Residenzschloss and thence to the cabinet of Count Stürm, to which they were conducted, on showing a pass, and put before him an exact and lucid account of how the Rocklitz had spent her afternoon.

The old minister grinned and caressed his monkey, calling it "Kind Pug" and "Pleasant Pug." He shivered closer over the fire in his invalidish fashion and thought that, after all, with a woman one did not have to wait so long before she undid herself by open folly—eh, the Rocklitz, so clever, so fine—so lost!

He dismissed his agents with approbation of their cleverness and drank his drops with his coffee, then slowly made his way to the apartments of the Elector.

Ferdinand Stürm knew that he had addressed himself to a difficult task. His credit with the Elector was almost entirely gone. Since the reign of the House of Neitschütz he had only been supported in his place by the French influence and the strength of his own hold on the policies of the Electorate. The Elector had been too indolent and, in a manner, too timid to entirely break with him; but now the treaty with the Allies was signed and Stürm had seen a hostile look from Marshal von Neitschütz, and he believed that he might be swept away entirely from the Councils of Saxony. Once the Elector took the field against France, De Ritienac would leave Dresden and Stürm be without his most useful supporter and friend. The Electress and such champions as she had among the clergy seemed to have given up the unequal struggle with the Rocklitz, which had been from the first so difficult.

Count Stürm, therefore, as he faced his sullen young master, knew that this was about the last cast he would be able to try with fortune, that if he did not now succeed, he would fail absolutely. He was aware also that he must be more careful. He had only retained his place by never breathing a word of suspicion or dislike or mistrust against the Rocklitz, by never commenting even on the outrageous conduct of Casimir, or protesting against the arbitrary, overbearing and corrupt measures of the new Chief of the Army. He had endured everything, and with a smile, and his reward had been that he was allowed to keep his place; but Stürm knew that there comes a moment when even a wary man must be reckless, or lose everything by default.

Stroking his chin and looking on the ground quietly, and even with a note of meekness, he asked the young Elector, who was impatiently awaiting his speech, if he knew where Marshal de Haverbeck had spent that afternoon.

"What matter is that to me?" asked Johann Georg, lounging in his great chair and glaring at the minister.

Stürm replied:

"I do not say as much as I know, for I am aware that Your Highness is in the hands of my enemies—that my fall is, as I suppose, arranged."

JOHANN GEORG flushed. He thought it was odd that Count Stürm should anticipate his overthrow. It had indeed been resolved upon by the Countess of Rocklitz, who had this last day or two spoken several times on the matter; but the Elector had put it uneasily aside, as he did not care for the final dismissal of his father's minister; a useful, quiet man, after all, and old in the service of the House of Wettin.

"And what I say," added Stürm, "will possibly be set down to malice."

He added, with a smile:

"But since I am already ruined, perhaps Your Highness will believe in my loyalty."

"I have not said you were ruined, Count Stürm," replied the young Elector, troubled and looking down, "let that go."

The minister was still smiling, peering between the frizzled curls of his monstrous wig with his bright eyes set in wrinkles.

"Marshal de Haverbeck went this afternoon into one of the suburbs of Dresden on the Bächnitz road, and visited a certain house there. He then went to a small church, the Marienkirche, where there is a tomb put up at his direction, to one Carlotta Drezel, once his mistress; and then to an inn, where he drank a glass of wine; and so back to Dresden.

"In the church he met a young man, who appeared no more than a boy, and they walked together by the river, although it was snowing and the wind blowing cold. They had some manner of interview in the back parlor of the inn, and the young man followed De Haverbeck back to Dresden—some ten minutes or so after he had left the inn. He had been met by a groom with two horses, and when they reached the center of the city, somewhere I think, by the Königsberg, the groom took the two horses and went his way, and the young man proceeded on foot to a certain house which has not the best of reputations."

"What is all this rigamarole to me?"

"Your Highness," replied Stürm, with a certain sternness, and fixing his tired, sunken eyes directly on the young man's flushed face, "will have the penetration, I believe, to discover that this house—and there is no worse in Dresden—is kept by Fani von Ilten and Madame de Rosny, the ancient governess of Madame de Rocklitz!"

(*To be continued next week*)

Cubs Win World Series

Continued from page 35

I will now go ahead with a brief summary in diary form, mentioning the high lights and describing only the innings of importance.

Tuesday, October 8

Messrs. Mack, Gleason and Collins understand perfectly well that a wrecking crew of right-hand hitters such as Hornsby, Wilson, Stephenson and Cuyler are death on a left-handed pitcher, but Grove ain't just a common left-handed pitcher, and they decided to start him. They are unable to keep this a secret from Mons. McCarthy, and the latter picks Pat Malone, who either shuts the other club out or allows twelve runs; the Cubs may win with Malone if he pitches a shut-out; Bush might hold the A's to two runs and get licked.

Seventh inning—Hornsby walked. Wilson struck out. Stephenson fouled to FFoxxx. Cuyler tripled between Haas and Miller, scoring Hornsby. Grimm or Tolson was hit by a pitched ball. Hartnett batted for Taylor and singled to left, scoring Cuyler, Grimm or Tolson stopping at second. Malone fanned. Two runs, two hits, no errors.

Wednesday, October 9

Second inning—Simmons hit into the left field stand for a home run. Foxxxx hit another home run into the same stand. A representative of the company which manufactures baseballs advances to the plate and makes an announcement that the ball is no livelier than it ever was. Jimmy Burke pulled a razor and cut one of the balls in two. Something jumped out of it and was chased under the stand by a couple of whippets belonging to A. D. Lasker. Two runs, two hits, no errors.

In this game Walberg looked pretty soft after Grove, and John Picus Quinn replaced him in the sixth. Bush went the route for the Cubs. Final score, Chicago, 5; Philadelphia, 2.

Friday, October 11

Earnshaw held the Cubs to one run. Charley Root was getting along pretty well until the fifth inning—Haas flied to English. Cochrane flied to Cuyler. Manager McCarthy received a letter from President Heydler, expressing the opinion that the public wanted more home runs. Cvengros replaced Root. Simmons hit into the left field stand for a home run. Foxxxx hit into the left field stand for a home run. Miller doubled to left center, but missed first base by ninety feet and was thrown out, Wilson to English to Hornsby to Tolson. Two runs, three hits, no errors.

It was ladies' day and Kid Gleason got into the park free.

A Gallant End

Saturday, October 12

Columbus Day. Shibe Park was nearly empty, as most of the fans had taken advantage of excursion rates and gone to Brooklyn, where the Braves and Robins played a double-header. These games did not count in the league standing, but were put on as a favor to Judge Fuchs of the Braves, who, having decided to rebuild his club from the bottom down, wanted to try out a few recruits congenial to the three that are sure of their positions next year—Sisler, Maranville and Gowdy. The rookies who made the best impression on the judge today were a catcher named Kittridge, Infielders Lobert, Demontreville and Pfeffer, and Outfielders Sheckard and Flick. Babe Herman had a queer record in the first game. He was hit in the head twice by the pitcher and three times by the batter.

The game in Philadelphia was won by the Athletics, 12 to 2. Batteries: Grove and Cochrane; Malone, Blake, Nehf, Carlson, Horne, Jimmy Burke and Taylor, Gonzales, Land and Wrigley.

Wednesday, October 16

At a meeting of Judge Landis it was decided to call the whole thing off on account of Ethel Barrymore.

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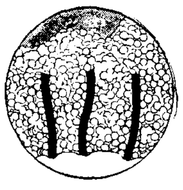

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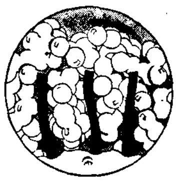

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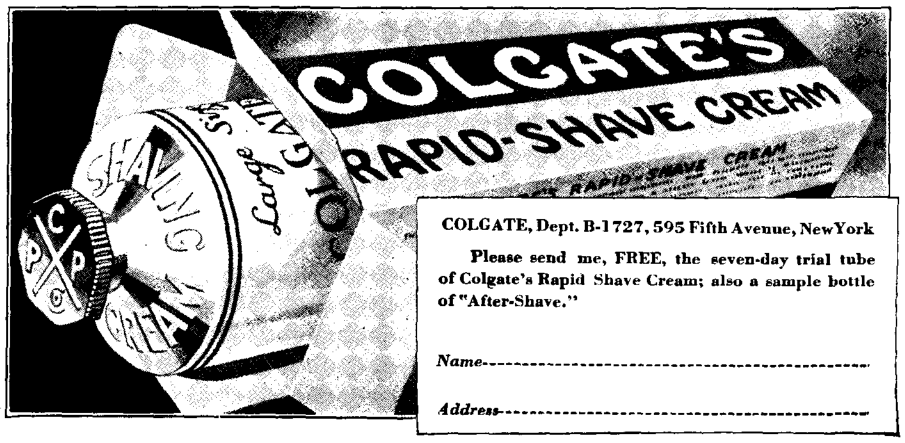

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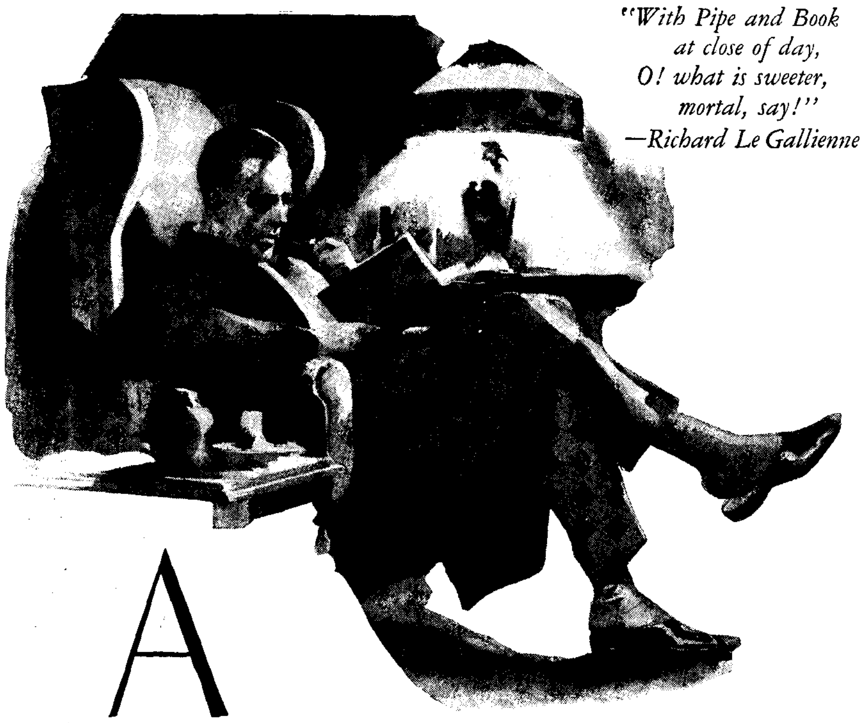


"With Pipe and Book
at close of day,
O! what is sweeter,
mortal, say!"
—Richard Le Gallienne

A cooler smoke in a DRIER pipe

1 CUT FOR PIPES ONLY
2 MADE BY WELLMAN'S METHOD--AN 1870 TOBACCO SECRET
3 BIG FLAKES THAT BURN SLOW AND COOL
4 SWEET TO THE END NO SOGGY HEEL

Colonel Wellman's "Legacy"

There's romance in tobacco, too. "Wellman's Method," the basis of Granger's good taste, is a sixty-year-old tobacco secret, carefully guarded and used only in making this one brand. And through Col. Wellman's secret a pipe tobacco acquires a cool, full-bodied flavor.

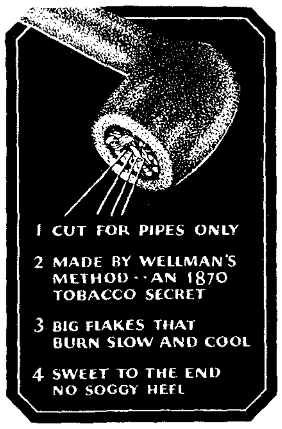
Just the sort of tobacco a pipe smoker wants. Richly fragrant, and cut the *one* right way — "Rough Cut," in large shaggy flakes that burn slowly, last longer, and smoke freely down to a clean dry ash.

Packed in heavy foil, extra-wrapped; ten cents.

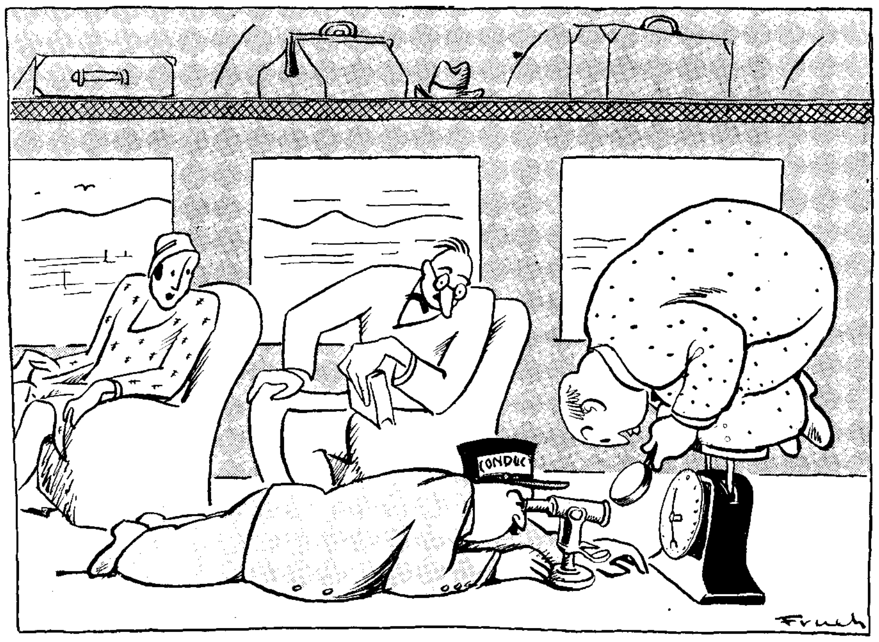
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

...*in more pipes every day!*



GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO



A Traveling Man's Weight

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

SUCH an advertisement as this appearing in the papers:

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT IN TEN MINUTES

No drugs—no dieting—no exercising, would be truer than most such ads if, when you sent in your fee, you got the reply: "Take any train east."

Conversely you can gain weight—if anybody wants to, nowadays—by taking any train west.

This has been known as long as men have known that the earth turns around, and you can see the principle of it demonstrated on the street any muddy day. For if the earth is whirling around, it must tend to throw things off from its surface, just as the automobile tire throws off gobs of mud when it is turning fast enough. Since the earth is about 25,000 miles around in the middle, and since it rolls over every twenty-four hours, a person on the equator is traveling east at the rate of over a thousand miles an hour. This rotary motion tends to lighten his load of gravity. In fact if the rate of rotation of the earth should be speeded up to more than eighteen times its present value, he would be cast off into outer space.

Fortunately there is no way known of so speeding up the earth, otherwise some fool would have tried it. But we can increase the speed with which we are traveling eastward by adding to the perpetual motion of the earth the motion of an automobile, airplane or railroad train.

Being interested in this question for a personal reason that I will not reveal, I asked a friend of mine in whose arithmetical ability I had more confidence than in my own, to figure out how much weight a 200-pound man would lose by getting on a train going eastward at the rate of sixty miles an hour. He reported that the loss of weight would be 0.037 of an ounce at the equator. I had him figure it out for a train from Chicago to New York, for in this latitude the earth is not so big around as at the waistline and we are not moving eastward so fast, therefore the increase of speed due to the train would be proportionately greater.

But this did not raise the figure as much as I had hoped. The alteration in weight hereabouts would be 0.048 of an ounce. That is to say, a man who weighs 200 pounds when he is standing still, will weigh about a twentieth of an ounce more if he is traveling from New York to Chicago, and as much less when he is going the other way. He would have to have a very delicate scale on the train to tell the difference, and it would have to be a spring scale, for a balance would not detect it since the weights used on it would lose as much as the man.

So it seems the scheme is not practicable except, as I have said, for a get-rich-quick proposition. The man who offered to send "a fine steel engraving of George Washington for one dollar" and sent a two-cent stamp, got away with it.

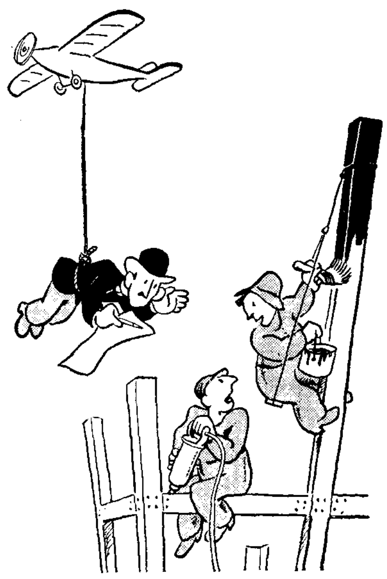
What We Talk About

What do the great mass of American workers talk about? In England their average conversation is said to be distributed about like this:

Football, horse racing and other sports	50 per cent
Sex	30 per cent
Current news	12 per cent
Politics	7 per cent
Science	1 per cent

This is the estimate of John Gibson, himself a building worker, in the first number of The Realist. He says that when science does come into the conversation it is usually cursed, because of the fear that it will take away either their jobs or their religion.

I fancy that in America we are not so much concerned about the safety of religion, and that we have come to recognize that scientific research leads rather toward higher wages than lower.



Captain Courageous

Continued from page 28

problems of leadership presented themselves to him. The coaches controlled the team; the coaches and the organization, headed by a graduate manager.

He hadn't played football as long as he had without coming to understand that even on the field the captain had no real voice. The old tradition, that made a football captain supreme, was as obsolete as the custom of naming each captain head coach the year after his graduation.

It was at the prom, that his captaincy compelled him to attend, that, for the first time, Steve really spoke to Anne Wentworth. He'd met her before—and, deliberately, avoided opportunities to meet her again. She wasn't for him, for any man who had to make his own way in the world. The sight of her troubled him; the lilt of her voice; the cool, straight gaze of her gray eyes as she talked.

But, at the prom, he danced with her, and she said she was tired.

"Please—can we slip off before someone cuts in? I'm dead!" she said. "And I want to talk to you. Do you know that my father says that play of yours last fall was the greatest he's ever seen? He was a classmate of your father's, you know—he played on the team with him."

HE DIDN'T know how it happened, but he found, as they sat out the next two dances, he was telling her about himself and those secret feelings of which he'd never talked to anyone, even his mother, before.

"I suppose I sound cuckoo," he said. "But—I don't know—do you see what I mean?"

"Sort of," she said. "Yes—I think I do. But I think you're wrong, too. You ought to take advantage of any break you get. There's no reason why you shouldn't cash in on what you do here when you get through. I'm pretty sure Dad's going after you."

There was a dogged look in Steve's eyes.

"If—oh, if you've any pull with him, I wish you'd ask him not to!" he said. "All this—it hasn't anything to do with what you do afterward—not really."

"I'm not so sure," said Anne. She was younger than Steve; almost too young to be at a prom, it might have been thought in the time of Arnold, '99. But she was years older than Steve, too; she wasn't the daughter of John Wentworth, of Wentworth and Hay, for nothing.

Very wise, she was, and very lovely, this Anne Wentworth. Wise enough to know what she wanted when she saw it; wise enough, too, as a rule, to know the best way to go about getting it. She wanted Steve; she knew that much that night at the prom. And she knew, too, as even the youngest girl does know that particular thing, that he wanted her—and that, if she left it to him, he'd never get her. Not he! He'd go off to South America, or Africa, or some such place, building bridges or digging in mines, unless she stopped him.

Just how Anne managed certain things isn't wholly clear; certainly Steve had no idea that she was managing them at all. Wentworth, of Wentworth and Hay, was a big man in downtown New York. He was the sort of big man who lunches at the White House, and visits No. 10 Downing Street, in London, and has just about the last word to say when international loans are being arranged. But Wentworth, '99, was a big man in the affairs of the university, too. He had built Wentworth Hall in memory of his father; when a coaching regime was passing and a new one was to be installed, it was Wentworth, '99, as a rule, who made the final decision.

And, as it happened, the game that Steve Arnold had won had been the last to be played under Jim Thurston as head coach. He had resigned, win or lose, before the season had begun; his own affairs were calling him. So, that winter and spring, many conferences had to be held, usually in New York, for the selection of a new coach was a grave business, and Steve, as captain-elect, had to take part in them, if only for the sake of appearances.

It was natural enough that Wentworth, '99, should ask Arnold, '30, to dinner a good many times; it would have been unthinkable for Steve to decline those invitations. And how was he to know that it wasn't natural at all for a débutante in her first season to dine at home as often as Anne Wentworth did? He liked her—oh, he was crazy about her! He'd have been less than human if he hadn't let her see to it that he turned up at a good many parties of the sort he'd been sedulously avoiding since his freshman year.

But his resolution wasn't shaken; not for a moment. He had a summer job, of course, after his junior year; for an engineering student that was a matter of course, for field work is required of him. It took him out to the Cascades, where he labored mightily in the building of a great bridge, and he came back with his life settled for five years after his graduation. Tom Hutchinson, of the contracting firm for which he had worked, had taken a fancy to him, and he was to go to South America on the first boat after he had taken his diploma. So much, triumphantly, he wrote to Anne—his letter found her at North East. Oh, yes—they were corresponding regularly, by that time!

"Yes?" said Anne, to herself, after she had read that letter. "Five years—in South America? Perhaps! And perhaps not, my dear!"

SEPTEMBER, and football again. The material was good; Steve, looking the men over with Grayson, the new head coach, allowed himself to feel optimistic. Last year's freshman team had been exceptional; the line that had been so dangerously weak a year ago now promised well. Steve and the rest settled down into the routine of training and practice.

But, within a week, Steve began to feel a curious disquiet. It was Grayson who troubled him. He liked him; it wasn't any feeling of hostility toward the coach that bothered him. Nor did he doubt Grayson's ability. Grayson had been a great player five years ago, before Steve's time. He had, since then, made a brilliant coaching record on the coast.

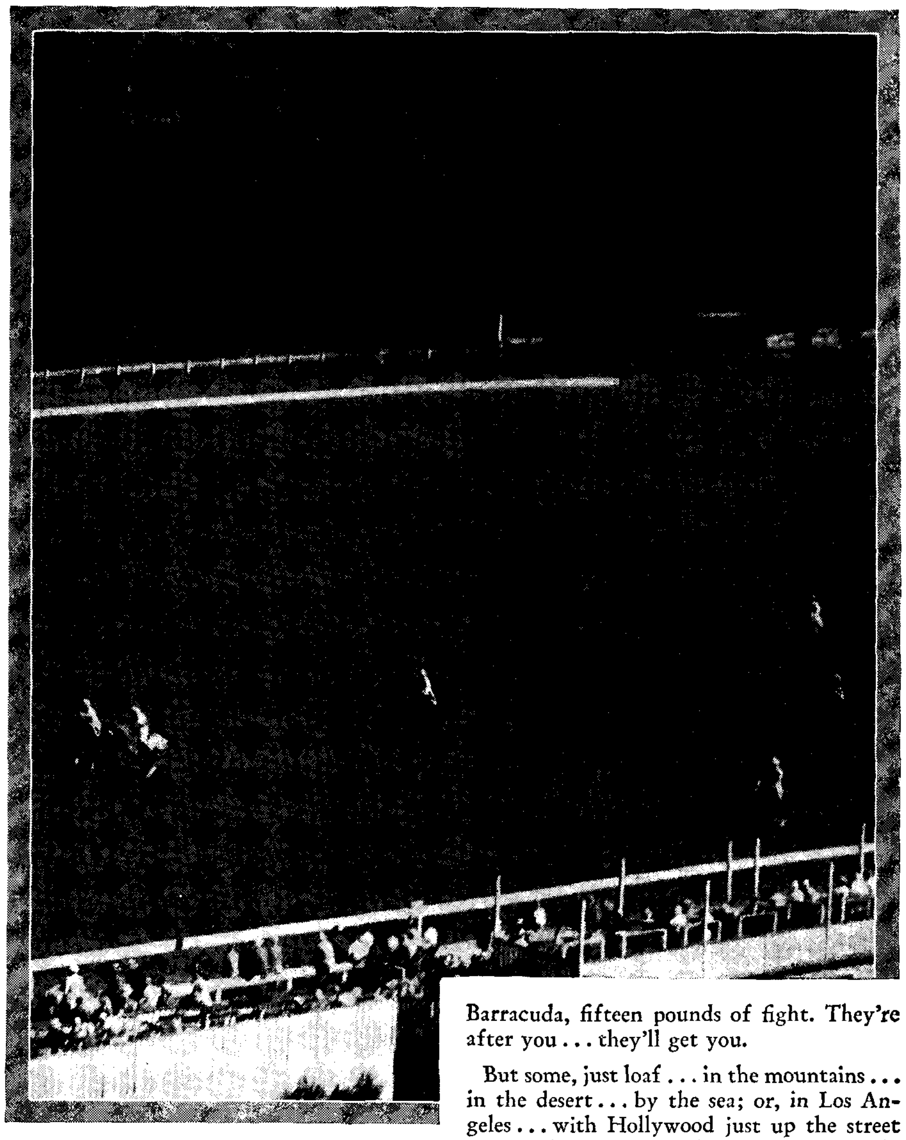
But Grayson was nervous, overeager. As the season advanced and the tension increased, he showed signs of an unfortunate tendency to nag his players.

Mechanically, Grayson was doing a magnificent job. He was modernizing the attack; he was developing an offense such as hadn't been seen at the university in years. But the players were on edge before the season was half over; once or twice Grayson and the trainer quarreled sharply, when Grayson wanted to use a man against old Scotty's advice.

Steve himself did comparatively little playing in the early games. The tendon

(*Continued on page 68*)

Outdoor Sport . . . all Winter



EACH winter many of the high goal polo players are here. Up and down the state they migrate . . . matches at Los Angeles . . . at Santa Barbara . . . in the North and South.

And all the world of the Social Register . . . and his wife . . . sit on the side lines . . . get a nice warm bake from the California sun . . . look over tree tops . . . to blue mountains bonneted with snow . . . and that's one good way to spend a winter's afternoon.

Golfers too! Pros for the tournament . . . plain ordinary club members . . . just for fun. Winging long drives on fairways bordering the sea . . . slamming through mountain hazards at Ojai . . . carrying the canyons in Hollywood mountains. Up and down the coast they play . . . and at Catalina twenty-five miles off-shore. Green hills . . . blue ocean . . . mountains sometimes purple, sometimes azure, often splotched with white.

And hard bitten fishermen! Watch out Mr. Broad-billed Sword Fish . . . look out Mr. Tuna . . . and you Mr. Overgrown Sea Bass, mis-called Jew fish . . . and you Mr. Barracuda, fifteen pounds of fight. They're after you . . . they'll get you.

But some, just loaf . . . in the mountains . . . in the desert . . . by the sea; or, in Los Angeles . . . with Hollywood just up the street . . . Pasadena just over the bridge . . . Beverly Hills just down the Boulevard; or in San Diego . . . with Agua Caliente . . . just over the border; or in the desert . . . maybe at Palm Springs . . . perhaps in Death Valley. Where can one do high-powered loafing . . . that compares with loafing in the desert?

Your winter's vacation in Southern California will give you the time of your life. Sports . . . social activities . . . scenery. Not a dull moment. You will find interest even in the industry of the Southland. The vast oil fields of Los Angeles County . . . make a memorable picture . . . the County's agricultural output approximates $95,000,000 yearly . . . miles of orange groves.

Come early and bring the youngsters . . . fine schools here. Send now for de luxe book "Southern California through the Camera." 71 large photographs in gravure.

Southern California

"A Trip Abroad in Your Own America"

All-Year Club of Southern California, Sec. D-10
1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me your free book "Southern California through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

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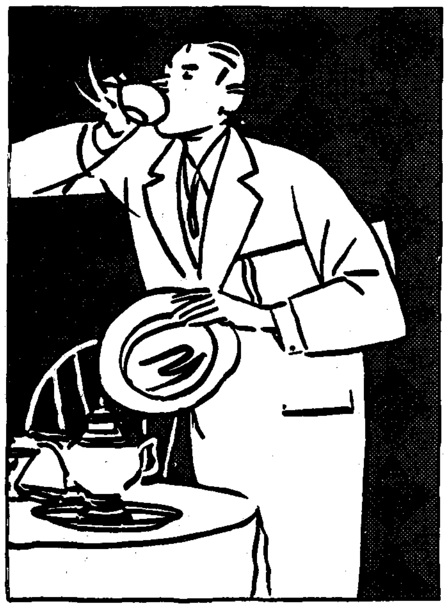
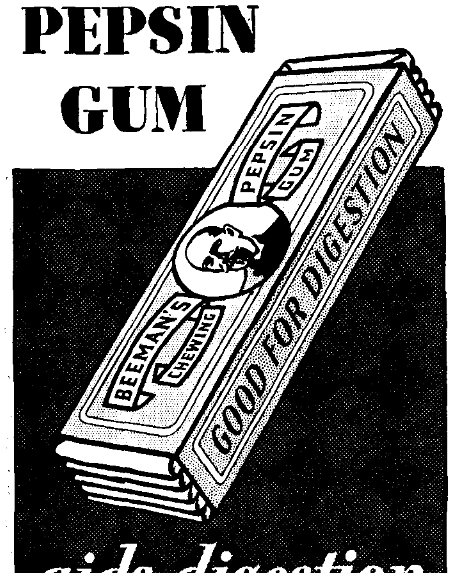


What price *quick lunch* ?

GUARD against indigestion, as millions now do, with a stick of Beeman's Pepsin Gum after meals. Perfected over 30 years ago by Dr. Beeman, this delicious gum is today a favorite with those who buy chewing gum as an aid to digestion. And everybody loves that keen, refreshing flavor and wonderfully smooth quality. Try it today!

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN
GUM



aids digestion

(*Continued from page 67*)

he had hurt the year before bothered him; Scotty was adamant about the necessity of going slow if he wanted to be fit for the big games. So it was that Steve sat beside Wentworth, '99—emphatically not Wentworth, of Wentworth and Hay, who had vastly important business elsewhere but liked to have his eye on things with a new coach on the job—during most of two or three games.

Anne's father seemed to like Steve. He knew, perhaps, being that young woman's father, and reasonably intimate with her, as the relation between father and daughter goes these days, more of what was in her private mind than Steve had the conceit even to suspect. But, aside from that, he did like the boy, and he wanted to know what Captain Arnold really thought of the new coach. If he found out, it was because he was a good mind reader; Steve kept his ideas to himself.

Thanks partly to the superb material, but thanks, too, in large measure to Grayson's really brilliant coaching, the team swept through its preliminary games with unusual success. They weren't all easy games, by any means, but they were all won by impressive scores, and by the middle of November the football writers were hailing the team as the greatest the East had known since the palmy days of Harvard under Haughton. The big game this year would be a walk-over, they predicted; all that was in question was the size of the score. Steve wasn't so sure.

He saw Anne for a few minutes the day before; she'd come up with the big party her father had brought in a private car.

"Going to beat them, Steve?" she asked.

"Hope so," he said.

"Why, aren't you sure? Everyone else is."

"Oh, I guess we'll win, all right," he said.

She let it go. She knew him, by this time, pretty well, you will perceive. No one else would have read doubt into that "hope so" of Steve's—not even Wentworth, '99.

"Still set on going to South America?" she asked.

"Of course." That hadn't been mentioned between them for weeks; his voice was surprised.

"Bet you a pair of gloves you don't go," said Anne.

"Anne—what do you mean? Why do you say that?"

"Oh, I don't know—just a hunch!"

THAT night it rained. Weather has played a part in the winning and the losing of many a football game; this rain counted heavily against Steve's team and Grayson's tactics.

In the first half Ebbett, shaken loose on a tricky play, slipped and fell with a clear field before him. Three times fumbles, excusable enough, but infinitely costly, prevented seemingly certain touchdowns. Just before the half ended, Ebbett did go over, finally, but the extra point wasn't added, and the margin of six points wasn't enough to let anyone in the field house rest easy between the halves.

Steve, submitting to the rubber, listened, with a frown, to Grayson. The coach was passing nervously from one player to another, reproving man after man for errors and omissions in his play.

The whistle sounded; Steve led the team out to begin the second half. And, in the first minute, disaster came. Ebbett, taking a long pass from center to start an end run, fumbled on his thirty-yard line; on the next play a long forward pass gave the other team a touchdown, and the extra point was added. Seven to six! And then, as the team lined up for the kick-off, a substitute came running out; Grayson was taking Ebbett out, by way of punishment for this fumble!

Steve scowled; then walked toward the side lines with the boy, his arm resting on his shoulder.

"Shut up—whatever he says," he told him. "You'll be back next quarter. Don't worry."

Easier advice to give than to follow. The other team, encouraged, pepped up by its unexpected success, played, in the next five minutes, better than it knew how to do. And as the line gave way, Grayson, maddened and unnerved, pulled out one man after another. The smoothly working machine he had built up through the season was thrown out of gear; before the quarter was over the score was thirteen to six, and in the press box, towering high above the stadium, the experts were preparing to describe the greatest form reversal of many seasons.

IN THE minute of rest as the teams changed goals before the last quarter, Steve, his face caked with mud, jersey torn, blood still running from a cut over one cheek bone, stared incredulously at Grayson, who sat, grim and silent, by himself. Was the man crazy? Wasn't he going to send the first-string men back into the game? The whistle blew; not a substitution had been made. Five varsity men still sat, swathed in blankets, on the bench.

For two minutes Steve waited, plugging hole after hole in the wavering line, doing all he could, single-handed, to prevent the impending rout. Then, abruptly, he called for time out.

"Hazelton—Brooke—Kempson—Jones—Chadwick—" he called over the names, and the men who owned them stared at him. "All right—you five. You're through."

They looked at him, uncertainly; then started, puzzled, for the side line. The referee came over to him.

"What's the idea, Steve?" he asked.

"I'm making some substitutions," said Steve, shortly. "Come on over with me—I want to call out the men I want."

Staring, the official went with him. And Steve, twenty feet from the side of the field, raised his voice, and called to the five men Grayson had disciplined. Eagerly they flung their blankets aside and came running out, reporting to the referee. Silence reigned in the stands; something without a precedent was happening, as even the most ignorant of the spectators knew. Grayson, taken utterly by surprise, was on his feet, but before he could make a move the whistle had blown and the teams were in action.

The other team had the ball; it had carried it to the thirty-yard line, with less than a yard to gain, on the fourth down. That yard was never made; the whole team stormed through to down the ball before it ever reached the scrimmage line, and as the crowd went crazy in the stands Ebbett's shrill voice began calling the signal for the next play.

That play gained twenty yards; as the teams lined up a player ran out, calling to the referee:

"Carter—for Arnold," he said.

The referee turned to Steve. "You go out, Arnold," he said.

"No, I don't," said Steve. "I'm captain of this team. Get off the field, Carter, and stay off—and tell Grayson I'm in till the game's over!"

It was over then, though. Details remained. Ten minutes of such furious playing as hadn't been seen on an eastern gridiron for years; ten minutes in which Steve's team, using Grayson's plays, scored two touchdowns; ten minutes in which, for the first time that day, the team played as Grayson had taught it to play, and snatched the most glorious of victories from the most needless and stupid of defeats. Then came the race to the field house. But under the stand Steve caught Grayson; his arm went about the coach's shoulders.

"I'm sorry!" he said. "But I had to—can't you see that? The team was shot. We had to have those men back! Can't you see?"

"Oh, sure," said Grayson, dully. "I can see—now. You saved the game. I—I'm through. I'm resigning—to-night—"

"Through? You haven't started yet! Great Scott—who taught us to play that way? You! Forget it! Resign—and see what they tell you to do with your resignation!"

Steve told Wentworth, '99, half an hour later, what he'd told Grayson, and Wentworth nodded.

"Right," he said. "He'll be all right now—he's had his lesson—thanks to having a captain who didn't need one! Steve—I want to talk to you. I want you with me."

Steve's mouth fell into the obstinate lines that Anne Wentworth knew so well— and rather liked, too, though she didn't mean to let him know she did.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "But—I—I've got other plans. I'm an engineer, you know. I don't want to sell bonds."

"Bonds? I've got plenty of men to sell bonds! I need men like you to put something behind the bonds. It's because you're an engineer I want you—and because you've got the sort of brains you showed out there today—and the guts to smash a precedent when you have to."

"Steve—I think I know more about you than you realize. Anne and I are rather good friends, considering. I knew your father—he was in my class. I thought he was a great man here, for four years. But—when my father asked me to recommend half a dozen of my classmates to him for jobs—I didn't pick your father. I am picking you."

Steve looked at him. That—that put a different look to it, somehow. But still he shook his head.

"I—I understand, sir," he said. "After that, I'd like to go with you. But—I've agreed to go to South America."

"That might be arranged," said Wentworth—who was, for once, both Wentworth, '99, and Wentworth, of Wentworth and Hay. But Steve shook his head again.

"I've given my word, sir," he said.

"All right!" Wentworth, '99, grinned. "If anything happens to change your mind, let me know. Or—you might tell Anne, if you happen to see her, and she can tell me."

HE HAPPENED to see Anne that evening, at dinner. Wentworth, '99, who was giving the dinner, had known, probably, that he would—just as he had known one or two other things.

"What size gloves do you wear, Anne?" Steve asked her. That was after dinner, and they happened to be alone.

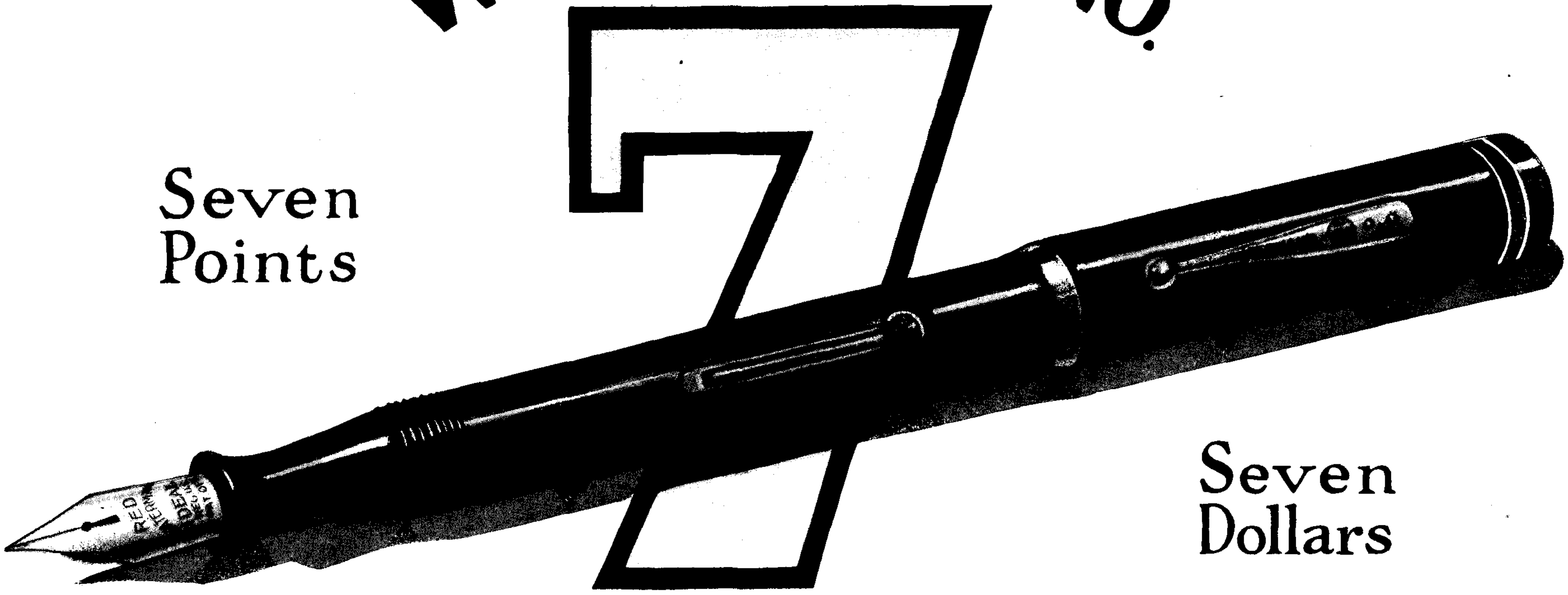
"Why?"

"We made a bet, didn't we?" said Steve. "And Hutchinson says he doesn't want me down in South America, after all."

"Of course he doesn't, stupid," said Anne. "Do you suppose he's going to annoy Father by hiring a man Father wants? And—do you think I ever bet, except on a sure thing? I'm a woman, my dear!"

Steve looked at her. He thought things over. Then he grinned. And then—and this is the most sensible thing you have yet heard of his doing—he kissed the only daughter of Wentworth, '99.

Waterman's No. 7


RED
WATERMAN'S
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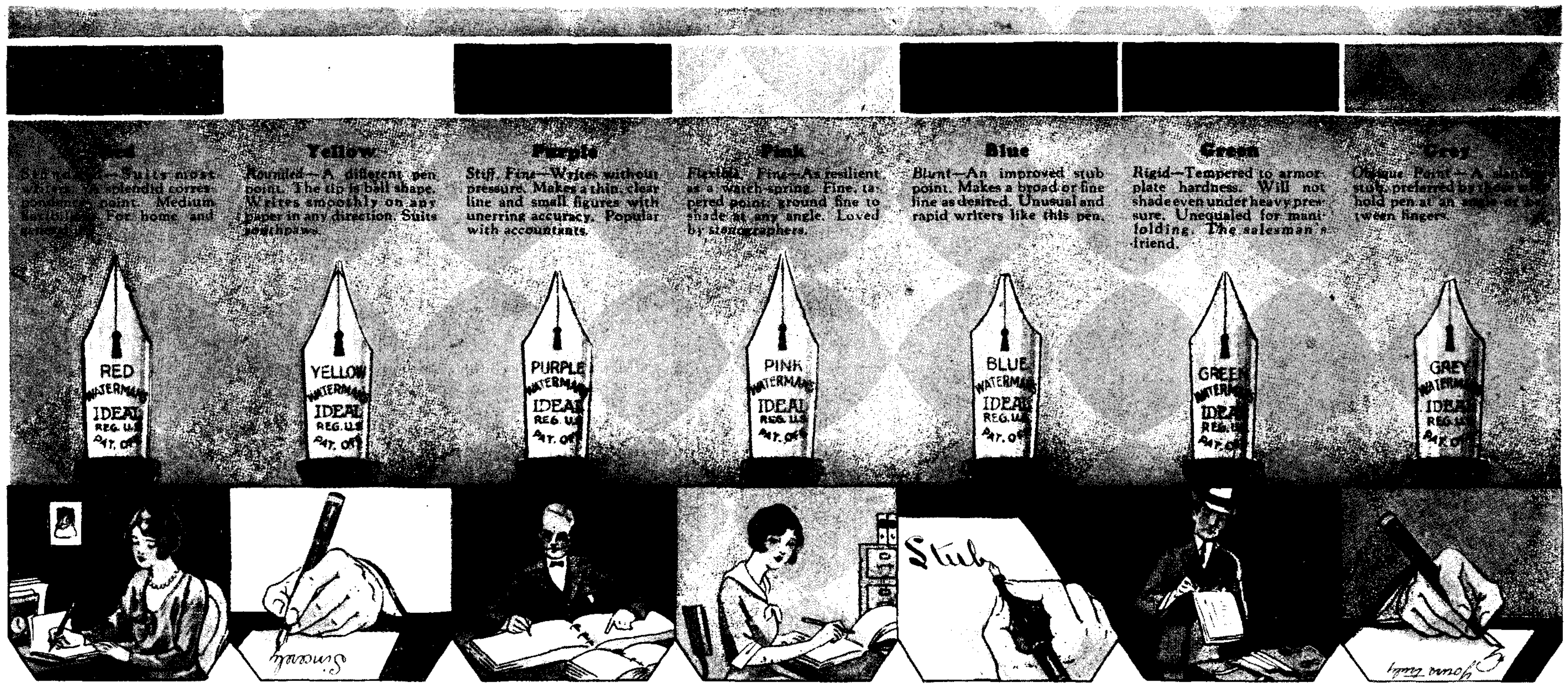
Seven Points

Seven Dollars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GREEN
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Stub

Red
Standard—Suits most writers. A splendid correspondence point. Medium flexibility. For home and general use.

Yellow
Rounded—A different pen point. The tip is ball shape. Writes smoothly on any paper in any direction. Suits southpaws.

Purple
Stiff, Fine—Writes without pressure. Makes a thin, clear line and small figures with unerring accuracy. Popular with accountants.

Pink
Flexible, Fine—As resilient as a watch-spring. Fine, tapered point; ground fine to shade at any angle. Loved by stenographers.

Blue
Blunt—An improved stub point. Makes a broad or fine line as desired. Unusual and rapid writers like this pen.

Green
Rigid—Tempered to armor-plate hardness. Will not shade even under heavy pressure. Unequaled for manifolding. *The salesman's friend.*

Grey
Oblique Point—A slanting stub, preferred by those who hold pen at an angle or between fingers.

Why "Number Seven"? To have a sharply distinctive name for a sharply new idea—a color band around the cap to signal at a glance the kind of point. A system original with Waterman's that is revolutionizing pen selection.

Why Seven Points? To permit wide selection by meeting every pen-fancy and pen-need. One of these points will precisely fit *your* taste, whoever you are.

Why Seven Dollars? To put the most reasonable possible price upon a pen embodying the greatest possible quality—larger ink capacity, simple self-filling device that locks, stainless and perfectly balanced Ripple Rubber holder and Clip-Cap.

Waterman's number 7 with 7 points at 7 dollars means accurate selection made in a few moments—and satisfaction for life.

At any one of our fifty thousand dealers try all the seven points—the dealers expect it and are glad when you do. One of the seven is exactly the point you prefer

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Use Waterman's Inks
For Every Purpose

Waterman's

Those who prefer good natural-tobacco flavor say

DILL'S BEST is America's Best

. . . In any group of pipe smokers, one is almost sure to meet friends of Dill's Best Tobacco. For eighty-one years Dill's Best has been a favorite among pipe smokers. Its honest, unadulterated natural-tobacco taste and its delightful fragrance make friends and hold them.

Many who smoke Dill's Best claim that no other tobacco, regardless of price, can give such comfortable, continuous satisfaction as is found in this particular smoke. Since 1848, Dill's Best has been manufactured so as to maintain this reputation. The exclusive Dill process, built up during these many years, explains in part why so many pipe smokers find in Dill's Best Tobacco their ideal of comfort and pleasure.

No Stems in Dill's Best

As an important feature of the process of making this natural-flavor, high-quality tobacco, we use only the choice all-clear leaves of the tobacco plant. We take from each leaf the harsh, bitter, fast-burning stem. We do NOT then crush, flake and disguise these stems and put them back. To do that would destroy the delicate, natural flavor. So, all stems are taken out and *kept out.*

Costs One-third More to Make

Leaving out the stems makes the cost of manufacturing Dill's Best one-third more, because the discarded stems represent about *one out of every three pounds* of leaf tobacco bought from the planters. But in no other way can you get the fine smoking qualities that the best tobacco has to give — in smoke-taste, coolness and fragrance.

This result more than makes up for the increased cost. The better smoking qualities win and hold men to Dill's. Through three generations, fathers have told their sons that, for pipe smoking, Dill's Best is America's Best.

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SINCE 1848
Dill's Best
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AMERICA'S OLDEST BRAND—ESTABLISHED 1848

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 15

"No. What you have to say to me you'll say in front of my outfit."

"Very well, then," rejoined Traft, slowly, and he sat down on a box in the broad sunlight that flared through the wide door. He did not appear to be hurried or nervous; indeed for an Easterner not long in the West he was exceedingly cool. Stone liked his face, the keen curious light of hazel eyes, and his manner. And the thought stung Stone that twenty years ago he was very like this young man.

"First off, my Uncle Jim didn't advise me to call on you. I've done that on my own hook," said Traft.

"Wal, you needn't of told me thet," observed Stone.

"I've made my mind up ever since I got out of that fight at Tobe's Well—to try common sense."

"It ain't a bad idea, if the other party has any."

"STONE, would it surprise you to learn my uncle speaks well of you?" queried the young rancher.

"Reckon it would," replied Stone, slowly. And a pang rent his heart.

"He has done so. To me, and I've heard to others. He said twenty years ago he knew you and you rode for him—and there wasn't a finer or squarer cowboy in Arizona. He said you must have been driven to outlawry. Anyway, you never had been and you never would be a cattle thief at heart. . . . And it was a damn' pity."

Stone felt a rush of hot blood to his face, and a cold tightness of skin as the wave receded. His breast seemed to cave with a sickening pain. So old Jim Traft spoke openly that way about him? Somehow it had a terrible significance, coming at this hour. Malloy's hollow croaking laugh jarred on him.

"Wal—thet was—good of Jim—but I reckon—wasted sympathy," he replied, rather hoarsely.

"I'm not concerned with the truth of it—though I believe my uncle," went on Traft. "It just encouraged me to call on you and have a talk."

"No harm done, young fellar, but shore a little risky."

"I didn't see it. I'm not packing a gun or looking for trouble."

"Wal, Traft, I reckon if you'd happened to miss me here—you'd run into trouble all right."

"I took the chance. . . . But, Stone, before I make you the—the proposition I have, I want to talk some more. Making the best of my opportunity." He had to laugh at that. "I went down to Winslow to look over a cattle shipment. Prentis and I. We saw a big herd of stock being loaded on a freight train. Wildest bunch of steers Prentis ever saw. . . . Well, we only watched the loading for about two minutes. A good many unbranded cattle—and some wearing the Diamond brand. . . . That's my mark, Stone. They were my cattle, and that was all I wanted to know. . . .

"I met Bambridge at the station and told him he was shipping some of my steers. He laughed it off as a mistake. I needed only one look at him to see he was as crooked as a rail fence. And that *any* man who dealt with him would get the worst of it. So you can bet my talk was pretty sharp. He got nasty and said old Jim Traft had made many such mistakes—or words to that effect, and—but Stone, what do you think of him accusing my uncle of stealing cattle?"

"Kinda funny," replied Stone. "But the fact of ranchin' is, every cattleman appropriates cattle thet ain't his. It can't be helped. The dishonest cattleman takes advantage of this. All owin' to the custom of the range. No rancher has ever thought of anythin' better than the individual brand. An' thet shore has its defects."

"Bambridge didn't mean in that way," resumed Traft. "Anyway I got mad and swung on him—but, Stone, maybe you're a friend of Bambridge's?"

The sly, quick query was that of a boy and fetched a hollow croak from Malloy, and a smile to the hard face of the outlaw leader.

"Nope. He's shore no friend of mine, an' I'd have liked to see you slug him."

"I was sorry for it afterward. My outfit regretted it. Said it'd lead to worse. But I got hot under the collar, and saw red—"

"Traft, if I don't miss my guess, someone will make you *spill* red before you're much older," returned the outlaw significantly.

"Lord, I hope not," said Traft. "But I don't know what's come over me. Prentis told me that after I hit Bambridge, I pulled my gun and waited. . . . Well, the other thing I wanted particularly to tell you is that we can't find any of my three thousand head of stock. We're camped down among the rocks, and of course we haven't ridden over Yellowjacket. But Ring Locke told me we'd find my cattle down there in the brakes. But he was wrong. There are a few bulls and steers, wilder than the deer or bear. . . . I'd like to ask—not insinuating anything—if you know where that three thousand head have gone?"

"Wal, Traft, I shore don't," replied Stone, and he was telling the truth.

"Bambridge could tell me, I'll bet a hundred. He hired someone to rustle my stock. I don't accuse you, Stone. I know there is more than one gang in the Tonto Basin. Take the Cibeque Outfit, for instance. So if you tell me straight out that the Hash Knife didn't rustle my Diamond cattle—why, I'll believe you."

THEN ensued a queer little silence. Stone's men seemed as much concerned with him as with the audacity of this young visitor.

"Wal, thet would be kind of you, Traft, an' I reckon foolish. But I'm not tellin' my business, one way or another," replied the Hash Knife leader.

"Which is answer enough for me," returned Traft, with a shrewd, almost merry twinkle in his clear eyes. "Well—my job here is to clean up Yellowjacket."

"Uhuh. Clean it up of what?"

"Wild cattle, rattlesnakes, cow-eating grizzlies and cougars, brush and cactus—and anything else not good for the making of a fine ranch."

"Your Uncle Jim hasn't give you no job a-tall," said Stone, with a grin. "Where's the common sense comin' in?"

"This visit to you is my first move, except ride around below to look for stock," rejoined the young man seriously. "I've made up my mind—that if I live through this job I'll build me a fine big roomy log house here, and make this place my home."

"Home! . . . Marry some Western gal, I reckon?" went on the outlaw, with interest.

"I've already found her, Stone. . . . No one else than Molly Dunn."

"Molly Dunn! You don't say? Wal, Traft, I'll say you're a good picker. Me an' Slinger, her brother, was friends once. She's the prettiest lass, an' the best little woman south of Flag."

"I wanted you to know exactly how I stand," went on Traft, earnestly. "I'm not afraid of a fight. I'm afraid when I get into one I almost like it. But common sense is best. I'm down here to tell you and your outfit to get out of Yellowjacket. I want to tell you in a decent way, and that I appreciate this range has been like your own. But business is business. You'd do the same. . . . If you won't move off I'll have to try to put you off. And that's no fair deal. The Diamond, even with Slinger Dunn, is no match for the Hash Knife. I may still be a tenderfoot, but I'm no damn' fool.

"A clash will mean a lot of blood spilled. I'd like to avoid it. Not only for my own sake but for my men, and for that matter, for you, too. . . . So, I'm putting it up square to you. I can raise ten thousand dollars. That's my limit. Uncle Jim won't help me buy anybody out. I'll give you that to move off, fair and square, like the good fellow I believe you are."

"TRAFT, I couldn't accept your offer, nohow," returned Stone, pacing the floor with grave face and intent eyes. He made his last move look casual, but he did not like the gleam in Croak Malloy's pale eyes, and wanted to be within reach of the little rattlesnake. Croak did not have to be stepped upon to show his fangs. "Much obliged to you, but shore I couldn't take the money. I'll say though thet Jed Stone ain't the man to stand in the way of a young fellar like you. . . . I'll get out of Yellowjacket for nothin'."

"You will!" cried Traft, in amaze and gladness. "Well, that's darn' fine of you, Stone. . . . Uncle Jim *was* right. I—I just can't thank you enough."

"Shore you needn't thank me a-tall."

"Gosh!—" The young man arose in relief and with shining face stepped forward to offer a hand to Stone. "Shake. I'll always remember you as one of the big lessons the West has taught me, and already they've been more than a few."

Stone gripped hands with him, with no other reply.

"It'll be great to tell the boys," said Traft. "Good day and good luck to you, Stone. . . . And same to your men."

Halting at the door, he rolled a cigarette. As he struck the match and held it to the cigarette there came a ringing crack of a gun. The match vanished. A bullet thudded into the dark logs. Traft suddenly changed into a statue, his empty fingers stiff, his face blanched in a fixed consternation. Then followed another shot. The cigarette whipped out of his mouth and another bullet thudded into the wood.

"Them's my compliments, Mister Jim Traft, Junior," croaked Malloy, in a stinging sarcastic speech full of menace.

Slowly Traft lost his rigidity and turned his head, as if on a pivot, to fix staring eyes upon the little gunman.

"Good God! Did you shoot that match—and cigarette—" he exclaimed, hoarsely.

"Yep. I didn't want to see you leave without somethin' from the rest of the Hash Knife," replied Croak, significantly.

"But you—you might have shot me—at least, my hand off!" expostulated Traft, the white beginning to leave his face for red.

(*Continued on page 72*)

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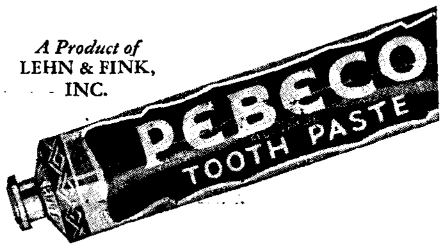

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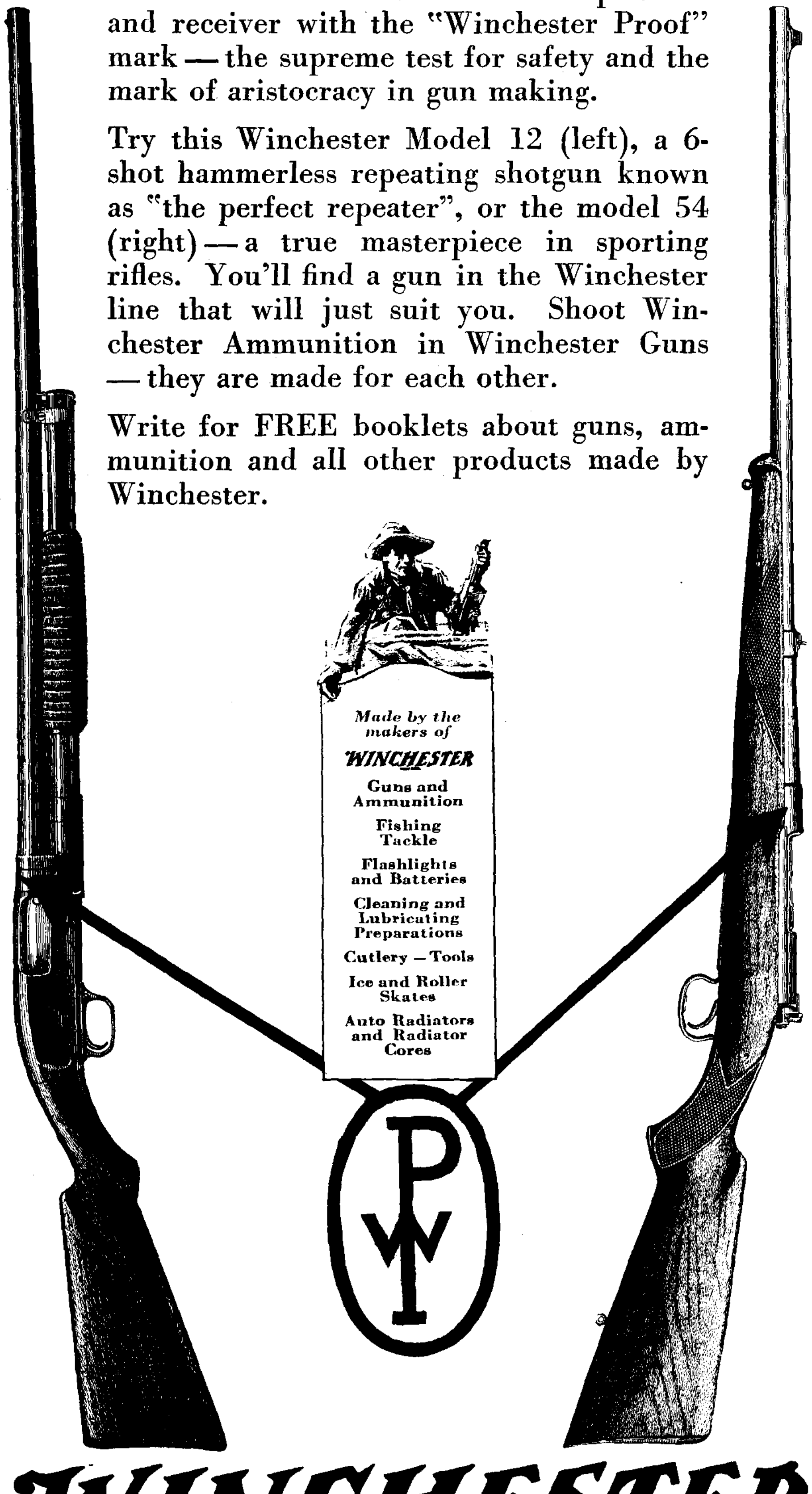

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(*Continued from page 71*)

"Me? Haw! Haw! Haw! . . . I hit what I shoot at an' you can go back an' tell your Slinger Dunn an' Curly Prentis thet."

"You — — crooked-faced little runt!" burst out Traft, furiously.

At this juncture Stone took a noiseless and unobtrusive step closer to the sitting Malloy.

It had chanced that of all opprobrium, of all epithets which could have been directed at Croak Malloy the young rancher had chosen to utter the worst to inflame the gunman. His lean body vibrated as if a sudden powerful current had contracted every muscle, and his face flashed with a hideous, deadly light.

As he raised his gun Stone kicked his arm up. The gun went off as it flew into the air. Malloy let out a bellow of rage and pain and leaped erect, holding his numbed arm.

"Croak, I reckoned you'd done shootin' enough fer one day," said Stone, coolly.

The little outlaw had no time to reply. Traft sprang at him and in three bounds reached him. He was like a whirlwind. One swift hand fastened in Malloy's shirt, and swung him off his feet. The other, doubled into a big fist, swung viciously the other way round. But it missed Malloy's head by an inch. He flung the outlaw, who went staggering over the floor to crash into the door. Traft, light and quick as a cat, was again upon him, even before he could fall, which he surely was going to do. Traft gave him a terrific slap alongside the face, which banged his head against the door. Then he held him there.

"You dirty—little snake!" panted Traft. "You may be a good shot—but you're a damned yellow—coward."

A HARD blow from Traft's right sent Malloy's head with a sodden thump against the door post. The outlaw swayed forward, only to meet Traft's left swing, which hurtled him through the doorway, out on the ground, where he rolled clear over and lay still.

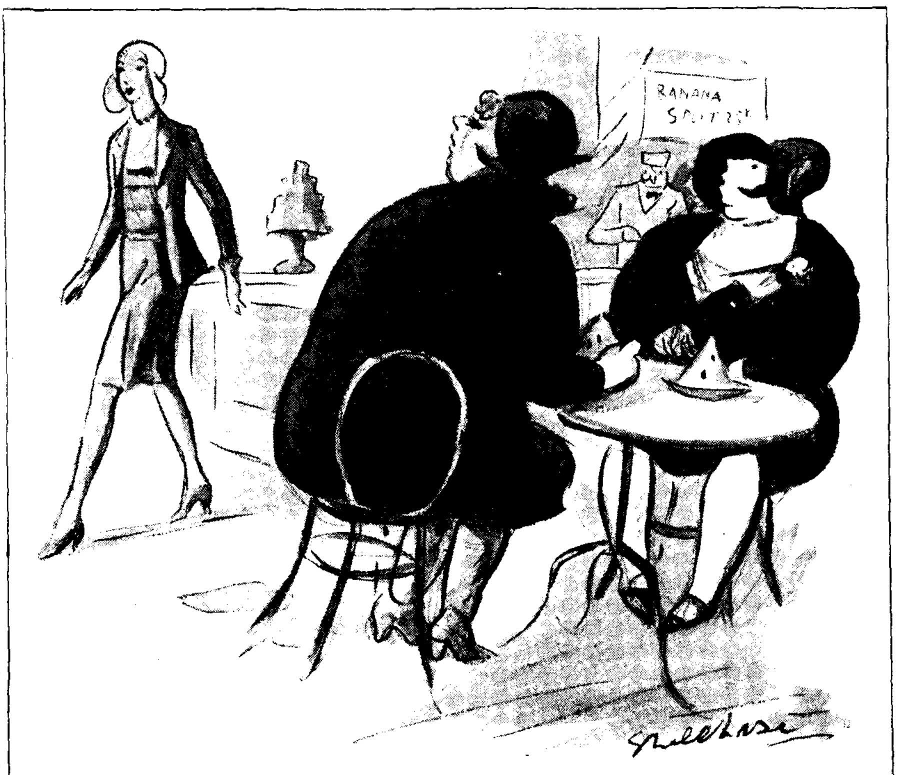
Traft stood on the threshold glaring out. Then he stepped back and rolled another cigarette. His fingers shook so he could hardly light it. His ruffled hair stood up like a mane. Presently he turned, to give Stone another thrill. It was something for the outlaw to look again into furious blazing honest eyes.

"Reckon I was a little previous," he said, in a voice that rang. "All the same, Stone, I'm wishing *you* good luck."

Jim Traft did not pause in his rapid stride until he had passed through the walled gateway which permitted egress from Yellowjacket to the rough brakes of the basin below. Then he slowed up along the brawling brook, waiting to compose himself before he arrived at camp. The fire and tumult within him did not soon die down. "Gosh," he ejaculated. "I get worse all the time. . . . I'm going to kill somebody, some day—sure as the Lord made little apples." And thoughtful review of the experience he had just passed through in the old Yellowjacket cabin, made him correct his exclamation by adding, "If I don't get killed myself."

JIM soon left trail and stream to plunge into the forest toward a mighty wall of red and gray rock which towered above the highest pines. He reached the wall and flung himself down in a sunny spot surrounded by green on three sides and dominated by the cracked and caverned cliff. If he was compelled to leave Arizona he would always remember it and cherish it by pictures in mind of this marvelous Yellowjacket country. If the Tonto basin, the Cibeque valley, and especially the Diamond mesa, across which he had built the now famous drift fence, had fascinated him, what had this wilderness of canyon and forest done? It brought into expression some deep, long-latent force of joy. Hours he had spent alone like this, not worrying over some problem, nor dreaming of Molly—which happened often enough—not thinking of anything at all. It was a condition of mind Jim had not inquired into, because he realized it was pure happiness, and he feared analysis would dispel it. And the enchantment fastened down strong upon him, so that it alternated with a serious consideration of what he had just passed through at the outlaw camp.

"I've made another blunder," he soliloquized, regretfully. "Stone proved to be a decent fellow, as Uncle Jim vowed he was. . . . But Stone is not all of the Hash Knife. Whew! . . . That little hatchet-faced ruffian! He was Croak Malloy, sure as hops. Reckon I'll remember his face. And any of them.



"These boyish forms certainly lack the feminine touch, don't they, Frances?"

Sure a hard crowd! . . . They'll probably buck against Stone about leaving Yellowjacket. But he struck me as a man who'd be dangerous to cross. . . . Anyway I made a good impression on him. . . . I'll put the matter up to the boys and see what they say."

If Stone moved off peacefully and took his men—about whom Jim was most dubious—then it would be possible for Jim to go back to Flag for Christmas. What a thrilling idea! It warmed him into a genial glow. But another thought followed swiftly—the cowboys of his outfit would go back to Flag also. And that would be terrible. He groaned when he recalled the Thanksgiving dinner and dance which his Uncle Jim had given in honor of Gloriana May Traft. It had been a marvelous occasion, attended by everybody in or around Flagerstown, and something about which the cowboys raved more and more as time passed. Or it was Gloriana about whom they raved!

What havoc that purple-eyed, white-faced girl had wrought! She had looked like a princess—and had flirted like a —a—Jim did not know what. She had even enticed Slinger Dunn to dance—a feat Molly avowed was without parallel. And she had showed open preference for handsome Curly Prentis, which fact had gone to the head of this erstwhile gay and simple cowboy. He had made life for Bud and Cherry, not to mention the others, almost insupportable. Yet it all—the whole situation following that unforgettable dance—was so deliciously funny. All except the stunned look of Molly's eyes—as Jim recalled it!

Molly had not been jealous. She, too, had been carried away by Gloriana's lovely face and charming personality. But there was something wrong with Molly. And Jim had been compelled to leave Flag almost before he realized that the advent of his sister had brought about some strange change in Molly's happiness.

It required submission to the dream of love and of the future to dispel Jim's dread, and his regret. His faith in Molly's tenderness was infinitely stronger than all doubt. He knew he had won her and that always he could prevail. This imperious sister, Gloriana, with her charm, and the distinction of family and class which seemed to hang upon her words and every action, might cause the sincere and simple Arizona lass the mortification and realization of what she considered her own humble station, but they were really chimeras, and would pass in time. . . .

AT LAST he got up and wended a devious way toward camp, preoccupied and tranquil. He was so absent-minded that when Slinger Dunn appeared as if by magic, right out of the green wall of foliage, he sustained a violent shock that was not all thrill.

"You darned Injun!" he ejaculated, in relief. "You're always scaring me stiff."

"Jim, you look sorta worried," Slinger observed. "How'd Jed treat you?"

"Fine. He's a good fellow, even if he is an outlaw."

"Shore I reckoned you'd like Jed. But I was skeered of Croak Malloy, an' thet slippery greaser sheep-herder."

"I didn't get a line on the Mexican you called Sonora. But, Slinger, I formed the acquaintance of Mister Malloy, croak and gun and all. I did! . . . Wait till we reach camp. I don't want to have to tell it twice. . . . How are the boys?"

"Hell to pay," grinned Slinger, showing his white teeth, and his black eyes had a gleam of fun. "Curly busted Bud one on the nose."

"Oh. . . . Is that all?"

"Wal, it shore was enough, leastways for Bud."

"Aw, they're pards, the best of friends. They worship each other, even if they do scrap all the time. What was it about this time?"

"Somethin' aboot Gloriana's laigs," drawled Slinger.

"Wh-hat!" exclaimed Jim, astounded and furious.

"I didn't heah Bud. But you could have heahed Curly a mile. He roared like a mad bull. An' I near died laffin'. I'll shore have fun tellin' Gloriana aboot it."

"Oh the — you will?" queried Jim, constrainedly. Slinger was an entirely new element in the Diamond outfit and assuredly an unknown quantity. He was naïve to the point of doubt, and absolutely outspoken. "Better tell me first."

It appeared, presently, that Bud Chalfack, as frank and innocent in his cowboy way as Slinger was in his backwoods fashion, had been talking about Gloriana's pretty feet, ankles and so on, much to Curly's disgust. And when Bud nonchalantly added that Gloriana was not wholly blind to the grace and beauty of her nether extremities, Curly had taken offense. He could not allow an insult to his young lady friend from the East, and despite Bud's protest he punched him on the nose.

JIM held himself in until he reached camp. He did not know whether to explode with wrath or glee. But the incident might prove to have advantages. Gloriana had upset the outfit, and Jim had found himself at a loss to combat the situation. He grasped at straws.

The camp site, assuredly the most beautiful Jim had seen, was in a break in the wall, where a little brown brook ran crystal clear over stones and between grassy banks. A few lofty silver spruces lorded it over an open glade, which the sun touched with gold. Huge blocks of cliff had fallen and rolled out. Boulders as large as houses stood half hidden by pines. Ferns and amber trailing vines colored the rock wall behind. Camp paraphernalia lay around in picturesque confusion that suited the lounging cowboys.

Jim stalked toward the boys. Bud sat apart, disconsolate, and nursing a bloody nose.

"Bud, what's this Slinger tells me?" Jim demanded, in a loud voice. "You insulted my sister?"

"Aw, no, Boss. Honest t' Gawd I never did," burst out Bud, in distress.

"Curly slugged you for nothing?"

"Not egzactly nuthin', Boss," replied Bud. "I—I did say somethin', but I meant nuthin'."

"Bud Chalfack, did you dare to speak of my sister's legs—here in this camp of low-down cowboys?" demanded Jim, as he leaned over to jerk Bud to his feet.

"Aw, Jim, fer heaven's sake—listen," begged Bud. "Shore I—I said somethin', but it was compliment, an' no insult."

Jim placed a boot behind Bud and tripped him, spread him on the grass, and straddling him lifted a big menacing fist.

"Aw, Jim, don't hit me. I got enough from Curly. An' he cain't hit as hard as you."

"I'll smash your wagging jaw!"

"I'm sorry, Boss. I—I was jest excited, an' talkin' aboot how pretty Miss Gloriana is. An' I reckon I was jest seein' if I could rile Curly. It shore did. . . . I swear I didn't mean nuthin'. An' I apologize."

"What'd you say?" demanded Jim, his fist still uplifted.

"Aw, I forget. It wasn't nuthin' a-tall."

(Continued on page 74)

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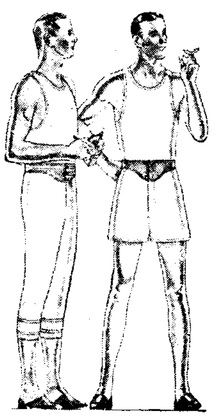

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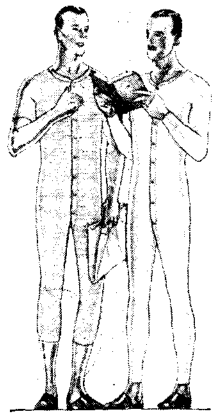

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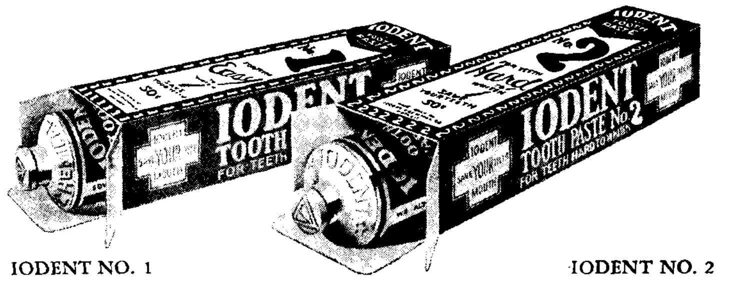

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(Continued from page 73)

"Curly, come here," called Jim, sharply, and as the red-faced cowboy advanced reluctantly, Jim went on: "Since you had the gall to constitute yourself my sister's champion you can tell me just what this blackguard did say. Don't you dare lie!"

Curly seemed to be in a worse predicament than Bud, though for no apparent cause, unless it was Jim's great displeasure. He did not look like the chivalrous defender of a young girl. But presently he got it out, thereby acquainting Jim with the exact words and nature of Bud's offense. Jim could have shrieked with glee, though he acted the part of an avenging Nemesis. Curly was the deceitful one who had taken advantage of Bud's ravings; and Bud was the innocent victim, scared terribly by Jim's wrath, and a dereliction he could not quite understand.

"Ahuh. So this is the kind of a cowboy you are," shouted Jim, raising his fist higher. "I'll beat you good, Bud Chalfack. . . . Do you crawfish—do you take it back?"

"No—damn' if I do!" cried Bud, righteous anger rising out of his grief. "You can beat all you want. What I said I *said*, an' I'll stick to it. . . . 'cause it's true, Jim Traft."

Jim solemnly regarded the prostrate cowboy, while poising aloft the clenched mace of retribution. Bud's true spirit had flashed out. In his code of honor he had not transgressed.

Suddenly an idea occurred to Jim and in an instant he accepted it as a way of escape out of the dilemma. He released the cowboy and got up.

"Bud, you are hopeless," he said, with pretense of sorrow and resignation. "No use to beat you! That'd be no adequate punishment. I'll make you an example. . . . I'll *tell* Glory what you said about her!"

"Aw—Boss!" gasped Bud.

"I shall, Bud Chalfack. Then we'll see where you get off."

"But, Jim, for Gawd's sake, think. You'd have to tell her Curly punched me for it. Then I'd be wuss'n a coyote, and he'd be a hero. Thet'd be orful, Jim, an' you jest cain't be so mean."

"Nevertheless, I shall tell Gloriana," returned Jim, inexorably.

"Boss, I'll take the beatin'," implored Bud.

"No you won't, Bud. You'll take your medicine. And pretty soon, too. We're all going back to Flag for Christmas. Jed Stone agreed to get off Yellowjacket and that leaves us free, for the present, anyway."

"*Whoop-ee!*" yelled the outfit.

ONLY Bud was not radiant. "I'll get drunk an' disgrace the outfit," he avowed.

"Listen, men, and tell me what you make of this deal," said Jim, and seating himself on a pack while the cowboys gathered around, he began a detailed account of his visit to the Hash Knife Outfit. When he had finished there was a blank silence, perturbing. At length Slinger Dunn broke it.

"My Gawd, Boss, you're as good as daid!" he ejaculated, with the only expression of concern Jim had ever seen on his dark impressive face. "You've played hell!"

"So it appears," returned Jim, soberfaced.

"If you'd only shot Malloy when you had the chanct," said Slinger, moodily.

"Well, what'll we do? Slinger, you talk first."

"Better lay low an' wait while I watch the trails. Jed will go but he might go alone. An' I'm shore tellin' you *if* he goes alone the Hash Knife will be ten times wuss'n ever."

"I reckon he'll get off Yellowjacket an' persuade the outfit to follow," said Curly. "Stone is a persuasive cuss, I've heahed men say. An' Yellowjacket is cleaned out of cattle. They've made way with your Diamond stock, Jim, an' once more you're a poor cowboy. Haw! Haw!"

"They're welcome to my stock, if they only vamoose," returned Jim.

"Boss, they shore ain't welcome to the half of thet stock you gave me," declared Dunn, darkly. "I was pore, an' all of a sudden I felt rich. An' now—"

"Slinger, you still have your half interest in what cattle are left, and what I'll drive in," replied Jim. "My uncle won't see us left stripped."

"Wal, thet's different," said Slinger.

"You stay off the warpath, you darned redskin," interposed Curly. "We're shore goin' to need you. . . . Now, Boss, heah's the deal in a nutshell, as I see it. Jed Stone will change his base. But he won't get out of the brakes. There's rich pickin' on the range below. The Hash Knife will hide down heah, an' then go to operatin' big an' bold. Stone will throw thet outfit down or I don't read the signs correct. An' as Slinger says, then the Hash Knife will be worse. Somebody will have to kill Malloy or we cain't do any ranchin' in these parts. Shore everythin' will be quiet till spring."

"Very well," Jim finally said. "We'll stick close to camp, with two guards out day and night. Slinger will watch the Hash Knife gang and report. So until then—I guess we'll have to play mumbly-peg."

TWO lazy, idle, yet watchful days passed. Slinger did not return until long after dark of the second day, so long that it took persuasion by Curly to allay Jim's anxiety. Slinger came in with Uphill Frost, who had been on guard down the trail, and who had missed the supper hour.

"The Hash Knife gang is gone," announced Frost, loudly. "I seen the whole caboodle ride by, an' I damn' near took a peg at thet Croak Malloy."

"What! You sure, Up?" shouted Jim, leaping excitedly to his feet.

"Yep. I wisht I was as sure of heaven. It was aboot two o'clock this afternoon. I'd come back sooner, but Slinger slipped up on me an' told me to wait till he got back. There was eight of 'em an' they had a string of pack horses."

"Slinger, where'd they go?" asked Jim, breathlessly.

"I followed them ten miles, an' when I turned back they was travelin'," returned Dunn. "Tomorrer I'll take a hoss. I reckon they're makin' fer the Black Brakes."

"How far is that?"

"Aboot twenty miles, as the crow flies."

"Too close for comfort."

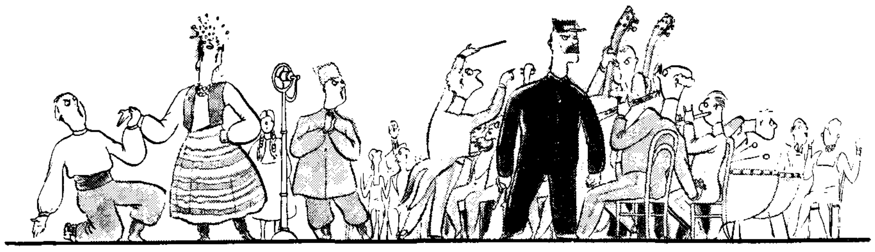
"Boss, I sneaked up close to the cabin," went on Dunn. "Shore was a hell of a argyment. Malloy kicked on quittin' Yellowjacket an' most of the outfit was with him. But Stone was too strong. An' along aboot noon they rode off."

"Yippy-yip!" yelled Jim, in wild elation. "Gone without a scrap. Gosh, but I'm glad."

"Boss, you shore air previous," spoke up Bud, with sarcasm. "Thet Hash Knife gang hev only rid off a ways to hide till you throw up a fine big cabin. Then they'll come back an' take it away from you."

"Well, we'll build the house," said Jim, with decision. "Jeff, we'll break camp at daylight. Better pack some tonight. We'll hit the trail for Yellowjacket. Gosh, I'm glad! . . . We'll keep Slinger on watch, and the rest of us will cut, peel, and make pine poles out of the woods." Then he advised the outfit to turn in and be up at daylight.

(To be continued next week)



Picked out of the Air

By Jack Binns

THE fiery old Duke of Wellington, who collaborated with Blücher to the extent of introducing Napoleon to Waterloo, once gave a gatekeeper a sovereign for obeying orders and preventing His Grace from passing through a forbidden portal. The spirit that prompted the humble gatekeeper must have been inherited by the night watchman who totes a portable clock and time-key in the studio headquarters of the NBC at New York.

When Cesare Sodero's new Russian opera was having its world première over the radio from the Cathedral Studio at 711 Fifth Avenue, a brilliant assemblage of specially invited guests was close packed against the end of the vast room. The new opera was in full swing when suddenly the door behind the guests opened, and the night watchman, dutifully arrayed in his gay uniform, burst in. For a moment a worried look spread over his face, then, assuming a determined air, he screwed up his lips and without further ado, began to climb over the rows of chairs—and guests.

A look of alarm settled on the faces of the officials present and all kinds of weird thoughts passed through their minds. In their perturbed imagination everything had gone wrong, even to the extent of the building being on fire. Then the maestro himself glanced around, and, noting the confusion that had come so unexpectedly at the critical moment in the first presentation of this child of his genius, signaled the orchestra for more volume to cover up the noise.

Undismayed the man in uniform kept on his obstructed pathway until he reached the side wall. Then he inserted his key into a plate on the wall, turned it, and began his way back to the door. To him the birth of a grand opera was unimportant compared with his duty.

Pigeonholed

In the weekly compendium of coming events that is sent me by the broadcast chain, Keith McLeod, music supervisor of the NBC, is quoted as saying: "Old music still has its place."

Quite true, Keith, but so far as the majority of broadcast stations is concerned, that place is on the shelf.

Government by Radio

An interesting situation presents itself in Great Britain as a result of the inauguration of the Labor Government under the leadership of Ramsay MacDonald. The radio broadcast system in the British Isles is owned and operated by the government. Up to the present, broadcasting of discussions of politics and controversial subjects has been drastically restricted. The Labor Party, now the largest political party in Britain, has but one daily newspaper. This always has been a serious handicap and is more of a drawback than ever, now that the party is in power.

Will the new government use the state-owned broadcast system to keep in touch with the public and put over its own particular propaganda? That is a question which has already caused a tremendous amount of speculation over there. The new prime minister very promptly used the microphone to thank the British voters for the support given his party. The development of this situation is of vital interest to everyone because, if undertaken and successful, it will immediately spread to other countries.

Paris Green

The Reparations Commission was tied up for months over in Europe seeking a solution of the troublesome war-debt problem. Even so the financial experts had a pretty soft time compared with the ladies who dispense information and advice over the radio for their listening sisters. After all, the task of splitting a few billion dollars among nations is a simple job when one considers the problems that perplex the modern feminine mind. Here is a question that came into the Home Hour: "Considering the walls are green, the rug blue, and the furniture gray, what sort of curtains would you use in your bedroom if you had brown eyes and gray hair?"

The World Awaits This

A few weeks ago I was caught unawares in a conclave of well-known radio engineers—men responsible for the remarkable and continuous development of the art that has become such a factor to us moderns. The conversation centered upon automatic tuning and remote control with a discussion of the merits of the various schemes involved.

Just at the moment when it looked as though a real scrap might develop out of the disagreements, Bill Grimditch, one of the engineers present, broke in and exclaimed: "What we really need is an automatic device that will keep the set tuned to stations broadcasting jazz, opera, or general programs, according to the desire of the particular owner. Then we could sell sets to everybody. Those who like only jazz could press a certain button and then forever after as soon as one station finished a jazz program, the automatic device would tune in on another station broadcasting such a program. If there were none, it would shut the set off. A different button would do the same for the opera lover, and so on."

It is a fundamental axiom with experts that whenever a problem is correctly stated the invention is made. So! There you are, boys, go to it!

NEW IDEA
RADIO ENGINEERS CONVENTION

FULL TIME

"KRISS KROSS profits are astonishing, even to an old hand at the game like myself. Making money at the rate of $28 for one hour—and $68 for one day—are new experiences even for me."

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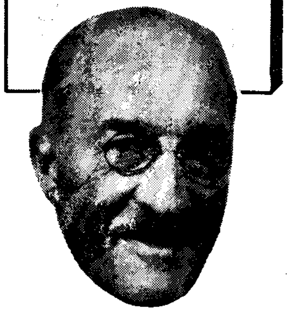
"I have sold over 100 orders in 7 days in addition to my regular line of work. I think over $200 at part time speaks well for KRISS KROSS."

J. C. Kellogg, Kansas.



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'In my first four days of work, I averaged over fifty dollars ($60) a day in profits and I never had any previous sales experience. KRISS KROSS sure is a sales getter.'

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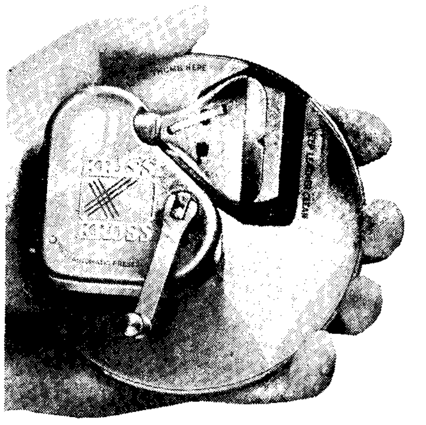

SEARCH the whole country over—try as you will—you'll never find such an astonishing opportunity to make real money as KRISS KROSS offers you today! All the big magazines such as Saturday Evening Post, Liberty, American, etc., carry smashing ads on KRISS KROSS! Millions of men who have read about it are anxious to see and test it for themselves. And the fact that KRISS KROSS is never sold in stores creates a sensational opportunity for salesmen to make big profits—$30 to $60 a day and even better!

Proof? Here's plenty of it. For example, take H. King of Mass. He made $66 in one day—$10 of it while he was waiting at a gas station for gas. S. Kantala, in spare time alone, averaged $75 a week for a few hours each evening. And Emil Ham of California averaged over $50 a day his first 4 days without previous knowledge of selling! Profits like these are not unusual—just typical every day experiences of the men who sell KRISS KROSS.

A STARTLING INVENTION

KRISS KROSS—the marvelous self-seller—is a super-stropper or blade rejuvenator. Absolutely unlike anything ever introduced before. Prolongs the life of any make blade for weeks, months, and even years. Its mechanical ingenuity is little short of marvelous. It strops with a diagonal stroke just like a master barber. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds. KRISS KROSS strops heavy at the start—light at the finish—and leaves your blades with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take.

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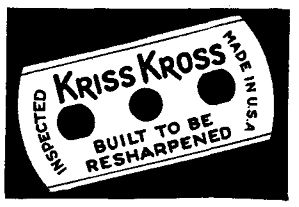

To introduce KRISS KROSS stropper, we are including this month free samples of a revolution in razor blade construction. Made to fit your present razor. Guaranteed to last longer and shave better than any other. Expect a new shaving sensation—KRISS KROSS blades are made of a unique steel, made a new and better way.

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Right now is the time to begin reaping big profits with KRISS KROSS. Thousands of dollars are being spent to pave the way for you through advertising. Territories are going fast. Find out all about this sensational, money making business without delay. See how simple it is to make $100—$225 in a week with KRISS KROSS—the most unique self-seller of all time. This proposition calls for quick action. Clip the coupon immediately. Mail it tonight!

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Mechanical Stroppers.
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When the Mountains Labor

Continued from page 13

much about it. But I have it from an authority who, I am assured in various quarters, is entirely reliable, that the conference came to nothing because the only feasible plan advanced involved price-fixing and trade and territory agreements between the large mill owners and a consequent throttling or buying up (at staggering prices) of those little mills wherein cheapness was paramount.

There were lawyers present. One and all, they arose to elaborate upon the impossibility of such a plan. The impossibility was, they agreed, represented in the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. It would be a combination in restraint of trade. The whole structure would be smashed in the first court to review it.

The Stretch-Out

Not that the idea died at that meeting, however. There is now in the cotton mill belt—a procession of villages and towns extending, roughly, from Greenville, South Carolina, to Greensboro, North Carolina—a persistent rumor that, come what may, wages are going up. A number of the more important mills have almost decided that the wage scale will have to ascend and that the competition of the smaller mills will have to be met with efficiency methods at the looms, newer and faster machinery and probably a reduction in working forces.

What delays the adoption of this plan is the present temper of the mill hand. Already efficiency in the spinning-rooms is one of the mill hand's woes—the stretch-out system, for example. Whether the stretch-out will be less poisonous to him if more money is forthcoming is something to look to the future for. The stretch-out is merely adding to the number of looms a man or woman must tend. The employee's principal objection, aside from the wear and tear on his feet, was that he got no more money for chaperoning ten looms than he did for seeing that the yarn did not break in five. In the meantime the employer has shortened his pay roll.

One of the uncomfortable realizations of the Southern business man is that the mountaineer imported into the mill villages has been the quickest to volunteer for enrollment in the labor unions. When the Southern chambers of commerce and other commerce stimulators were waging their hot campaigns to capture Northern capital and attract Northern textile manufacturers into the cotton mill belt, chanting Spin-It-Where-It-Grows, they made as one of their most fascinating enticements, the promise of cheap labor—cheap, intelligent, Anglo-Saxon labor—white, untroubled, satisfied labor.

It seems curious that the cotton belt propagandists shouldn't know their own people better. Yet they argued that these gaunt, silent individualists in the Appalachian ranges were too independent, too proud, too parochial to lend an ear to outside agitators and Northern labor organizers. Besides, the argument ran, few and far between were the mountaineer families that saw as much as one hundred dollars a year cash money. Twenty cents an hour would have a millennial sound to such people. And ten or twelve hours a day would seem brief.

But it happens that the cotton mill strikes are more frequent, hotter, longer and more violent where the imported mountaineers predominate. That very individualism, that same independence and that same will to work and learn (they're exceedingly swift to learn) have bred their inevitable discontent, ambition and aspiration.

The second and third generation of mill hands lack the spirit of the fresh mountaineer. As you wander east through the Piedmont plateau, the farther you get from the mountains the fewer mountaineers in the mills. And the fewer mountaineers the more supine and shiftless the mill hands. One of the overseers, admitting that this was true, summed up his opinion of the hand born to the loom thus: "You can take the man away from the cotton mill, but you can't take the cotton mill away from the man." And you get plenty of evidence to support him.

Not all the invited capitalists leaped to the cheap, white, Anglo-Saxon labor bait. They may have accepted the invitation but they did so with certain misgivings—misgivings which they have seen verified. These few, having learned here and there that there is no such thing as cheap American labor if you consider turnover, desertions, strikes, half-hearted effort and even sabotage, spoke of a wage scale somewhat in advance of the then obtaining rates.

The latest of these, and probably the most prominent, were the Bemberg and Glanzstoff mills at the foot of Smoky Mountain in Tennessee, between Johnson City and Elizabethton.

Among the several reasons why the Bembergs set up their artificial silk mills there, was that Johnson City gave them the land to build on—a neat gift of $130,000. No question there, either, of abundant labor reserves. Smoky Mountain rose from the famous Happy Valley between the dark Unakas and the lordly Smokies (there are no more beautiful mountains) and the German Bemberg and Glanzstoff people had it on the printed word of Johnson City that the available labor was not only plenteous but "native, intelligent, easily trained . . . low wage scale."

But these rayon makers were skeptical. They had come from a country where non-union labor was a curiosity. They did not exult at the term open-shop. Then they suggested a wage scale.

Just how much higher than the prevailing textile mill rate their proposed wages were, I don't know. Among the various interesting phenomena in the mill districts at present is the reticence in high places. (It is now the employers' turn to have heavy suspicions of all furriners; the mill hand, alas, is losing his.)

Conform or Get Out

At any rate the German scale was higher than the American and there was, to put it mildly, considerable excitement. The Bemberg and Glanzstoff people were taken aside and told to conform.

They conformed. Also they have had more violent strikes than almost any other cotton mills of the Carolinas have seen. Prominent among the reasons for this is that a large part of their labor was drawn almost instantly from the mountain coves. They did not have quite enough of the leaven of the dispirited born mill hand in their labor personnel.

But we may return now to the foregatherin' where I met Mr. Plenty John Carstair. There in Loray Village were all manner and conditions of the mill hand—the new recruit from the mountains, the dull, resentful native of the plateau who had been born to the loom and the even more pathetic imports from the hookworm and cracker lowlands of Georgia. A few from Alabama too. A dismal lot, these last.

There Mr. Carstair introduced me to a number of mill workers, some of whom were too indifferent to talk, others too tired to talk any more and a large number who, seized by the spirit of the occasion, had to be ignored repeatedly before they'd stop talking. Going over it all, it strikes me that Jones Ross McKinnon's saga is the most comprehensive.

Some months ago Mr. McKinnon attended a speakin' in the Baptist Church up Help Branch in the Stone Mountains. The speakin' stranger was a Mr. Moses Whitehead.

Mr. Whitehead was a labor scout. Himself a product of the mountains—the Smokies—he talked Mr. McKinnon's language. He asked Mr. McKinnon and the others to rest their eyes on him and observe that he was well fed, dressed outen a store and wore shoes a baby could bend heel to toe with its little fingers. Never knew what unhurten feet was until he had shoes like that. Used to them now, too.

It was Mr. Whitehead's humble opinion that any man remaining in the mountains trying to grow corn and hogs where nothing but a rock could get along was reelin' crazy in the head. He wished, too, that Mr. McKinnon and the others present could see Mrs. Whitehead and the gals. Dressed up. Or maybe takin' a bath in a bathtub—free. Bathtub and electric lights went along with the house.

All-Fired Hurryin'-Up

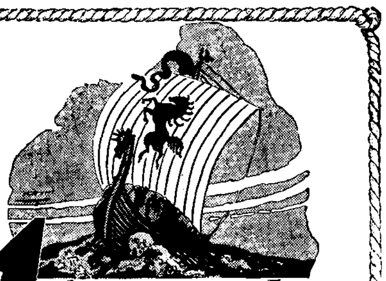
Furthermore, Mr. Whitehead could see no good reason why every hard-working man and woman at the speakin' that evening couldn't have the same luxuries, if they came out of the mountains and into the mills. Of course it meant hard work; but what was hard work? Hard work was no stranger to no man present. Nor no woman neither.

There was more of the same. Movies, theaters, band concerts, big public preachin's, peerades, balloon ascensions, hoss racin' and airioplanes. A man didn't have to pester with none of them or he could waller in all of them. And schools. Most amazin' thing about the schools. They done took a child today and before you'd got to know one street from tother, dag me if that child wasn't readin' books and writin' fer photographs of movin' picture actors. . . .

Two weeks later Mr. McKinnon, his wife and their twelve children were in Bessemer City, Gaston County, a few miles west of Gastonia, where after considerable perplexity and doubt due to the manifold dangers surrounding them —the swift motor cars, the all-fired hurryin'-up on everybody and the clear determination of the younger children to get killed one way or another—they established themselves in a four-room house which the mill let them have for fifty cents a room a week.

As houses go, it wasn't much even for a mill village. The bathroom and runnin' hot and cold, spoken of so comfortably by Mr. Whitehead, were notably absent. Still, it was somewhat more stylish than the slanchways cabin Mr. McKinnon and family had occupied back in the Stone Mountains. There were so many windows that a man could stand almost anywhere inside and see what was agoin' on outwards. Bad iffen a man had enemies.

Mr. McKinnon was right fortunate almost at once. He got a job in the



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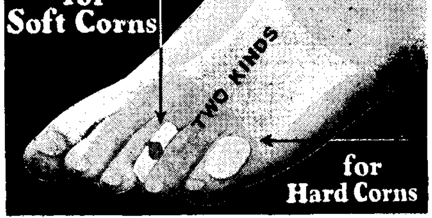

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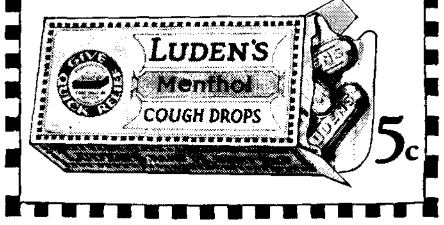
Thousands of cigarette smokers, all over the world, made their own tests and submitted slogans indicating that Luden's Menthol Cough Drops *add to the enjoyment of cigarette smoking; keep the throat comfortable and refresh the mouth.*
Contest closed midnight, July 15th, and an unbiased board of judges selected the winners as follows:

CIGARETTE SMOKERS
First Prize—$200—Mr. G. W. Taylor, 86 Queen St., Halifax, N. S., Canada; Second Prize—$100—Mrs. Myrtle VanderHorst, Big Creek, Calif.; Third Prize—$50—Mr. H. W. Morton, 6020 35th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.; Fourth Prize—$25—Mr. K. F. Blystone, 925 Highland Ave., Greensburg, Pa.

CIGARETTE SALES PEOPLE
First Prize—$100—Mr. Charles J. Schiesser, 1031 E. Superior St., Duluth, Minn.; Second Prize—$75—Mr. David Roshman, 709 S. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Third Prize—$50—Mrs. Ida Biggs, 314 Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; Fourth Prize—$25—Mrs. Laura McCown, 3206 29th St., Tampa, Fla.

135 other cash prizes, amounting to $875, have been awarded to winners of the fifth and sixth prizes—a total of 143 prizes amounting to $1500. Checks have been sent to winners and all contestants have been mailed the full list of names and addresses of the prize winners.

Luden's, Inc., Reading, Pa.



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carding-room. He didn't get the exact right of the pay and would have asked the man a few questions if the man hadn't been so onrushin'. But that evening he took to paper and pencil (he was a survigorous figurer) and tried to get the egzact of hit. He wasn't altogether victorious. According to himself he should have got something over thirteen dollars a week, but the smart fellers at the mill made it out eleven thirty-seven. However, he helt his jaw, bein' a walkin' stranger.

Important Money

However, Mrs. McKinnon got a job too and what was the blow to his male pride when she was rewarded with twelve dollars and something. But that came to nearly twenty-four dollars a week. Quite a addin' up of cash money when you consider that eighty dollars was the largest income the McKinnons had ever enjoyed in any one year back in the cove.

"Some of the young uns workin' too, I expect," Mr. Carstair inserted at this point in Mr. McKinnon's narrative.

"Two," said Mr. McKinnon. "Uster be three but the man said we was lyin' about Eunice's age. Fourteen's the least age they kin work 'em. Eunice is thirteen but big as sixteen and so we didn't let on. When the work wasn't runnin' good the man laid Eunice off. She was agittin' eight dollars and somethin'. But Kelly and Will air workin' and agittin' ten dollars and sometimes sixteen."

There is no prevailing wage scale in the cotton mill. All one may say is that the pay runs anywhere from eight to twenty-two dollars a week although the quicker minds and nimbler fingers and toes can now and then push on to thirty. The average mill hand's pay is in the neighborhood of fourteen dollars.

One may not, either, set forth an arbitrary layout of working conditions. In one end of a mill town you walk in squalor, in unsanitary misery. In fifteen minutes you can ride to a mill village that has all the gentle beauty of a park.

Working hours are more uniform. A full day's work is eleven hours, a full week sixty hours. Saturday is a five-hour day. Night work is general, not because the mills are so beset with orders but because it is not good for a loom to let it get cold. The yarn breaks too easily.

Child labor still exists although the law in the cotton mill belt prohibits children under fourteen. It is not, however, the fault of the mill owner. There is no known way of preventing a mother bringing her twelve-year-old to the employment office and saying he or she is fourteen. The children being generally undernourished, and having adult secrets well in hand early in life, acquire a wizened, gnomish appearance which defies the age-guesser.

In the tent villages peopled, according to the labor leaders, with strikers evicted from mill houses (which is emphatically denied at the mills), I talked to several little old men and women of ten and twelve. Four of them were tremendously pleased to put on a play for me, explaining that they had been coached in it by a furrin lady in a upendin' dress. (I tried, but failed dismally, to discover what an upendin' dress was.)

It was clearly a symbolic piece, this play. One youngster was a flower, another just a poor child strolling in the beautiful garden where the flower flourished, the third was a frankly and unbelievably brutal policeman, the fourth was a gentle gardener full of love and devotion for all mankind.

The strolling child would have plucked the flower, but the flower bade her pause. Did the strolling child not understand that the flower was not her property, but the property of the rich lady who lived in yan great house? But did not God and the gardener create that flower, asked the stroller? What had the silken great lady with the lily-white fingers in yan great house contributed to that flower?

The gardener then stepped forward bidding the poor child pluck the flower, which the poor child did, signifying the plucking with a kiss. He cursed the great gold lady in yan mansion. And then the brute in blue and brass appeared. He bowed deeply to the gold and silk lady, killed the gardener, crushed the flower under his heel and carried off the poor strolling child to heaven knows where and the play ended with all four actors skipping lightly into tableau and singing the Marseillaise.

Among the particularly dismal products of the cotton mill strikes—almost always sporadic inasmuch as the hands lack the funds to remain long away from the looms—is the increase in bootlegging.

Not that the Carolinas have a new problem to wrestle with. Both states are soggy with mountain dew or corn likker. You can buy it by the drink, by the quart, gallon or motor car load. It has several drawbacks, one in particular—you've got to be a native inured to its internal ravages to drink it. Or a much-traveled person with cosmopolitan tastes and stout resistance.

It comes in three qualities—first, second and third runs. The first run of the still is sold to the better trade for upwards of fifteen dollars a gallon. The second and third runs (redistillations of the same mash with sugar or blackstrap molasses added to hasten the fermentation) can be had off the hip or in hundreds of shops and cabins for five, ten or fifteen cents a slug, depending upon the seller's estimate of your ability to pay.

One can only guess how many of the mountaineer mill hands, forced into idleness by the strikes or voluntarily quitting the looms for the more gainful pursuit, have turned to stilling and carrying. And that guess must be based upon the increase in the traffic.

For a dollar they can buy a bottle of vegetable lightning—alcohol derived from whatever available materials the cheap stills find at hand—and mix it with water. As I saw several ladies and gentlemen under the spell of this nectar, it was, I rejoice, unnecessary for me to sample it. I was assured that they'd be practically as good as new in two or three days, although to my furrin eyes this seemed a bit optimistic.

The End of a Noble Sport

One sees a sign of decadence, too, in the lack of spirit with which the prohibition agents are accepted by the mountaineer stillers. In grandpappy's day the mountains echoed merrily with the exchanges of shots between the corn cookers and the revenuers. But not now.

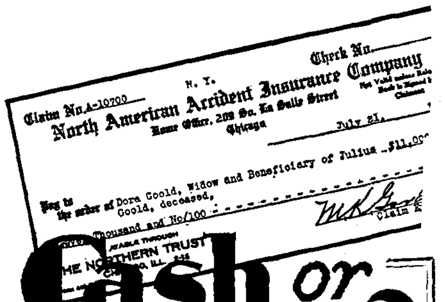
All the prohibition men carry arms. Rifles and buckshot guns are general in the mountain coves. But there is so little shooting and so rarely a casualty that it seems almost an agreed condition of the game that there shall be no rough stuff.

A shiner is pounced upon by the government men (or at rare intervals the county and city authorities) and the best of good nature prevails.

"Well, well, well," says the shiner in effect, "so you've got me ketched. I knowed hit was time to move this here fire. Only, good runnin' crick places is pretty well tooken up nowadays."

More than one million gallons of

(*Continued on page 78*)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in case of automobile, travel, pedestrian and many other common accidents. Can you afford to have your salary stop, pay doctor and household expenses, in case of illness such as lobar pneumonia, appendicitis operations, etc., or any of the many common sicknesses covered in this strong policy? Protect yourself! Get Cash instead of Sympathy! **Don't wait for misfortune to overtake you.**

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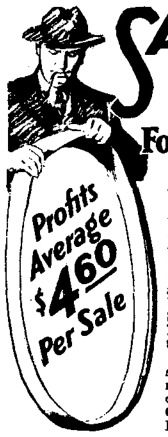

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Your profits run around $4.60 per sale. No deliveries, no stock or investment. Simply show proof and write orders. Send for our proposition today. Coffield Tire Protector Co., 9910 So. Harshman St., Dayton, Ohio.

(*Continued from page 77*) mash and a thousand stills were captured in the Southern mountains last year, the Federal prohibition bureau claims; yet policemen, clergymen and mill overseers in the Piedmont assured me that corn likker, apple brandy and peach are more plentiful today than ever before, and cheaper.

The mountaineer is frankly religious, but you can find little to prove it in the mill village churches. He likes his gospel raw. Reason leads him into blind alleys from which he has to be dragged by his own preachers, who are pure emotionalists. In the mill villages the Baptists and the Methodists cover ninety per cent of the ground. Here and there you'll find a Presbyterian and very rarely an Episcopalian. There may be Catholics but they appear to be content to say nothing about it.

A Special Intelligence Bureau

The mill owner has striven hard to make conventional church attendance popular. He hasn't been nearly as successful as he had hoped. It follows, of course, that not infrequently the mill owner has tried to control the morale of his employees through the village preachers; to make an ally of the latter. He builds the church, houses the preacher and contributes at least half of the expenses of maintenance.

There were accusations, now and then, that one clergyman being a readier and more comprehensive intelligence bureau for the mill officials, he received stouter financial support than his rival pastor. And the mill hands began to stay away from the village churches and call upon their old mountain preachers to come down into the plain.

The mountain preachers came—the Campbellites, the Russellites, the Missionary Baptists, the Free Willers, the Holy Rollers, the Pentecostal Holiness Prophets, the Missionary Methodists, the Nazarenes, the Four-Squares and the Hard-Shells. And under trees, under the moon, in distant gullies and on hilltops the great shoutings were heard, much to the consternation of the conventional preachers who were speaking to empty pews and of the mill owners who regarded the mountain preachers as unmoral and destructive to mass thought.

These outlaw preachers were even accused by the overseers of encouraging disloyalty to the employer. It was even said that they were not above accepting financial support from the labor unions.

Probably all of this was grossly exaggerated. Nevertheless the Methodist Church saw fit to send into the cotton mill belt so sturdy a warrior and fine organizer as the Rev. Dr. W. A. Newell, a presiding elder; and to Dr. Newell both sides owe much.

One of his first reforms was the rejection of all financial contributions to his churches which the mill owners had been making secretly. He declined to have any part in anything which was hobbled with the injunction to "say nothing about this." He gave publicity to everything except the heart-confidences of his people.

He drove at least one superintendent out of the mills—a superintendent whose inability to understand the mountaineer was a large factor in the rise of the present trouble. He stopped wholesale evictions in Gaston County—the heart of the district. There are 104 mills in Gaston County, more than in any other textile center in the country. Only Pawtucket, R. I., and Fall River, Mass., boast of more spindles.

Preacher Newell's opposition to the free-lance mountain preacher is not at all political. His chief concern centers in their personal ethics and their moral influence upon the mill hands. Preacher Hash Bone of Thicketty, S. C., for example.

Preacher Hash Bone is a Holiness—something more than a mere preacher. When he addresses a congregation there is no way of predicting the consequences. He is larger even than Mr. Plenty John Carstair. He has endurance and voice in keeping.

"Hash Bone," said Mr. Carstair, "kin whisper across a valley. Once he gits agoin' he kin give a thunderstorm a runnin' start and holler it back into a mountain."

It was nothing at all for him to roar for three hours without stopping. And when he did pause and hurl himself upon the ground to regain his strength it would be only for four or five minutes. Thus he could keep at it all day while congregations came and went.

Due to his ability to see above the low clouds of distrust, Preacher Newell has gone far toward reëstablishing much of the social welfare work which mill owners began to view with alarm when the radical union organizers fetched their red flags to the Piedmont.

There are mills where any sort of liberal thought and modern social idea is at once rejected because a vague relationship to radicalism is suspected. In fact any person or any agency not boldly arrayed against the unions, whether Communistic or of the mild American Federation of Labor persuasion, was forthwith labeled Red and marked for destruction.

The Carolina women who went before their state legislatures with demands for laws limiting the working hours for their sex were enrolled in the Bolshevik lists and watched with nervous apprehension. Even so mild a man as the Hon. Josephus Daniels was regarded as a dangerous radical because his newspaper, the Raleigh News and Observer, was clear in its sympathy for the mill hand.

Naturally, such social workers as were tolerated in the mills, lost much of their power to help the workers. Frequently they were little more than espionage agents and nobody sensed this quicker than the mountaineers.

"We git all the overseein' we need in the mills," the hands said to the visiting social workers. "We hain't needin' it at home." And the strikers, developing a class consciousness under the tireless tutoring of the Communists, were regarding all outsiders as spies.

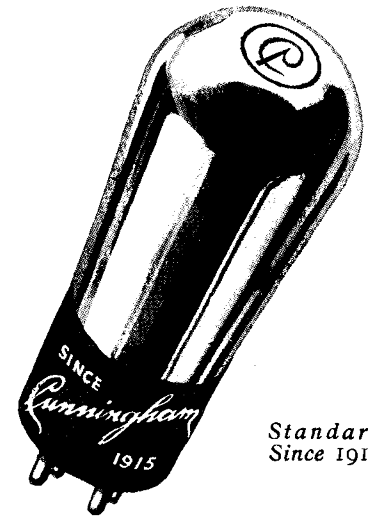
That's Exceedin'

"Hit all comes," said Plenty John Carstair, "outen this preachin' that the hands ought to own the mills. That's exceedin', as I was sayin'. Nobody hain't said a word about what the mill hands is agoin' to do with the mills iffen they was to git them. D'ye see? That there's the ketch in it. Nobody knows how many fellers there is canterin' up and down here tryin' to find out what's best to do about all this. Too many to count up. All a wastin' of time, too.

"You're the first of them to come askin' me, and I'm agoin' to tell you. Hit's this: Pay fair cash money and you git fair goods. Them that kin do it's agoin' to reap a-plenty. Them that can't has got to drop out. Cotton's bigger'n any mill and mightier'n any boss. Iffen you want to keep abreast of cotton you got to grow liken it does. Iffen you're through a-growin' you got to git raked up and cast into the fire. Iffen the bosses in the Piedmont is all through growin' there's a-plenty fire to consume them."

"Aaaaa—MEN," shouted Mr. McKinnon. "But who's agoin' to take up iffen the mills close down?"

"Plenty," said Mr. Carstair calmly, "yessir, plenty."



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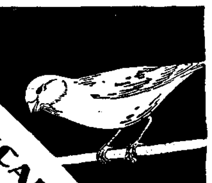

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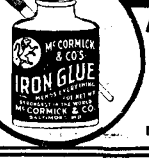
IRON GLUE



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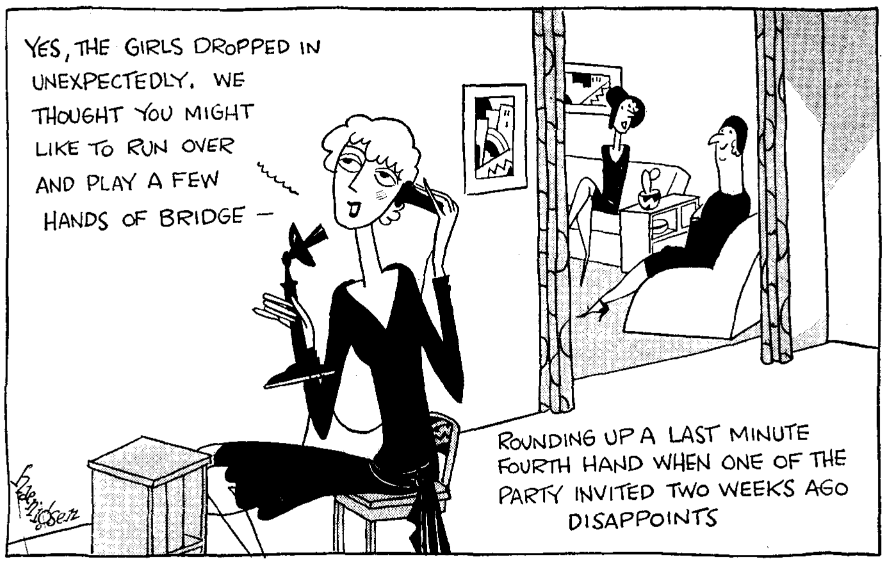

YES, THE GIRLS DROPPED IN UNEXPECTEDLY. WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO RUN OVER AND PLAY A FEW HANDS OF BRIDGE —
ROUNDING UP A LAST MINUTE FOURTH HAND WHEN ONE OF THE PARTY INVITED TWO WEEKS AGO DISAPPOINTS

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. K-8-7-2
H. Q
D. 7-6-5-3
C. A-J-7-4

West
S. Q-10-3
H. 8-7-4-3
D. K-J-2
C. Q-9-5

East
S. J-9-5
H. A-J-10-6-5
D. Q-10-8-4
C. 6

South
S. A-6-4
H. K-9-2
D. A-9
C. K-10-8-3-2

THE Auction Bridge bidding of this hand would be: South one No Trump followed by three passes. Of course East would be anxious to have Hearts led; but to make a lead-directing two-bid would involve too great a risk of serious defeat.

The Contract bidding would be far less cut-and-dried. South has a count of 14 and would bid one No Trump, being just one over the minimum for that declaration. West would pass; and North, with a count of 10—just one over the minimum for the single jump and far below the strength for a double—would bid two No Trumps. East would pass. It is conventionally understood that after a bid of one No Trump by dealer and a jump to two by dealer's partner, dealer should not risk a bid of three unless he has a count of 15. South's count is 4 for the Ace of Spades, 3 for the King of Hearts, 4 for the Ace of Diamonds and 3 for the King of Clubs—a total of 14. He has only one ten; but he has one holding which he may consider, his five-card Club suit headed by one of the three top honors. Such a suit would be valued at 1 in addition to the 3 for the King when jumping partner's No Trump; so, while South could not reckon it as being of value when making his original bid, after North has jumped the situation changes a bit and South is justified by the combination of one Ten and five Clubs in taking a chance and making a game bid with a holding that technically is just under the limit. Of course that is taking a chance, as the result of the hand shows it to have been in this case; it is the kind of chance that the expert can afford to take.

The Play

West of course had no option in his lead; Hearts being his only four-card suit, he opened that to the great joy of East. Dummy's singleton Queen was pounced upon by East's Ace, and South of course played small. East returned the Jack; with Jack-Ten in his own hand, a low lead would have given South two tricks if South had the improbable King-Nine.

West had led the Trey of Hearts which South (who held the Deuce) knew to be West's lowest; consequently West must have had four Hearts originally and East five. Appreciating that there would be no point in holding up his King, South won the second Heart trick.

South was able to draw some further interesting inferences. He knew that East would not have returned the Jack of Hearts unless he held the Ten also, and consequently that West's four-card suit must have been headed by the Eight. As West must have opened his best suit, it was impossible for him to have four Spades, Diamonds or Clubs because four cards in any one of those suits would be headed by a card better than an Eight. Consequently West must have held originally an evenly divided hand—four Hearts and three cards in each of the other suits. With this much ascertained, South of course could be sure that East had only one Club.

The adverse Hearts were cleared and if Declarer lost a single trick before he got home his nine, game would go with it. He could take (in addition to the one Heart he had already won) two Spades and one Diamond; so to make game he must take all five Club tricks. Generally, when holding in his two hands nine cards of a suit including Ace and King, a Declarer does not finesse. But in this instance the Declarer knew that West had three Clubs and East only one and was skillful enough "to know the rules and when to break them."

He led the King of Clubs to trick 3 so as to avoid letting the lone Queen win if in the East hand; and to trick 4 he led a small Club from closed hand and finessed the Jack in North when West played the Nine. When this won, the game was there—a game that would never have been made had not the Declarer, figuring out the composition of the adverse hands, been able to see that the usual practice concerning a finesse with nine cards should not be followed in this instance.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 10-9-6-3
H. Q-9-6
D. Q-6-3
C. J-8-3

East
S. Q-J
H. 10-7-4-3
D. J-9
C. A-K-7-4-2

West
S. A-K-7-4-2
H. A-K
D. 7-4-2
C. 9-6-5

South
S. 8-5
H. J-8-5-2
D. A-K-10-8-5
C. Q-10

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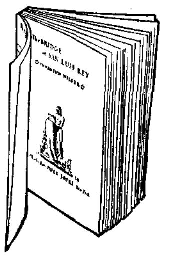

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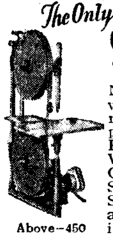

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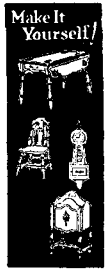

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Chief Bright Path

Continued from page 40

might lose a practice contest, but they were invulnerable when meeting a worthy opponent from the outside.

The greatest prep school athletes of that time strove manfully to attend one of these three institutions and the coaches found themselves blessed with marvelous material. Harvard had an advantage even over Yale and Princeton in the possession of the late well-loved Percy Haughton, who was not only a great student of the game, but was considered one of the finest coaches of all time.

The great 1911 record of Carlisle, instead of aiding her, on this occasion worked against her. For it was argued that the Indians had already faced too many exhausting contests to show anything against Harvard. Besides, the injured Thorpe had not recovered from his Lafayette smash-up and his Pennsylvania bruises.

Disconcerting Tactics

So little did Percy Haughton think of Carlisle that he started his second-string team against them. This gave Harvard a psychological advantage, and made Carlisle feel that their players were inferior to the Crimson stars. The Harvard coach planned to use his first-string men only if the battle should turn against the second. This was one of the first times that a reserve team was ever started in a big game.

Pop Warner was a strategist, too, perfectly capable of employing psychology when the occasion demanded. During the week preceding the Harvard game he and Jim Thorpe were constantly together, while the work-outs of the team were all held in secret. Warner realized that Harvard would be expecting a series of trick plays with Thorpe doing most of the work. But he also knew that Jim was in no condition to stand a full hour of bitter tackling, and so the two developed an entirely different kind of offense, which surprised both Haughton and his team.

More than 25,000 fans (a tremendous crowd for those days) gathered in the Cambridge stadium on November 11 to see Jim Thorpe run with the ball and to watch Harvard win the game. They were doomed to disappointment. To the surprise of everyone, including the players and Coach Haughton himself, Thorpe did not start out to run the ends or to smash through the line. Time and again the powerful Indian swooped forward in front of the man with the ball, making it possible for Carlisle to gain her yards.

It was only Thorpe's splendid interference and the unexpectedness of these plays which made them successful. The Crimson stars, to a man, had been drilled to watch every move of Chief Bright Path. Even though he did not have the ball, Harvard continued to crash against him, for Percy Haughton had drilled the one thought into the minds of his boys that if they did not stop Thorpe, they could not check Carlisle.

Warner had developed several clever trick plays which worked for long gains, and between these and Thorpe's craftiness in having his team-mates carry the ball, Carlisle threatened the Harvard goal throughout the first half. But even this combination was not enough to carry the ball across, while Harvard pushed over a touchdown for the first five points of the game and converted the goal for the extra count. (Touchdowns at that time scored five instead of six points.)

Carlisle finally managed, toward the close of the first quarter, to get the ball on the Harvard thirteen-yard line. It was last down, and the Indians appeared to have no chance of making their yardage. Thorpe then commenced to use the Warner strategy, and though he was already badly battered by the Harvard linemen, with a fast-swelling ankle and his kicking leg in bandages, he suddenly dropped back and made an accurate place-kick from a difficult angle, to score three points.

Even then Harvard did not realize what Thorpe was doing, and thought he had been unusually lucky in making that successful kick. A few moments later, however, after rushing the ball down the field behind Thorpe's perfect interference, Carlisle was again in the position of having to kick on the last down, the ball resting on the Harvard forty-three-yard line. Everyone, including the Harvard players, expected Thorpe to punt, but instead the giant Indian dropped back and tried another place-kick, which was successful, and before the half had ended, he had put across a third kick from the thirty-seven-yard line, making the score 9-6 against Harvard, at the end of two quarters.

Harvard had something to think about during those few minutes of rest, for the Crimson had been outplayed at every point. The Carlisle rush line had held the Crimson, their ends never failing to do their work, and their interference, headed by Thorpe, was the best that had been seen in the Harvard stadium for many years.

What Haughton had started, he wanted to finish, and though his regulars pleaded to go into the game, Haughton still held them out, and the Crimson reserve started the second half. This was sound strategy, too, because Carlisle had set herself gamely to withstand the Harvard varsity, and, finding the reserves still in, unconsciously relaxed. The substitutes, imbued with the confidence that their great coach had given them, went out and crashed through the Carlisle team for a touchdown and then came back and made a successful place-kick to make the score 15-9 in their favor.

"Get Out of My Way!"

But Carlisle was not through. The Indians seemed to realize that this great burst of energy was due solely to inspiration and enthusiasm, and they knew that, if they waited long enough, they would be able to take advantage of Harvard's reaction.

The third quarter had almost ended before Harvard weakened. Carlisle took the ball on her own thirty-yard line, and Thorpe for the first time that day commenced to run regularly with the ball.

"Get out of my way!" he yelled to his interference, and they, knowing that he was about to call upon his great speed, understood they would only be hindering him if they tried to stay in front. So his team-mates stood aside while Chief Bright Path battled his way down the field. The powerful Indian carried the ball by his own efforts seventy yards in nine plays to cross the Harvard goal line, and then made good the extra point to tie the score 15-15 as the quarter ended.

It was then that Percy Haughton sent out a fresh team composed of Harvard's greatest players. Up to this point it had been one of the wildest games ever played. Thorpe had tried only three kicks, and he had made them all. He had kicked the goal for the tying point. His delayed passes, his trick plays and his plunges had made it possible for him to hold Harvard almost single-handed, though Reynolds, of the Crimson, had made an off-tackle run for a touchdown and a blocked kick had resulted in another six points.

The whole Harvard team had banged at Thorpe all afternoon, a tackle being expelled from the game because of his rough tactics against the giant Indian. But Thorpe did not mind. This was battle, and he stood up smiling under the punishment, despite the torture of his injured ankle and his bandaged legs, and appeared as dangerous in that last quarter as he had been at the start. Even in the face of all this fresh material, he was undaunted. The light of victory shone in his eyes. It was his day, and he knew it. His lucky day. For Thorpe had always counted eleven as his lucky number, and he was well acquainted with the fact that this game was being played on the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1911.

The Protagonist Speaks

Three times he had fooled the Harvard reserves by his accurate place-kicking, while his mighty plunges down the field had been responsible for a touchdown. Carlisle never used a forward pass throughout that game, depending upon the charging of Thorpe to hold her own against the East's greatest. It made no difference to Thorpe or to his team-mates if Harvard had put a fresh eleven on the field, for those Carlisle Indians had worked themselves into such a state that they were confident that two elevens could not have stopped them.

Let Thorpe himself tell you the story of that last quarter—one of the most dramatic in the history of American football. Jim is a modest man, silent, unpretentious and continually underrating his own athletic prowess. It was difficult for me to get him to talk about that quarter, but when the story came out at last I found that none of the drama of it had been lost upon himself.

"Pop Warner and I, between halves, came to the conclusion that Percy Haughton would shift teams on us before the game was over," he said, "but neither of us figured that he would wait as long as he did. All of us were primed to save ourselves for that fresh team, thinking that we could hold the reserves with ease.

That was where we figured wrong, because the Harvard boys we had beaten in the first half came back with such enthusiasm that they had us stopped for most of the third quarter and rang up nine points before we realized what it was all about.

"Right there I will have to hand it to Percy Haughton for his strategy as a coach. Pop may have fooled him by having me practice place-kicking during the week preceding the game, when they had all been set for me to spend the whole afternoon running with the ball, but Haughton more than got even when he held back his regulars, who, by the way, were no better than the substitutes.

"When we came to the last quarter, the tables were turned, and we were up against a fresh bunch of boys with the score tied. Most of the fellows, I guess, believed that we were beaten. I know that Guyon and Busch afterwards told me that they figured we were all through. Somehow, I never thought so. I believed in the team and in myself against Harvard. After leading at the end of the first half, I felt that we would lead at the end of the game. There was just one way that we could do it, and that was to hold Harvard, get that ball in the center of the field somehow, and give me a chance to try another place-kick.

"My leg was pretty sore, but I think the soreness sort of helped me, because it made me more deliberate. In fact, I had taken my time a little bit too much on one occasion that afternoon, and a punt of mine had been blocked, which accounted for one of the Harvard touchdowns.

"Though the boys had lost a bit of confidence, they kept on fighting just the same. Harvard lost the ball in the center of the field almost before they had gotten warmed up to their work in the fourth quarter. We failed to gain and found ourselves on our last down on the Harvard forty-eight-yard line. I was pretty tired. All the other boys were the same. There was no use in trying to buck that ball for a first down, because even if we made it we couldn't keep on gaining against that fresh team. It was now or never for a place-kick. The goal was a lot farther than I had ever tried before, but I felt that I could do it.

"As long as I live, I will never forget that moment. There I stood in the center of the field, the biggest crowd I had ever seen watching us, with the score tied and the game depending on the accuracy of my kick. I was tired enough so that all my muscles were relaxed. I had confidence, and I wasn't worried. The ball came back square and true, and I swung my leg with all the power and force that I had, and knew, as it left my toe, that it was headed straight for the crossbar and was sure to go over.

"The Harvard tackles came through, but they got there a little too late, and though they blocked my sight of the ball, I got the thrill of that moment. Just before the crowd started to yell, I was sure the three points had been made and that Carlisle had beaten Harvard. Nothing else mattered. My legs seemed to give way after that play, and I could hardly walk back for the kick-off.

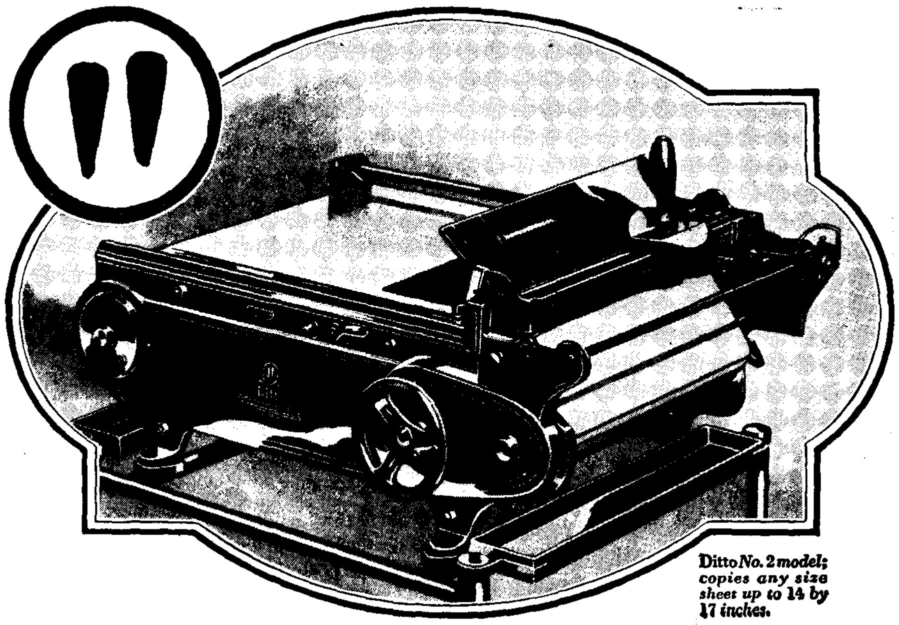
"If we had been behind, I do not think I could have stuck out the game, but, being ahead, the thought suddenly flashed through my mind that it was time for some more psychology. If I left the field it would make those Harvard stars feel that we figured the game was in the bag and that they didn't have a chance. While if I stayed on in the game, tired as I was, and they stopped me a few times, they would probably get the confidence that was necessary to carry them on to another touchdown.

A Lasting Triumph

"I signaled to Pop on the bench, and he seemed to understand what I meant. He sent in a substitute. When I sat down beside him, he told me that he had arrived at the same conclusion. Though the game still had several minutes to go, neither of us had any fear about the outcome. When the gun was fired and we knew that we had beaten Harvard, the champions of the East, a feeling of pride that none of us has ever lost came over all of us, from Warner to the water-boy. As we meet now and then in our different fields of work, we no more than start to recall old times when the remembrance of that Harvard victory comes back and we smile again as we did on that day.

"Maybe football victories and athletic championships don't mean very much compared to some of the great achievements of famous men, but I'll bet none of them, in any of their triumphs, ever got a bigger kick out of winning, than we Carlisle boys did that day at Boston when we whipped old Harvard."

(To be continued next week)



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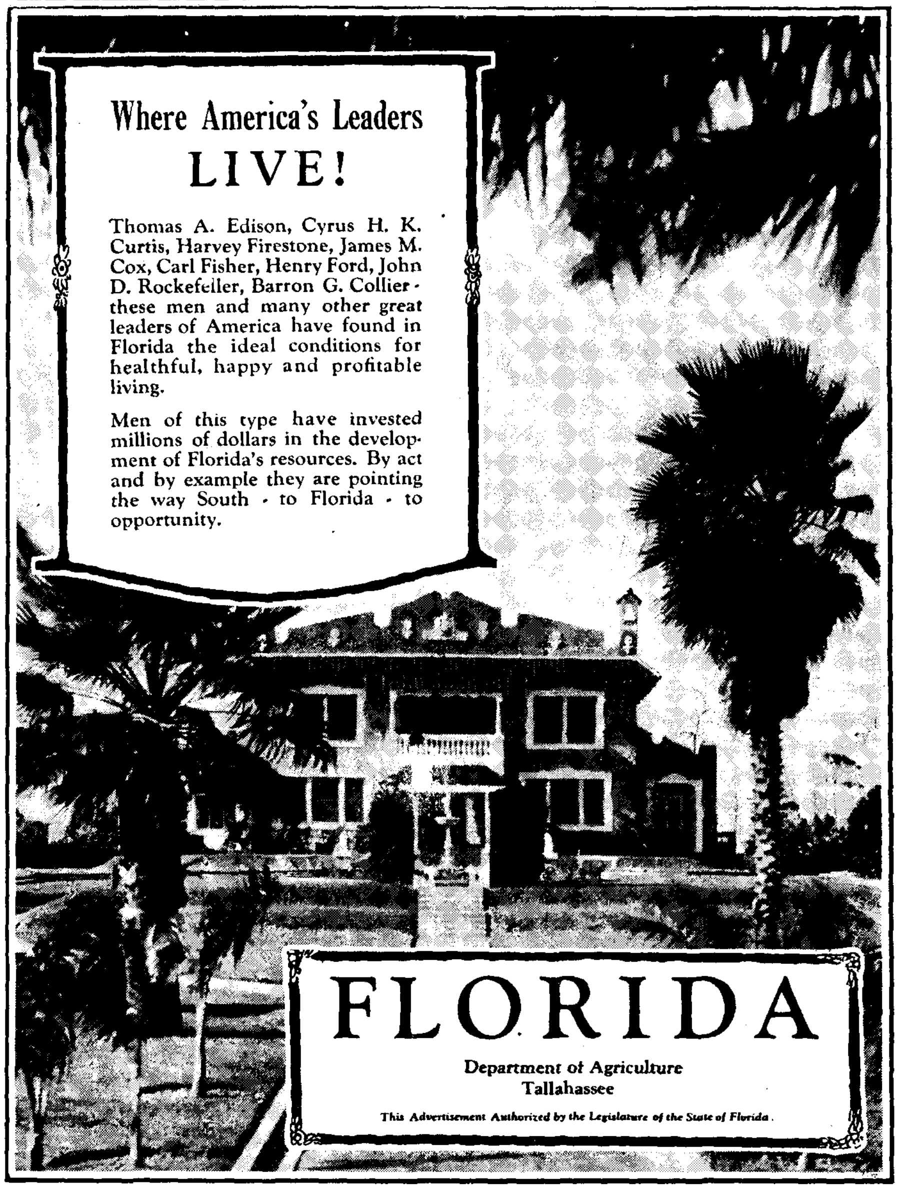

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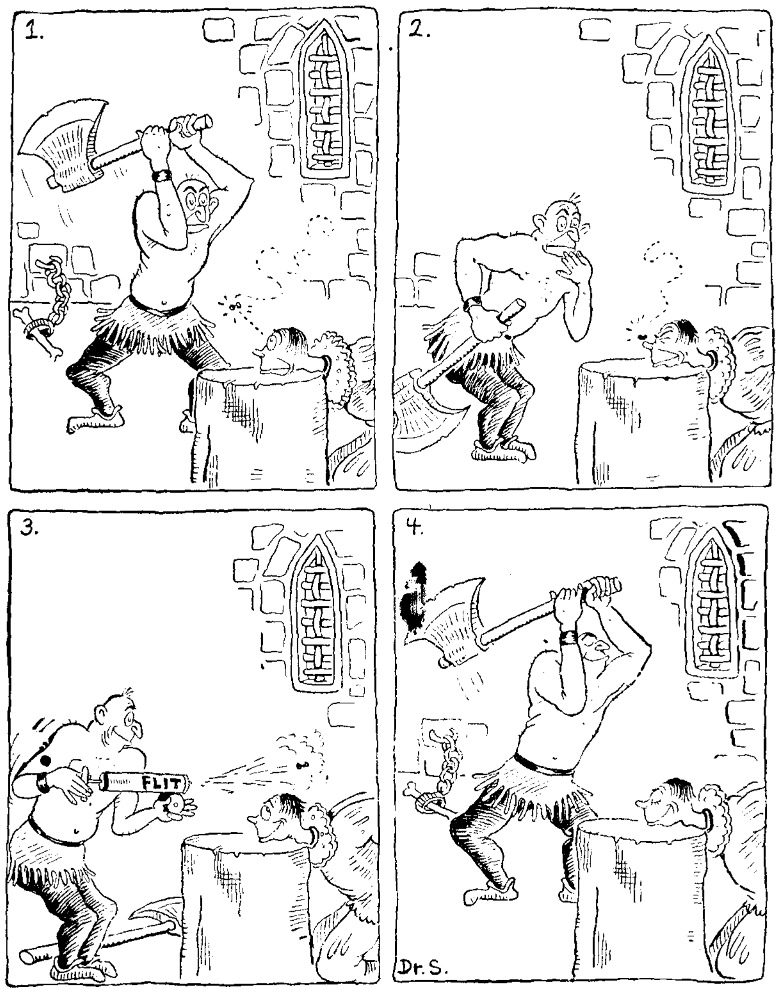


Consideration (Advertisement)

A Frontier Mother

Continued from page 21

summer on the Platte was highly exciting. She of course knew how to ride and shoot. These particular branches of her education had been attended to by my father.

About the middle of June the buffaloes began to pass the ranch. At first they came by in straggling bunches that grazed slowly along, and then one morning when there was not a cloud in the sky and all was at peace in their little world, my father and mother, as they sat at their breakfast table, heard a long, low rumbling, like the sound of distant thunder, coming from the east. Jumping to his feet, my father, who had heard the sound before, gave vent to one of his favorite expressions: "Damn our American hearts," he shouted, "here they come!"

"Who? The Indians?"

"No. The buffaloes."

Indian Camp Fires

Years afterwards my mother told us all about it. Ten thousand head, she said, must have gone by that morning, running hard, their eyes glazed, their tongues out, and riding with them along the sides and on the flank of the great herd, pouring arrows into them, came a band of Indians.

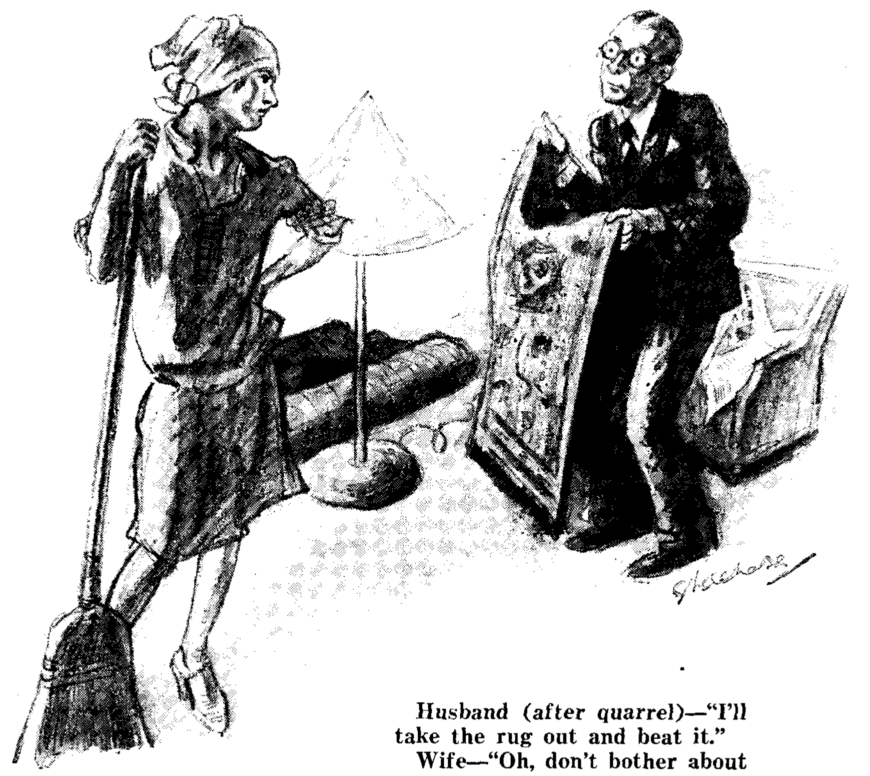
That night, across the river from the ranch-house, where the herd had passed, twinkled the little camp fires of the Indians who had spent the afternoon in skinning the dead buffaloes and cutting out their tongues and humps. And that night also, in front of their home, but with no light showing, my father and mother and the chastened young man who had blown up the cook-stove, put in many anxious hours wondering just what would happen. At that time nothing happened. By daylight the Indians were away again, off on the trail of more meat, but that they would not forget the location of the ranch and would soon come back to pay it a visit, was almost certain. A few uneasy days went by; nothing unusual occurred, and then along came another big drove.

This time the animals were traveling slowly; there were no hunters in pursuit and as a few buffalo robes and some smoked tongues for winter use were a part of the conventional requirements of home life in Colorado, my father and mother took up the rôle of the Indians.

In regulation style my father, with a buffalo gun, stood off at long range and potted his game, and as my mother stood by and watched the proceeding, seeing one animal after another get knocked down, her excitement grew and grew until she could stand it no longer. It didn't look like a sporting proposition to her. My father's wasn't the same kind of a game she had seen the Indians playing a few days before, and as she liked the red man's way the best, she decided to make it her own. Jumping on her horse she was off like a shot and in another minute, riding alongside the herd, picking an animal each time and getting in as close as she could she began shooting them with a six-shooter. It was a fine idea but it had its drawbacks. The six-shooter of those olden times was not of the "high-power" variety; the impact from one of the bullets wouldn't knock a buffalo down unless it hit him in exactly the right place, and so it was only a few seconds until a maddened bull, who felt a sudden sting in his side and recognized my mother as the author of it, charged from the herd and straight at her.

Cato Has the Last Word

The ensuing race was a fast one, and only good headwork on my mother's part won it. She rode in a wide circle, turned gradually back and led the enraged bull past the spot from which my father was doing his unsportsmanlike pot-shooting. Although the red-headed doctor said afterwards that at the time he felt more like shooting his wife than he did the bull, because it wasn't the bull's fault, he nevertheless finally decided in favor of the latter and knocked him down with a ball in the shoulder. A few seconds later, though, he probably regretted that decision because as my mother rode back to him she said: "What in the world made you kill that buffalo? He and I were enjoying our-



**Husband (after quarrel)—"I'll take the rug out and beat it."
Wife—"Oh, don't bother about the rug; just beat it."**

selves so, and I was just getting ready to take him over to the ranch and keep him for a pet!"

And that night, after the turbulent emotions stirred up by the buffalo episode, and my mother's comment had somewhat subsided, my father laughed at the incident and, according to the family legend, then and there bestowed an honorable title upon his wife. My mother's name was Kate; my father changed it to Cato—I never heard him call her anything else—and in thus renaming her after the stoic philosopher who supported Cicero against the Catilinians and upheld Pompey against Cæsar, he quoted Addison's descriptive line: "A brave *man* struggling in the storms of Fate."

The Indians Pay a Visit

Ten days or two weeks later some real trouble developed. One morning, using a brand of language entirely unbecoming in a young man destined to become a pulpit orator, the future preacher, hereinafter to be referred to as Jim, came in and reported that the Indians were in camp three miles up the river and that they had killed a couple of heifers and rounded up a small bunch of other cattle which it was undoubtedly their intention to steal.

My father's reaction to this piece of news was in exact accord with the color of his hair. In his decisions he never stammered, and as he was not going to let any Indian get away with anything of his if he could prevent it, he at once buckled on his pistol, grabbed a rifle and, overruling my mother's objections he rode off accompanied by Jim.

He was at home soon, much sooner than he had expected to be, and as my mother, who had been watching anxiously ever since his departure, saw him top a distant rise on the return trip, it looked to her as if he and Jim were in a considerable hurry. They had reason to be. Behind them, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile, came a band of fifteen or twenty half-naked savages.

The Indians came on with a rush; three rifles cracked; a couple of ponies turned somersaults on the prairie; one brave seemed to have something decidedly wrong with a leg, and there ended the first lesson. After that the noble red men retired to a safe distance, held a powwow, and for the remainder of the day rode a close herd on the trio in the ranch-house. My mother didn't enjoy it a bit. Every now and then the entire band would make a dash, and two or three times they showed their deep cunning by dividing their party and coming in on three sides of the house at once, the fourth side being protected by the river. On each one of these attempts, however, the attacking party met with nothing but a lot of hard luck. Within that ranch-cabin were three men who could shoot straight, and so by sundown, with more than half of their horses killed and four or five of their valiant selves nursing painful souvenirs of the occasion, the red man raised the siege and disappeared up the river.

As the trio in the ranch-house watched the enemy depart, it is easy to imagine that they breathed a unanimous sigh of mingled relief and regret. Relief at the thought that the Indians were leaving, and regret at seeing that so many were able to.

During the remainder of that particular Indian summer, my father and mother, and likewise Jim, led careful lives.

When the snow began to fly in the fall and the noble red men had gone back to their squaws and papooses, leaving my father free to make a round-up and a full count, he found that instead of being gradually lifted into a position of financial independence, he was rapidly going backwards into bankruptcy.

This was decidedly discouraging, and my father, who, although he had an impediment in his speech, nevertheless possessed a fine command of strong language, eloquently announced that he was ready to quit the cow business and go to work for a living. Jim, as a matter of fact, did quit. Life on the Platte was too strenuous for him, and so packing up his meager belongings, he rode away into the East to take up the career of civilized and upholstered ease already pointed out. But it was not that way with my mother. Either because she was more obstinate than my father, or had less judgment or more faith in the promises of the government soon to rid the country of the redskins, she insisted that they stick it out for a couple of years longer. They did.

Altogether they lived on the Platte for almost four years, during which time my mother fully justified her name of Cato by developing a fearlessness, a stoicism and a disdainful attitude toward hardships which characterized her all her life.

One morning she and my father saw an unusually large bunch of Indians approaching the ranch, and as they had done on several previous occasions, they took plenty of rifles and ammunition with them and climbed to the roof of the house which was flat and parapeted. The function lasted all day; they repulsed one attack after another, and in between times they watched distant groups of savages who were not actively engaged in trying to get their scalps, actually get their beef. The Indians either rounded-up and drove away, or slaughtered everything they could find on the range.

Coming at the end of four years of endeavor, or maybe I should say "watchful waiting," this was too much, and as there was another reason also why my mother ought to leave the ranch, my father waited until nightfall, hooked his team to a wagon, loaded my mother aboard it and trusting to luck to get through, set out for Evans. When daylight came the cow business was nothing but a gaudy memory in the minds of my parents.

Broke but Undismayed

My father's retirement from the lordly occupation of a cattle baron took place in September; two months later, in November, 1877, my brother was born, and strange to say, he came into the world as an entirely normal young man. According to modern notions he probably should have had horns, like a buffalo, or at least high cheek bones, but he had neither. On the contrary he very much resembled his dad.

Of course my father was broke—flat broke—but as the disasters which had crumpled his pocketbook had not affected his spirits, this did not distress him to any great extent. Neither he nor my mother was disheartened by the total collapse of their fortune. Like nearly all other men and women who lived on the frontier in those days, they looked optimistically into the future. The Indians, the prairies, the mountains and the deserts of the West and Southwest were merely obstacles that had to be overcome in their struggle for an existence. If things didn't pan out right today, well, something was bound to turn up tomorrow. And so, although the future was destined to be a good deal more exhilarating and uncertain than the past had been, my mother went cheerfully ahead.

(*To be continued next week*)

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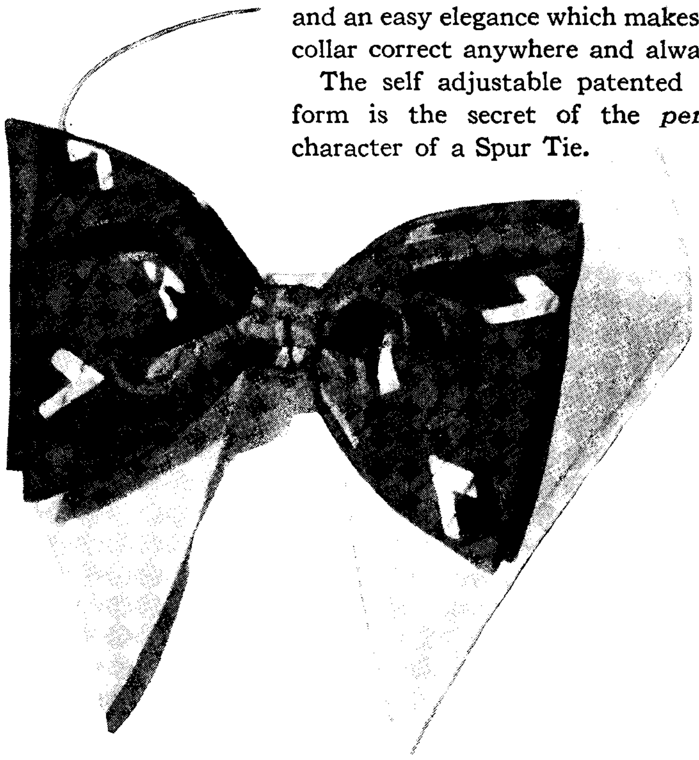

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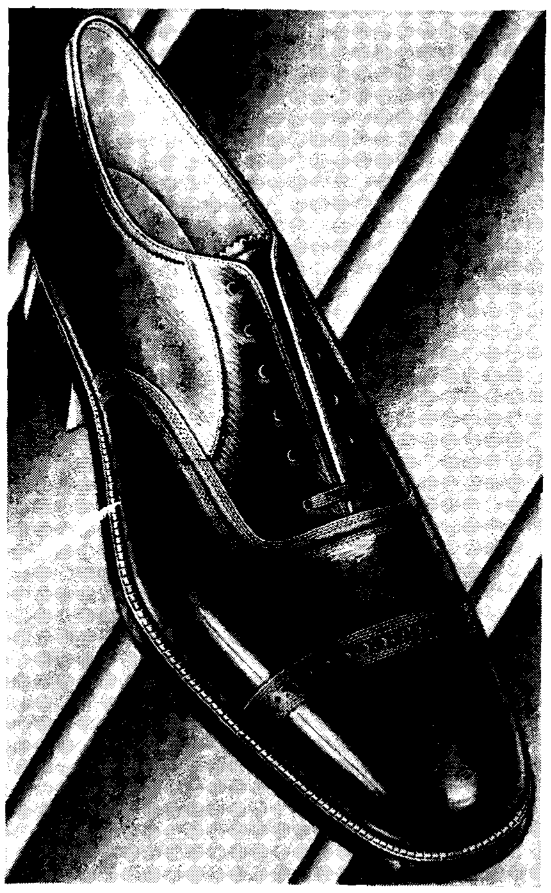

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Collier's Radio Hour

Our Home in the Limelight

Continued from page 22

"Let them talk all they want to, honey," he said, "and print more. The greater the excitement the more people will be at the match and Mr. Dyer can build *two* churches instead of one."

But Jack reckoned without his host. Politics stepped in and it began to look bad for the new church. Jack said if the people who were stirring up the fuss would finance the church he would withdraw. They wouldn't, so Jack stuck. The political pressure increased until it reached the manager of the Colosseum, who then withdrew his offer of the arena.

I'd rather go through the strain of a dozen fight nights than read such attacks against Jack as that benefit boxing match drew from some of the papers. He can be and is a great influence for good in the lives of young people and they like him. Leatrice Joy came over for dinner one evening and when she said good-by to her little daughter the child said, "Mother, if you are going over to Estelle Taylor's you bring Jack Dempsey home with you."

Sound Advice

He has talked individually and collectively to thousands of young men and boys and his advice to them is to lead clean lives if they want to get anywhere in life. He urges them not to smoke or drink until after they are twenty-one, knowing that if they hold off that long the habit won't become too strong. He urges them to take plenty of outdoor exercise and to play outdoor games, for he believes that if bodies are healthy and strong, people will be happy and prosperous and clean-living.

Parents and teachers and ministers give this advice but there is no sense of drama when it comes from home. Coming from Jack Dempsey it packs a wallop.

We attended a party not long after we were married and several girls went decidedly out of their way to attract Jack. I chaffed him about it afterward and asked whether it didn't flatter to have so many beautiful women flirt with him.

I was not prepared for his answer, which amused me. It made me realize how little he knew about women and what an old-fashioned person my husband was after all.

"It doesn't flatter me," he said. "It insults me. They know I am married and if they weren't bad women they wouldn't flirt with a married man." Which I thought a little hard on the girls, who were acting just in fun. Jack understands that now, but he couldn't see it then.

People say that I cost Jack the championship. It isn't really true. His mind is gradually changing. Everyone's does as the years pass, and the things he thought vitally important at one time do not now seem so important. He never says this himself, even to me, but I know by the change in his interests. If you say anything to him about it he will reply, "Oh, yes, I'd still be interested in the fight game if I was the man I was ten years ago. But I've run my race and I'm through."

Neither am I to blame for Jack's split with Kearns. They decided to part professionally just about the time Jack met me, and they divided their holdings, my Jack retaining the Hotel Barbara here in Hollywood, which he got a kick out of running until he sold it recently and became financially interested in the Edgewater-Gables Beach Club at Santa Monica.

My personal opinion is, and subsequent events almost prove my point, that Kearns, knowing Jack was nearing thirty, thought it was about the end of a perfect day for the world's heavyweight champion, and that he had best look about and find himself another Dempsey. I think the most surprised person in the world was Jack Kearns when Jack Dempsey stepped again into the ring, more popular than he had ever been.

When our marriage was announced both of us came in for a storm of abuse from the press and friends alike, and few people thought we could survive it. Jack's business associates were particularly bitter. It never occurred to them that he would take a wife, and when he did it was more than they could bear silently.

It took plenty of courage on both our parts to weather the gale alive and together. If we had possessed less worldly sense, or perhaps less love for each other—we both like to feel it was that—we would have smashed before the first six months were up. But when, after nearly five years, there is still no sign of parting, despite published reports, those who tried hardest to make trouble are beginning to look upon our marriage as a good joke on them.

It got to be maddening to have everyone ask with much back-slapping and laughter, "Well, Jack, old man, who wears the pants in the family now?" For a long time we took it as a joke, as in most cases it was intended to be, but, just as water will in time wear away a stone, so these silly gibes began to chafe our nerves until I hesitated to make the most casual wifely suggestion. And if I did Jack would pierce me with a look in an effort to decide whether I was trying to "boss" him or not. We really were miserable. In a way I felt cheated too. Young wives adore to try their power over the man they love, but I was denied this luxury. It was a joke to our friends, but it came near to being a tragedy with us.

Then I looked things in the face. It was a ridiculous thing, but this nonsense was actually driving a wedge between Jack and me. I decided that I just wouldn't have it. Our marriage was a nice marriage. We both liked the same things. I doubt whether many couples enjoy as many things together as Jack and I do. We love to swim and dance and dig in the garden. We even like the same food. I adore all kinds of cheese and so does Jack. If I get a sudden "yen" for limburger and appear with some it is all right with him. I adore garlic in my salads and rubbed on my meats and so does Jack.

We are utterly companionable. I don't mean that we never quarrel. We do, terribly. If we didn't I'd be worried. Where there is love there is also some friction. Continuous calm bespeaks indifference.

An Unsatisfactory Opponent

Once we were having a perfect row when Jack was called to the telephone. I employed the time in thinking up arguments destined to crush him, my cheeks flushed and my eyes sparkling with anger. What was my chagrin to hear Jack's laugh as he returned, and have him burst into the room with a beaming face and an entertaining story.

He had completely forgotten that we were fighting. When I frigidly reminded him of it he said, "Oh, all right, honey, but just let me tell you this first."

There is no satisfaction in fighting with a person like that, so I have to snap out of it.

Remembering all these things, I decided that no silly gossip was going to break up this nice companionship of ours. We talked it over and both agreed to close our minds to it. From then on the deadly poison of misunderstanding had no power over us.

Before we were married I had promised Jack I would give up my work. It wasn't long before I realized that Estelle Taylor as an individual was becoming lost in the personality and achievements of Jack Dempsey. I was fussed over as much as Jack but it was because I was Mrs. Dempsey. Jack was too much in love with me to see it, but I was inordinately sensitive and began to feel that I was accepting something that didn't belong to me—sharing the laurels and reaping the benefits my husband's work had won for him. I felt an impostor—for what had I to do with the success of Jack Dempsey? Nothing. Then why should I share his rich reward? Professional women who are married to famous men will understand how I felt, except that with me the idea grew into unwarranted and ridiculous proportions. When I had built up a fine case against myself and cried quarts; when Jack was beginning to wonder what on earth he had married, I had it out with him.

Potential Poison

I asked him why he thought Sir Harry Preston had given me a ten-thousand-dollar dog. Because he had been charmed by some character Estelle Taylor had created on the screen? Not a bit of it. He did it as a *beau geste* toward the wife of the world's heavyweight champion. I didn't want things given in this way. Didn't want praise that was reflected glory. I was being choked, suffocated, annihilated. Everything fine in me was being extinguished because I had promised to give up the thing I had loved all my life, and that was a part of me: Acting. And now I was being punished for my disloyalty to myself. I said I would have to be released from my promise; that if he took from me the work I loved to do, I would in time lose all capacity to love anything, even him. It would eventually poison the very air we breathed. I had to be allowed to be myself, Estelle Taylor. I had to be allowed to grow, to unfold and be a person, not a shadow. Then perhaps I could remain a wife big enough for him. This tirade ended in a burst of tears, but when I felt Jack's arms about me, and looked into his face, I shall never to the end of my life forget the expression his eyes held.

For Jack was a fighter and he understood. So I went back to work.

There were several things that were hard for me to accustom myself to in pictures. The love scenes always bother me. I keep thinking of what Jack will think when he sees them on the screen. And I never go to a preview that I haven't a sinking feeling in my heart.

I suppose every wife finds that at least one of her husband's habits drives her crazy until she learns how to handle it. Jack's habit was breaking chairs. He couldn't help it. He is so strong that if he lounges at all they break under him. On our last trip to New York he was talking to some friends at the Ambassador and leaning on the arm of the chair as anyone does. All of a sudden there was a crash and the arm was split in two. We just leave a trail of broken chairs everywhere we go.

A graceful chair is a weakness of mine but they are not as a rule noted for their durability, so when I had watched some dozen or two of my favorites leave the house on their way to the junk heap I bought a few of baronial proportions so that Jack could be comfortable, and I could have some peace of mind. It got so I listened for a crash every time Jack sat in a chair.

Another habit of his is bringing home dogs. I adore them myself, but there is a limit to everything. We haven't room enough on this place to build kennels for more than five dogs, and we can't let them run loose because they get lost and run over and I am in a constant state of anxiety over them. Manlike, Jack never bothers when they run off or get sick, so I have them to worry over.

During the first year of our marriage the public life we led in private was a severe trial to me. I wasn't used to having trainers and lawyers and managers tramp through my house at all hours. They even came into our bedroom in the morning before I was up, sometimes, to talk to Jack. I thought I might as well sleep in the middle of Times Square—I'd have as much privacy.

Our personalities used to conflict too. I wondered whether I could make Jack stop doing the things that annoyed me and if I couldn't whether I could stand them. But I finally came to the same conclusion that the best thing was to forget about them. They were just like headaches anyway. You couldn't help having headaches but you didn't kill yourself because of them. You just overcame them. Annoyances like headaches slip into oblivion when no attention is paid to them.

All the excitement we lived in never bothered Jack. Our rooms, particularly when we travel, are filled with people. On one occasion in New York we had an hour to make the train for Chicago, and I had been rushing all day. There were five newspaper men and women in the room, a photographer, Jack's manager, and a few friends. Jack had some business to clear up, and he and his manager went to a desk in the corner of the room and finished it. I okehed about a hundred proofs and we both talked to the reporters. As time went on I became frantic, trying to be hospitable, yet with my mind filled with all there was yet to be done. My aching nerves craved a massage, and I wasn't entirely packed, and I had to change my dress.

I never did get the massage, but when it was time to go to the station, Jack got his things together and most of mine, locked the trunks, and quite unhurriedly and good-humoredly got the people and us out of the hotel.

Rock Foundation

In the cab my teeth chattered with excitement and Jack said to me then, "You must enjoy these things, Babe. Those people are just folks. They know that when a man has to make a train he has to make it. They don't mind if you walk out on them."

Since Jack has been less active in the fight game, he has been wondering what he would do when he finally retires. During the last ten months he has had many offers, but only one appealed to him enough to take it seriously. He has taken over the Chicago Coliseum for the promotion of fights, following his success in Miami with the Stribling-Sharkey fight.

As in the first months of our marriage, we still cling to the belief that the happiest marriages are those in which husband and wife work out their problems together. We think we have builded our house of happiness, like the wise man in the Bible, on rock foundation. Only time will show whether we have picked the right location.

E. E. Whitney, Vice-president, Oswego River Power Corporation

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To HARNESS the natural resources of an entire district and turn them into a vast productive force; to breathe renewed life into a failing community and bring prosperity to thousands of its inhabitants—only a man with true qualities of leadership could vision and carry through such a program of achievement. That is what E. E. Whitney is doing in Oswego.

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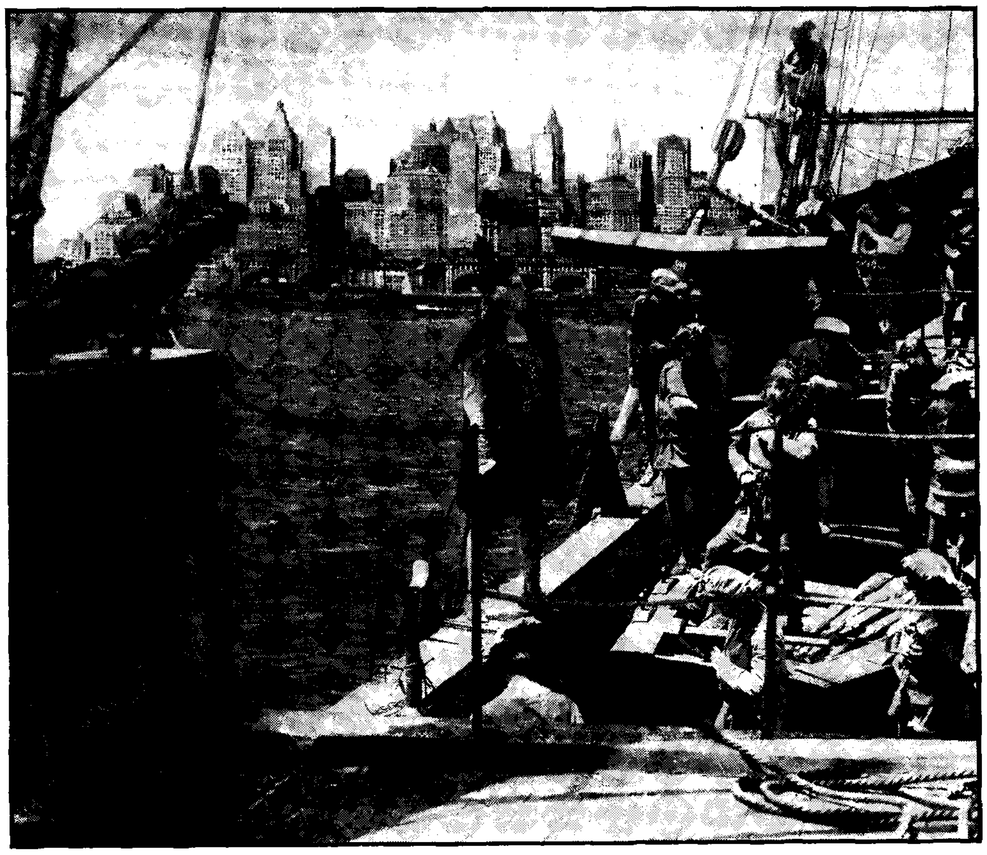
If Columbus Came Back



Here are two photographs combined to produce a new vision for an old discoverer

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, sailing his caravels into a great port of the Western Hemisphere, would marvel at the magnificence of New York Harbor, or thrill to the grandeur of the Golden Gate. His wonder would be greatest not at what he beheld, but at what he learned. Columbus, recovering from his awe at the inevitable refulgence of Mr. Grover Whalen at the Battery, would gaze at the fantastic dimensions of the metropolis and be perplexed at its turmoil and confusion.

He would be packed off in a special train or sent soaring on wings over the immensity that is America. Looking down on empires of agriculture and huge provinces of industry, viewing the panorama of thousands of cities and towns spaced between rolling hills and verdant valleys, and more widely spaced across boundless prairies, the Admiral of Spain would realize the true magnitude of romance, of the miraculous inspiration that led him to seek a new passage to the Indies. He would understand then, that the final goal of that passage was not a paltry hunt for treasure to please a whimsical sovereign, but the founding of a civilization that economically dominates the world.

All that he might see on a new voyage of discovery would amaze even a man of the Great Discoverer's intellect. And when he descended to a more intimate study of close-ups of flora and fauna, the flora might not surprise him—for plants and trees and fruits and flowers have changed little since his day. But the human fauna would.

They would surprise him not so much by their human acts as by the customs and institutions developed during four centuries of human society on a far-flung continent stupendously gifted with material resources.

Columbus would be surprised, for example, to learn that certain inhabitants of the hemisphere he discovered held vigorous doubts regarding the authenticity of his discovery. The fact that they attribute the honor to the Norseman, Leif Ericson, or to the Irishman, Brendan, would amuse rather than disconcert Columbus. Being a philosopher addicted to precise definitions, he would know that their arguments in behalf of his probable predecessors in the Western World were specious if not spurious.

With Surprise and Approval

The learned monk, Roger Bacon, who contributed the first great impulse to uplift by his discovery of gunpowder, was not the first to find it. Many centuries before Bacon produced the black powder that in turn produced thunder and devastation, earnest Chinese students had made its acquaintance. They had found it, and the probability seems to be that after their experiments the experimenters could not be found.

This illustrates the essential function of discovery: not only to find something, but to make it known—which Columbus did.

He would learn from a study of America many old truths and new facts. Once he grasped the reason for American prosperity—the energy and ingenuity of mixed nationalities fused into the fresh and abounding power of a new nation—he would comprehend the vast scientific and artistic achievements which, as they affect and improve standards and styles of living, make the sum of what we call progress.

Columbus would accept the telephone, the telegraph, the radio, the airplane and even the cinema as logical fruits of a young, ambitious and mentally fertile race. The complicated mechanism of modern life in America would not puzzle him. Its staggering wealth and startling pace might daze, but it would not daunt him.

For Columbus was no superficial investigator; otherwise this world might conceivably be in much the same condition as when he entered it—a crazy-quilt of countries whose populations were scattered among petty baronies or huddled in medieval towns, all exploited by a few families called royal and ruled by fools of varying degrees of folly.

Granted a return visit to America, Columbus would be most deeply interested in the American. Under his keen eyes the American in the man of the New World would repose in his virtues, not his faults, which are ancient and inborn to his nature: the flesh is ever weak. Columbus would find that beneath and above all humanly materialistic appetites and impulses, the American has a vigorous spirit; enthusiasm for righteous causes made plain, a democratic instinct for equal opportunity among all men, whether born equal or not, a wholehearted admiration for personal achievement and a generous and practical charity towards the oppressed and unfortunate, whether individuals or nations. He would find, after four hundred years, that in America men had learned to think of others and to feel for them more than in the selfish and cruel world he had known. Columbus would call that progress.

CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

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Auburn	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Cadillac	All	...	...	...	...	.x.
Chrysler	De Soto	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	Plymouth	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	65 & 75	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	Imperial	.x.	...	...	...	.x.
Cunningham	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Dodge	All	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Durant	40, 60, 66	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	...
	70	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Elcar	75	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	95, 96, 120	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Ford	All	.x.	...	.x.	.x.	.x.
Franklin	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Gardner	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Graham-Paige	612	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	615	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
	621, 827, 837	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
Hudson and Essex	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Hupmobile	Century 6	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	Century 8	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Jordan	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Kissel	75 & 95	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	126	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Kleiber		.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
LaSalle	All	...	...	...	...	.x.
Lincoln	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Locomobile	86 & 88	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Marmon	68	.x.	...	...	...	.x.
	78	...	.x.	...	...	.x.
	Roosevelt	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
McFarlan	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Moon	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Nash	Std 6	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
———	All	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
Peerless	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Pierce-Arrow	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
ReoFlyingCloud	The Master	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
	Flying Cloud	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Roamer		.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Stearns-Knight	6-80	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	8-90	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Studebaker and Erskine	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Stutz	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Willys-Knight and Whippet	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.

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BEARINGS

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Is *that* the way to start the day? No. Breakfast shouldn't be a bore. Breakfast should be more than nourishment — it should be a tonic to the spirits. For the sake of good digestion and good living we should get some fun out of the morning meal.

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Try this out tomorrow morning. These improved pancakes will delight you — Pillsbury has made a real discovery. Pillsbury's Pancake Flour contains a new type of flour, unusually soft, fine and delicate. Pillsbury's makes lighter pancakes, more tender, more delicious, easily digested; much better than the old-fashioned kind — truly *modern* pancakes.

Here's the perfect combination — proper nourishment plus *real enjoyment* — Pillsbury's pancakes. Ample fuel for the busy morning in school or on the job—in a warm, light, quickly digestible form. And so delicious that the memory of breakfast adds a brighter tone to the whole day—good cheer as well as good food!

The Recipe Is Simple

Made in a minute and ready to bake—simply add your liquid gradually to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and stir. You can use only water and make a delicious pancake. Or, if you have been mixing your own batter with milk or eggs, use the same liquids with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour — we believe you'll like these pancakes better than the home-mixed kind.

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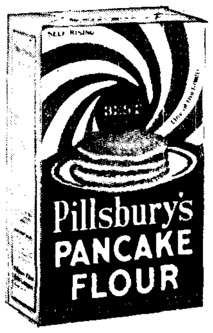

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